

End Of An Era And The Start Of A New One

“BOOOOOY!” yelled Vernon Dursley that morning, “Get me my Coffee boy” and a small and skinny boy poured hot coffee into his Uncle’s cup.

Harry Potter tried to keep away from his relatives as much as possible, but as normal his Uncle found fault with his breakfast and beat Harry quite severely. Harry managed to crawl to his bedroom which was the cupboard under the stairs after he was assaulted by his Uncle, Aunt and Cousin and lay on the tatty mattress and felt the pain go through his body. It was the third beating that week, and six year old Harry wished he could die. While waiting for the next assault his Aunt opened the door and pushed through a cup of what looked like Lemon juice then closed it again. The bedroom had no light except for what filtered through the slits in the cupboard door, and Harry felt for the plastic cup and drank deeply from it. It was several seconds from the last drop until Harry was put into a drugged sleep and his unconscious body was dragged from the tiny space and into the hallway after it was dark – Harry had had to have been out for hours.

“How long is that stuff supposed to last?” Vernon asked his wife Petunia, all the while looking at Harry.

“It lasts eight hours for people like us” Petunia replied, “It should be longer for a runt like this” and then grabbed all the items he owned. It didn’t amount to more than a large suitcase and they loaded him into the car along with their son Dudley. By the time they reached the street which held their destination Harry had partly awoke. Vernon had stopped the car and spun to face Harry.

“We’ve decided to leave you at this orphanage because we can not look after you at all. We have written a note for the person in charge and you have all your stuff. Get out the car and wait for somebody to find you” and when a still sleepy Harry didn’t move, Vernon got out of his seat and opened the passenger door and dragged poor Harry out. After a beating around the head, Harry passed out again and didn’t wake up until somebody found him early the next morning. The note was read which stated that they could no longer afford to look after

Harry so they had taken him here to be given away. Harry was taken inside and the Children's Home manager took one look at Harry and fed him all of the bacon, toast and juice he could manage then sent him for a bath before allocating him a room.

"I'm going to stay here for the rest of my life" Harry thought as he looked at the dreary walls of his room. That whole day was spent with the various people who registered Harry as an orphan and did the correct paper work. Harry became one more of the many children in the system. Because of the injuries that he had sustained and which the authorities had picked up on, they decided to not send Harry to school in order to give his body time to heal from all the damage. Harry spent an entire year at the home which was mostly spent in his room. None of the other kids would go near him because they claimed that he was strange and did odd things when provoked. It would be the following year when Harry would find happiness in his life for the first time ever.

#

Hermione Granger went into her classroom for the start of the new school year and saw a small black haired boy sitting alone at an otherwise empty table. As she went to sit with him because he looked lonely, Hermione knew she had never seen him at the school before.

"Hello" Hermione said.

"Hello" said the black haired boy.

"Can I sit here?" Hermione asked.

"I guess so" the boy replied, and Hermione put her things on the table.

"My names Hermione Granger" Hermione said, "Whats yours?" she asked.

"Harry" the boy replied, "Harry Potter" and Hermione smiled.

"I've not seen you here before" she said, "Have you moved here?" and Harry thought for a moment before answering.

"I've lived here for almost my whole life I think. But I've not been to school yet. This is my first year" Harry said.

"Well you will like Miss Clavel" Hermione told him, "She is the best teacher ever" she added proudly. Then Hermione noticed that nobody else came to sit with them at the table. "Do you want to be friends?" she asked.

"Really?" Harry asked, looking at her with an odd look of surprise crossing over his face.

"Sure" Hermione said, "You look as if you could do with one" and Harry nodded after a moments pause. Harry and Hermione seemed to be hitting it off. "My parents are dentists" she said, "What do yours do?" and Hermione instantly regretted asking because of Harry's reply.

"I don't know" he said, voice going sad.

"Don't know?" she asked, "Don't you know?" and Harry shook his head.

"My parents are dead" Harry said, and he started to look as if he would cry. "They died in a car crash" and Hermione reached into her pocket for her handkerchief but Harry waved her off. "I'm all right" he said, "They died when I was a baby" and Hermione felt a little sad.

"I'm sorry" she said.

"Thanks" Harry said, then looked up to see the teacher walking into the class room. Miss Clavel was a tall lady with dark black hair and painted nails. She was the sort of teacher that every child she be told by.

"Class? We have a new person starting with us today. His name is Harry Potter and he is at the back with Hermione. Please make him feel welcome and help him find places if he asks" and there were a few mumbled greetings to Harry from the class. "Now I want you all to start by picking up a piece of paper and writing down the Seven

Times Table” and the children did as they were told to do. Hermione had already done that and looked over to see that Harry hadn’t written a thing at all.

“Whats wrong?” Hermione asked Harry, “You have a problem?” she asked and Harry nodded.

“I don’t know the seven times table” he admitted.

“You can copy off me if you want” Hermione said, but Harry shook his head.

“I don’t...” he began and Hermione cut in.

“Want to copy off me?” she said, “Well its alright this time, you’ll have to learn them though” but Harry shook his head once again.

“I can’t write” he whispered.

“What?” Hermione whispered back loudly, but thankfully nobody heard her.

“I’ve not learned how” Harry told her. It was entirely true as well as the home had thought it much better that Harry had a repaired body rather than teach him. The Dursleys had never sent him to the local school as they said it was a waste of money to do so. Harry had told Hermione a little about himself before the teacher had come in, and she felt sad for her new friend. Hermione looked away and down at her paper before straighten and putting up her hand.

“Yes, Hermione” Miss Clavel said.

“I need to tell you something” Hermione said.

“Come to the front” Miss Clavel said, and Hermione left her little plastic seat and went up to the teacher’s desk.

“I need to speak to you outside” Hermione told her teacher and they went outside into the corridor outside the classroom.

“What is the matter, Hermione?” Miss Clavel asked the bushy haired child.

“You know that new boy Harry?” she asked, and Miss Clavel nodded, “Well he told me he can’t write” and Miss Clavel looked shocked.

“Wait here” she said, and Miss Clavel went in to the classroom and came back with Harry in tow behind her.

“What have I done?” Harry asked automatically. The teacher closed the door before answering.

“Hermione told me that you can’t read or write” the teacher said, and Harry nodded.

“I can write my name and I can write a few things. I can read a nursery book as well” Harry said, fearful that he would be sent away from the school.

“Well that’s a start” Miss Clavel said, smiling to put Harry at ease. “We will help you to catch up with what everybody else knows” and Harry looked relieved.

“Miss Clavel?” Hermione began.

“Yes, Hermione?” the teacher looked down at Hermione.

“I know the times tables already” the bushy haired child said, “Can I help Harry?” she asked.

“That’s up to Harry” Miss Clavel said.

“If Hermione wants to help me” Harry said, and Hermione beamed.

“Well then, you two had better go to the library then. Get your things and I will write a note to explain why you are out of class” the teacher said.

“Thank you Miss Clavel” Hermione said, and she and Harry picked up their books and pencils and went to the library.

Harry didn't know the way as it was his first day, so he let his new friend show him the way. They found a quiet corner of the library to work in and Hermione found a few books she thought they could start with. It turned out that Harry was a quick learner and by the end of the month Harry knew his times tables up to the seven times. During their time together in what should have been math, Harry got to know Hermione quite well and they became very good friends. Every so often, Harry went to Hermione's house and had tea with her and Hermione's family as long as he was back by 7pm. On weekends, Hermione came to the Children's home in order to play with Harry. By the time it was December, Harry knew almost as much as Hermione did which meant he was very smart. It showed off Hermione's gift for helping people and her almost never ending knowledge. At school, the children wrote cards to Santa and made decorations for their homes, or in Harry's case the Children's Home. The last weekend before the Christmas break, Hermione sat at the desk and tried to think of what she wanted for this year. She was almost given up on the idea, when she suddenly hit upon the best idea she had ever thought of. She left her room and went downstairs where her parent sat watching the Television.

"Mummy? Daddy? Can I talk to you please?" she asked.

"Whats wrong, sweetie?" asked her father, picking her up and putting her on his knee.

"What is the matter?" her mother asked.

"I was wondering if I could have something different for a present this year" Hermione said.

"I told you before, Honey. You can not have a dog" her father said, but to his surprise Hermione shook her head.

"It isn't that" she told her parents, "I was wondering if I could have just one present this year" and both parents exchanged looks at each other.

"Well of course you can" her mother said causality.

"But why?" asked her dad.

"It's something to do with my friend Harry" Hermione said, and then the little seven year old girl told her parents what she wanted.

#

"Is she in bed?" asked Hermione's father.

"Yes" replied Hermione's mother, and then she sat on the sofa next to her husband. David and Jane Granger both cared deeply for their daughter and did almost anything to make her happy. They had sent her to the best primary school in the town that they lived in and made sure she had plenty of toys and things. They encouraged her to be herself and helped her when she couldn't understand a difficult word or concept that even Hermione's bright mind couldn't figure out.

"What are we going to do?" asked David, "Do you think that they would let us look after Harry on Christmas Day?" he added.

"We can always ask in the morning" Jane replied to her husband, "I'll just talk to the manager and make a few enquiries. We have looked after Harry before and they know that. It should work in our favour that" she said. David looked thoughtful for a moment and then frowned in deeper thought.

"How are our finances?" he asked.

"There's £10,000 in the bank" Jane said. She was puzzled for a moment and looked at her husband suspiciously. "Why?" she asked, "What do you have in mind?" and David smiled brightly at his wife and made certain that the living room door was closed before explaining his idea.

A New Family

Harry sat in his room at the Children's Home and looked at the snow that had covered the garden. Harry liked the snow because it seemed so magical and pure. When he saw snow he knew that he was safe from harm. He turned away and went to the little table and set about his homework from school which concerned geography. Harry had to colour in the seas, oceans and land and be able to correctly identify each country that was in Europe. Harry thought about what Hermione was doing at that particular moment at her house. He liked his first friend very much because she was the first person his own age that was ever friendly to him, and they always paired up with each other in class. Due to Hermione's help in the library during what should have been their maths lessons, Harry's grades were second only to Hermione's own which pleased the girl a great deal. Harry finished the homework after ten or so minutes and had decided to look out of the window again.

His thoughts returned to the Grangers again and he thought about how friendly Hermione's parents had been towards him. When they had found out about what had happened one evening when he came round for tea, they took him down to their own surgery and gave him some free treatment. Harry had promised to pay them back when he was grown up and had a job. The Grangers had told him that it was free because it was on the "Friend Of Hermione" discount. It had hurt when they had put the dentist probes in his mouth it had hurt quite a lot and he cried through the pain, but Hermione had held his hand the whole time and smiled at him to make him feel better and afterwards he got a lollipop to make him better still.

He wouldn't tell Hermione this often, but he was slightly jealous of her and when she had asked why he had said that it was because she had known her parents her entire life. Hermione had smartly replied that friends counted as family as well. Outside, the snow had got a little thicker so that he couldn't see the sandpit that he played in – as did Hermione when she came to play on most weekends. Sadly though she couldn't come to see him over the next few days as the run up to Christmas and the holiday itself would be very busy for the Grangers to drive Hermione over, though on the last day they had

seen each other they had swapped Christmas Cards with each other as well as little presents that they had made.

Hermione's gift to Harry was a picture of the pair on the class trip to the local park where they had learned about trees and things. After the lesson in the park they had been allowed to play on the swings and slide. Harry's gift to Hermione had been wrapped with the aid of one of the workers at the home. He had asked what Hermione's birthday was and had saved up the pocket money he got and got Hermione two necklaces which symbolised their friendship. Harry was still looking out of the window when he heard a knock on the door and a very familiar bushy haired person stuck her head round the door itself.

"Hi Harry" Hermione said as she came in.

"Hermione!" Harry said happily and ran over and hugged her. "What are you doing here?" he asked, "I thought that you couldn't come until after Christmas" and Hermione smiled what Harry called a pinball smile.

"I asked my mummy and daddy if you could spend the holidays with us, and they said that they would find out" Hermione told him. They sat on Harry's little bed and talked and played with the few games that he had in his room until Harry said he was hungry. He led Hermione down to the kitchen of the home and found one of the staff inside.

"Can Hermione and me have some cookies and milk please Duke?" Harry asked, and the rather well built man put down the spoon he held in his hand and gave them a plate of cookies and a glass of milk each.

"Don't you want some as well?" asked Hermione to Duke. The black man looked at Hermione with a funny look.

"If I eat any more" he said, "I'll be too fat to get through that door" Duke patted his stomach jokingly and then went to his cooking. The two children sat down at the wooden kitchen table on wooden chairs and ate the cookies and drank the milk while swinging their legs

under the chairs and table. They were half way through the cookies when the sound of a crash came from somewhere upstairs of the Children's Home. Harry, Hermione and Duke all looked at the ceiling in surprise as a scream could be heard.

"Oh oh" Harry said as Duke groaned.

"Tracy!" Duke hissed as he wiped his hands on the apron he wore before taking it off and going off in investigation.

"Who is Tracy?" asked Hermione.

"Tracy Beaker is new here" Harry told her as they finished the milk and cookies. "She does things and then blames it on other people" and just then one of the older children came in.

"Jenny wants to see you in her office" the older girl said.

"Thank you Justine" Harry said, and Justine left the kitchen to do whatever she was doing. Harry and Hermione put their plates and glasses on the workspaces for Duke to wash later and Harry led Hermione to where Jenny worked. Jenny was the person who ran the Children's Home and was kind to Harry when she had discovered Harry's circumstances. She had battled tooth and nail to find the Dursleys in order to prosecute them but she had been unable to find them. They had either changed their names or moved abroad. The two children paused for a moment as Harry knocked on the door before going in to see Hermione's parents chatting to the woman Hermione assumed was Jenny.

"Take a seat" Jenny said and Harry managed to climb into the seat that was used mainly adults. "Now Mr and Mrs Granger have come here to ask me to let you stay with them for Christmas and a little bit longer afterwards" and Harry looked at the elder Grangers with a puzzled look on his face.

"How much longer?" he asked after a moment.

"Well let's just say that it's a lot longer than just after" Jenny said, her dark face smiling at Harry.

"I don't understand" Harry said, and it was Jane who answered his puzzlement.

"We would like very much to adopt you if you'd like that" she said and both Harry's and Hermione's jaws dropped through the floor and halfway to Australia. After they had recovered both children jumped off their chairs and ran towards each other and grabbed the other's outstretched hands and jumped about in circles.

" and then stopped. There was a slight pause. " they repeated their dance again until they felt dizzy and had to sit down to recover their balance.

"I take it that that is a yes then?" David asked dryly and Harry nodded as tears began to run his face. Hermione went over to him and gave Harry a friendly and comforting hug.

"Yes please" Harry managed to sob intelligently.

"Well you had better to your room and pack your things" Jenny said, and Harry and Hermione raced out the office and up the stairs so fast that the adults considered that new speed records had just been broken.

#

Harry packed his things in a suitcase that he had been found with over a year ago when he was dumped on the doorstep of the Children's Home, assisted by an eager Hermione. Harry suddenly stopped and started to be teary again.

"Whats the matter?" Hermione asked him.

"I'm not crying" Harry said, "I am very happy" then he added in a whisper "I've got a family" and Hermione smiled.

"I've got a brother" she correctly pointed out to him. They finished packing and then Hermione dragged the suitcase down as Harry went to say goodbye to Duke and Justine. By the time he went back

to Jenny's office the rest of the paper work had been completed except for one small thing that needed to be completed.

"What do you want to call yourself?" David asked.

"What do you mean?" Harry asked him.

"What he means is that do you want to change your last name to the same as ours or do you want to keep the Potter surname?" Jane explained kindly.

"Can I keep my last name as it is?" Harry asked his new parents and they both nodded. After a few last minute items Harry left the Children's home in the company of his new family as they drove to his new home. When they got there it was late afternoon because of all the extra shopping traffic it turned out that Harry had never got the full tour of the Granger (and now his) house.

"Go take him for the tour upstairs, Hermione" David said, "Your mother and I have to talk about something" and Hermione took Harry's hand and led him up the stairs.

"This is mummy and daddy's room" she said pushing open the door slightly to give Harry a look inside. It was a well furnished room with an expensive television in the corner and a plush looking bed on one wall. When Harry was done Hermione opened the next door to reveal a well fitted bathroom with a separate shower and bath. The next room was painted in pink and was clearly Hermione's room. A pink covered bed stood on one wall with a few teddy bears and a single doll lying on the duvet. Hermione showed him all the cupboards wardrobes which contained her toys and books that she read. One cupboard contained pencils, felt tip pens, paper and children's safety scissors as Hermione liked to draw often. A small drawer had a few colouring books for the girl as well. Like her parent's room everything looked expensive and then Harry showed Harry the room opposite. "This is the guest room" she said, then corrected herself, "I mean your room" and let Harry enter first. Harry's new room had several cupboards and wardrobes with towels in for when people had stayed here overnight. This room was mostly in neutral colours in its taste of decorations but on the way over from the home, Harry had been told

by his new parents that he could have it painted in any colour that he wanted.

"This is great" Harry declared and then he went and jumped on the bed repeatedly.

"What are you doing?" asked Jane from the door.

"Sorry" Harry said, and got off the bed going bright red much to Hermione's amusement. "Can I ask you something?" he asked.

"You already have" Jane said, causing Hermione to giggle, "What do you want to know?" she asked.

"Could I have a few toys please, Mrs Granger?" Harry asked, and Jane looked surprised for a moment.

"Of course" Jane said, "And you don't have to call me Mrs Granger" she said, "You can call me or my husband either David and Jane, mum and dad or mummy or daddy. Whatever you feel comfortable with is fine with us" and Harry nodded. "Now that that is settled, lets go out for dinner" and Jane asked the children what they wanted.

Hermione instantly went for pizza, and Harry decided to go with Hermione's choice as he had never had pizza before in his life. Before leaving they took Harry's case up to his new room and unpacked. When it was time for them to leave they decided to go early because they could stop by the shopping centre and get Harry a lot of new things that they could put in the car. It was well towards seven when they came back from celebrating Harry's addition to the family and both children yawned from being exhausted and Jane made them some hot chocolate and poured it into mugs for them. Harry was used to plastic cups from the home and living with the vanished Dursleys and he was halfway through his mug when it slipped from his fingers and smashed on the floor shattering it and spewing out the contents over the tiled surface. Harry was frozen to the spots with his eyes as wide as a startled deer's and then he bolted from the room. Hermione and her mother ran from the room and found Harry in the cupboard under the stairs curled up in a tight little ball and shaking quite violently.

“What happened?” asked David as he had heard the breaking mug.

“Harry broke a mug daddy” Hermione said, “And he ran from the room like he was scared” and David looked at his wife.

“It’ll be from his life with those horrible relatives of his” Jane said in answer to his unasked question. “I can not imagine what they put that boy through” she said, “But I would sure as heck like to get my hands on them and give them an dental operation – minus any pain relief” she added darkly. It was a sentiment shared by the other two Grangers in the family.

“How are we going to get him out of there?” David asked at last when Harry showed no signs of calming down.

“I can look after him” Hermione said, “Harry trusts me and he wouldn’t hurt me. I will just put my arm around him like mummy does when I am ill” and Hermione bent down and went into the cupboard with Harry and put an arm around him – hugging him tightly and holding him close to her own tiny body. It wasn’t long before Harry calmed down and fell asleep.

“All hail Hermione Nightingale” her father said and then picked Harry up and carried him to his room and put him into bed. It would take some time before Harry could stop being afraid of the Dursleys coming back for him. As he began life with the Grangers, he started to be more confident, but Harry remained serious friends with Hermione only. The pair excelled at many subjects at school and won contests for their age groups. Hermione excelled at writing and won two trophies of her own. Harry did well at sports and was picked for his year’s school football team. Harry led a safe and relaxed life that only became troubled again when he reached the age of 11. That came in the form of Owls landing in garden carrying letters addressed to Harry and also in the form on an old man called Albus Percival Wulfric Brian Dumbledore.

A/N:

Theres referances to a british (where i live) kids show. See if you can spot it - if possible!

Pixel

A Big Revelation

Harry woke up on his eleventh birthday with Hermione jumping on his bed.

“Happy Birthday little brother!” she shouted, and Harry opened one eye and looked up at her.

“I am the same age as you” he pointed out, opening both eyes to see a pink pyjama clad bushy haired blur on his bed.

“But I’m older by months little brother” Hermione emphasised the last two words. “Mum says to get up and dressed. You have something downstairs to open” and Hermione jumped off the bed, landed lightly on the floor and sped to her own room. The graceful way she landed showed how well the Gymnastic classes both she and Harry took paid off. Harry grumbled then got out of bed and grabbed his favourite towel – a red, green, yellow and blue striped one – and headed to the bathroom to have a shower. When he came out he returned to his room and dressed in a pair of jeans and a dark green shirt with a collar so big it was possible to go hang gliding using it, and went down to meet the rest of his family. Harry still felt very lucky to have such a wonderful family after what he had suffered.

“Here comes the birthday boy!” Jane said as he entered the living room. They hugged each other and then Harry gave David his own hug.

“Thanks Mum” he said, “Thanks Dad” and both parents smiled.

“Let’s have breakfast and then you can open your presents” Jane said, and the family had a massive stack of pancakes with syrup. Being dentists, David and Jane didn’t allow it in the house normally but relented for special occasions like birthdays. After they had finished, the Grangers watched as Harry began to open his presents.

“This one is from me” David said, handing over a large package. Harry carefully opened the paper and uncovered a set of very expensive sports gear.

“Thanks Dad” Harry said, smiling at David.

“This one is from me” Jane said, and passed over a bundle which was wrapped most securely. Harry repeated his unwrapping procedure and received the book set he had been wanting for several months. In his hands was the complete Famous Five collection. This wasn’t entirely odd but when Harry opened the cover of the first one, it showed it as an original edition.

“Oh... My... God! Harry felt like jumping into the air. “Thanks Mum. Thanks a lot” and Jane just smiled at her adopted son.

“Me next me next” Hermione said slightly impatiently.

“No more syrup for you” Harry laughed and then opened Hermione’s present. When he had opened it carefully, he discovered that his sister had brought him a very expensive calligraphy set. It had to have cost a lot of saved up pocket money to Hermione – and Harry felt sorry for her empty feeling Piggy-Bank. He put the set down and pulled his sister into a tight embrace. “Thanks” he said.

“It was nothing” she replied, giggling at Harry’s reaction. Both parents smiled at the sight, and then set about getting ready for the party they would be having. It would consist of the Grangers, Harry and one of his friends from school. Harry took his presents up to his room and put them in a drawer for safe keeping. As he lent down and then straightened up, he could feel the metal round his neck. He still wore half of the Teddy Bear necklace that he had given to Hermione for Christmas years ago – the first Christmas he spent with his new family. When he came down Hermione was waiting for him.

“Video?” he asked.

“Video” Hermione confirmed and held up the tape she held in her hand. It was one of Harry’s favourite James Bonds – Licence to Kill. Hermione loved the part when the helicopter Bond was in captured the plane by getting it in the tail section on the copter’s skids. Harry liked it for the fact that James Bond disobeyed orders to track down and punish those people who hurt his friend. It reflected what had

happened last year when Hermione found herself surrounded by all five of the school bullies.

The first Hermione knew she was in trouble was when she was pushed to the ground, hitting the grass of the playing field. She got up to see the bullies surrounding her and Hermione began to panic slightly. Harry wasn't anywhere near her so she freaked out completely.

"Miss Know-It-All hasn't her protector" sneered the leader referring to Harry.

"She doesn't give us the respect we deserve" said another bully.

"You're just bullies" Hermione said.

"Shut up bitch" a third cursed, while bully 4 and bully 5 picked up sticks.

"Hold her while we teach her who is in charge here" the leader said, "If she was as smart as she claims, then she would have known that" and he signalled for the two stick wielding bullies to whack Hermione with the slightly heavy sticks. Hermione tried to roll away from the blows and kicks but to no avail. She cried with pain with every contact and felt one of her arms breaking.

"Please..." she sobbed, "Stop it" Hermione begged.

"I don't think so" the leader said, and kicked her in the ribs. "And we are too far away from teachers for them to hear" and he laughed manically.

"HERMIONE!" came a loud shout. Harry had seen the bullies and had come running over – his fitness paying off quite well in this emergency. Harry ran up to them and threw the sticks well away from the group followed by Bully 4 and Bully 5 in rapid succession. The next to go was Bully Three who Harry threw into the ground and who didn't get up but cried in pain. Bully Two tried to hit Harry but Harry simply hit him in the stomach and he joined Bully Three in rolling in

pain. The leader tried to be braver than his gang and laughed at Harry.

“Wasn’t here to protect her!” and swung a punch that connected with Harry’s nose. Pain registered in Harry’s mind as he felt the bone break and blood pour out of his nostrils. He staggered back but regained his senses to dodge the incoming second punch which he grabbed and squeezed hard.

“Never EVER touch my sister!” and Harry slammed his fist into the other boy’s stomach. Because Harry still had hold of the bully’s hand the bully pivoted. Harry twisted him around and punched him again and again in the stomach and then hit him with one final punch so hard that it knocked the bully off his feet. “GET IT?” he yelled. Disregarding his own injuries, Harry went to Hermione and saw that she was in great pain and was bleeding through her school uniform. He quickly took off his jumper and made a sling for her out of it and gently placed her arm inside. When Harry was satisfied with what he had done, he bent down and gently cradled Hermione in his arms and then sprinted as quickly and gently as he could towards the school. He burst through other pupils and teachers alike and only stopped when he reached the school reception. The receptionist took one look at the pair and called the School Nurse, Head Teacher and their parents in that order. Harry had put three of the reception’s seats together and placed Hermione on it so the soft filling could ease her pain slightly. The School Nurse took one look at them and paled at the injuries Hermione and Harry sustained and fainted. By the time she came round, David and Jane had arrived, but Harry had refused all treatment until he was satisfied Hermione was safe. The Head Teacher heard what happened and asked the receptionist to call the police. She asked Harry who had done it as Hermione whimpered and sniffed in agony, and when Harry told her she ordered them to be brought from class.

“They are on the top playing field” he said, and Harry then allowed the Nurse to look at his broken nose.

The film had just finished and the family had lunch which consisted of multiple flavours of Sandwiches, when somebody at the front door knocked.

“Wonder who that could be” Jane said, and she left the kitchen and went to open the door. Because the door to the kitchen was open, Harry could hear every word that was spoken.

“Good Afternoon” came an elderly man’s voice, “I wonder if I might speak to Harry Potter please?” and Harry exchanged looks with Hermione and David.

“What do you want with Harry?” Jane asked.

“I knew Harry’s parents” said the old man and Harry looked at Hermione and David.

“You had better come in” Jane said, and she closed the door and took the visitor into the living room where the others had already reached the best sofas and seats. The visitor looked at Harry with his eyes twinkling brightly.

“So you are Harry” the man said, more as a statement than a question.

“Well it isn’t likely to be Hermione is it?” Harry said smiling. “Who are you?” he asked.

“My name is Professor Albus Dumbledore, and I am happy to say that I knew your parents long ago” the man said.

“You knew my parents?” Harry asked slowly, feeling Hermione’s hand slipping into his for comfort.

“Yes” Dumbledore said, noticing that the Grangers exchanged looks with each other. “We where good friends and I was most upset when they where killed” Dumbledore paused before continuing. “Before I tell you about them, there is something that you should know” and Dumbledore looked at Harry with an odd look. “This... This might be hard to explain...”

#

“So I’m a wizard?” Harry asked, shocked at what Dumbledore had told him.

“Yes” Dumbledore said, looking quite pleased that Harry had got it after explaining it for the third time.

“All right” Harry said. The Grangers thought that Harry was taking this quite well considering. “And you run a school for magical people?” Harry asked.

“Yes, that’s quite right” Dumbledore said, “Hogwarts is the only magical school in Britain and we teach wizards and witches from all over – not just British subjects either. I have come here to show you the magical world before you enter Hogwarts” he added.

“Does everybody know about me?” asked Harry, referring to what Dumbledore had said about him being the saviour of the magical world.

“Practically everyone does” Dumbledore said.

“What about those of my own age?” Harry asked, “How big are the classes?” he asked also.

“There will be several boys in your own house” Dumbledore said, “And the classes are about twenty five to thirty children” and Harry nodded slowly.

“Isn’t this great?” he said, turning to Hermione and looking at her excited at the fact that he knew stuff about his parents – his real parents that was. “We can go and learn to do magic” Harry said, but Dumbledore coughed politely.

“I’m afraid that Miss Granger will not be attending Hogwarts” he said, looking embarrassed just for a moment.

“Why?” Hermione asked.

“You and your parents are what we call Muggles or non magical persons” Dumbledore explained. “Not to cause offence or anything,

but non magical people have about as much magic as a turnip” and Harry looked sharply at him.

“If you are magic, then do a spell and make her magical” Harry said, as icily as he had ever said.

“I’m afraid that it is impossible” Dumbledore said, “If it was then I would be inundated by people asking me to do the spell” Dumbledore looked sincere.

“Couldn’t Hermione live in the castle and learn non magic things?” Harry asked after a long thought.

“Even that is impossible because of enchantments designed to stop muggles from coming and discovering our world” Dumbledore said, sighing deeply.

“It’s your choice” David said, “We’ll support you if you want to go to this place Harry” and Harry looked at each member of his adoptive family in turn.

“Theres no way for Hermione or my parents to visit?” Harry asked.

“None whatsoever” Dumbledore said, his voice tinged with a trace of annoyance that it was taking too long for Harry to accept his admittance.

“Then in that case I rather think that I will stay with Hermione and my parents” Harry said, looking at Dumbledore as his eyes blazed right blue.

“That can not happen” Dumbledore said firmly, “You have to come with me because I fear that Voldemort will return one day and attempt to take over the country again” but Harry shook his head.

“I’m staying” and he hugged Hermione tightly.

“My birth parents will have loved me I know, but these are the only people I know and trust with my life” Harry said defiantly, “If this Voldemort tries to come for me, then I’ll tell him I’m not interested in

joining him” and Harry turned his back on Dumbledore, and Hermione backed away quite quickly and ran into the kitchen.

“I had hoped that it wouldn’t come to this” Dumbledore said, “But I am going to have to change your memories so Harry will come with me” and he took out what he described as his wand. Harry tried to knock it out of his hand but was knocked back into a wall.

“GET OUT OF OUR HOUSE!” Jane shouted.

“I’m getting the police” David said, but the phone exploded in a shower of sparks.

“When I am done, you won’t know anything about this” Dumbledore said. He raised his wand and pointed it at Jane and David and Harry. “Obliv... Ayeeee” his spell was cut off as Hermione came charging back into the room and swung the heavy tea tray up and into Dumbledore’s face. The force was so hard, that an imprint of the elderly man’s face was imprinted into it.

“Take that” Hermione said. As she spoke several people popped right into their living room. “Oh oh” she said, and dived for cover. The new arrivals seemed more interested with Dumbledore, a middle aged woman seemingly the leader of them.

“Put him under arrest” she said, then turned to the slightly bruised Grangers and Harry. “Are you alright?” she asked Jane and David concernedly.

“We’re fine” David said, he looked at Hermione with a frown. “Where is Harry?” he asked, and they saw Harry getting up and shakily brush himself down.

“Bless my soul” the unknown women said, “It’s Harry Potter” and the other new arrivals looked at Harry and noticed the scar on his forehead.

“It seems that I must be a celebrity” Harry muttered. “You want to be my Agent Hermione?” he asked, and the question showed Harry was perfectly fine. “What in the name of all that is holy happened?” he

asked the new arrival after most of her other staff disappeared with Dumbledore. The woman sat down before answering Harry.

"My name is Madame Amelia Bones, and I work for the magical version of the police" the woman said, "Professor Dumbledore came to get Harry and train in him for some kind of war" and she was interrupted by Jane.

"Over my dead body!" and Madame Bones smiled.

"I was thinking the same thing" she said. "We suspected that Dumbledore was planning on taking Harry into his care because he got out world's courts to make him his magical guardian. This means that Harry would be forced to do what Dumbledore told him to do" and David shook his head.

"Forgive me if I am wrong, Miss?..." he hesitated.

"Amelia please" Bones said.

"Madame Bones" David seemed to settle for, "But we adopted Harry into our family so he goes to what school we decide on" and Madame Bones put a look of distaste on her face that the Grangers knew quite well.

"It is not as simple as that. Becoming one's magical guardian means that the guardian is the adoptee's parent or parents" Bones looked very uncomfortable with saying what she was saying. "Regardless of what Professor Dumbledore did, his interpretation of the laws is quite correct. Harry must go into the care of a magical family" and Harry looked at her.

"And what if I don't want to go?" he asked.

"Then I am allowed to use force to make you go" Bones said, and she looked as if she had drunk unsweetened lemon juice.

"All this because Harry doesn't want to go to this school?" Hermione asked.

"I must have gone deaf" Bones said, "Harry Potter doesn't want to go to Hogwarts?" she asked, and Harry nodded. "But why?" she enquired.

"Because I don't want to go anywhere that will not accept Hermione... unless it was an all boys school" Harry added as an afterthought, making Hermione punch him in the shoulder.

"If you do not go, then you will be breaking our laws, and will be forced to go" Bones said.

"If Hermione doesn't go, then I am not going" Harry said, "End of subject" and he folded his arms.

"As Harry's adoptive family, we are supporting whatever decision Harry makes" James said.

"In that case, Professor Dumbledore will be asking for a court case in order to gain custody of Harry" Bone said, "I'll have one of my Department members come round and explain what will happen in this sort of case" and she asked the Grangers and Harry if they wanted anybody to watch the house in case Dumbledore tried to take Harry again, but they declined.

"Actually" Harry said, "Can I have a word with my family before you leave?" and Bones nodded and the Grangers and Harry grouped on the sofa furthest away from Bones.

"Whats wrong?" Hermione asked.

"I don't know why, but I think she is an alright woman" Harry said, "I just think we should have a secret password or something" and Jane and David agreed that it was a good idea in light of what had happened. "Miss Bones? When you send this person round, please tell them that we will be asking them a question. The answer will be this:- 'My God! Whats Bond doing?' and the person must answer with:- 'I think he's attempting re-entry, sir'. No answer, then no entry" and Bones had to agree with the conditions.

"When will this case be?" Hermione asked.

"If Dumbledore has his way with things, then I would think sometime tomorrow afternoon" and Bones left the house before she was mugged by several Angry Grangers and an even more angrier Potter.

"I don't know about you" Harry said, looking at the space recently vacated, "But I am going to forget what happened here, and finish my birthday" and Jane and David were impressed by how their son was taking this. They would have been reduced to gibbering wrecks by now. Hermione seemed to have turned from being human to being a limpet mine and followed Harry closely everywhere. The two shared a bond that was deeper than any other brother or sister in the world, and could sense when the other was in trouble or ill. The only thing that Hermione could guess from Harry was a massive mix of anger and upset. Clearly they would be having one of their talks tonight after their parents had gone to bed - It was something that they always did.

A/N:

First off: Two references to James Bond. Seek and ID them for a plate of cookies (or religion allowed same) and a glass of warm milk. The next I want to tell you is that my batteries have been charged up enough for another two or three chapters for "True Friends". When I am in need of topping up my battery power, I just put "True Friends" on hold and write a little fic. I hope you enjoyed this chapter as much as I enjoyed writing it.

Message to queenofspades19:- The package from "Operation Keep My Stomach Full" has not been delivered.

Reviews and Pms in the normal manner.

Regards:

Pixel

The Battle of Wills

Harry had been talking well into the night with Hermione until they had both fallen asleep on top of Harry's bed. Luckily though they awoke before their parents and Hermione went to her room to get herself ready for the day. She had just snuck back to Harry's room when a tapping came from the window.

"What on earth?" Harry asked, as he looked at Hermione. His sister had the exact same look of puzzlement on her face as Harry. He got up and went to the window to see a large Owl hovering outside. When Harry opened the large window – fitted because Harry had been fearful of not seeing daylight – it flew in and then landed on the chest of drawers hooting loudly at the pair.

"Shussssh" Hermione said, not knowing what to do, and to her surprise the Owl went silent and held out a leg to Harry. More puzzled looks came from Harry and Hermione and Harry shrugged as he untied a piece of what look like parchment from the leg. The Owl hooted twice and then flew out of the window and away from the house.

"This gets curiouser and curiouser" Hermione said, quoting Alice in Wonderland which was a favourite of the pair. Harry meanwhile opened up the rolled up parchment and began to read aloud the text handwritten in emerald ink.

Dear Mr Potter.

A court case has been called because your Magical guardian has discovered that you have been corrupted by Muggles and are refusing to obey his orders "Orders?" Harry said, "I know a good place where they can go" and Hermione giggled as Harry read on. The case is to be held on the Afternoon of Thursday 1st August 1991. Please arrive at the Ministry of Magic promptly at 2.30PM along with any people you and your lawyer wish to call. For the record, the charges against you are listed below:

Failure to obey the instructions of your Magical guardian

Refusal to attend the school of your guardian's choice

Assaulting a member of the Wizengamot

Assaulting your Magical guardian

A Representative of the Department for Magical Law Enforcement will be coming to your current address to explain procedures to you, and act as escort on your journey to the Ministry.

Signed

Imma Waffling

Imma Waffling

"Please tell me that that is not her name" Harry fell backwards to lie on his bed laughing madly. Hermione looked and laughed as well and this combined sound woke their parents.

"And what are you two doing up at this hour?" Jane asked wearing a large purple fluffy dressing gown.

"Harry got served his court papers mum" Hermione said, and passed her the letter. After she read it, Jane decided that she might as well do breakfast and so had a shower and dressed in casual clothes, coming down to make the whole family toast, Bacon, Eggs and Sausages or whatever they wanted to eat. They had just finished and were watching the news when they heard the sound of somebody knocking on the front door. Harry looked at his family before getting up with Hermione following close behind him, armed with a large walking stick to set about any possible intruders. Harry opened the door slightly to reveal a young woman wearing regular street clothes, but had pink hair, and what looked like a wand – but of a different type to the ones Harry had seen the previous day. This had to be his escort to the Ministry in London.

"My God! What's Bond doing?" Harry asked the woman.

"I think he's attempting re-entry, sir" the woman replied. Harry was satisfied and he opened the door to let her enter the house. Shutting it behind her, he led the visitor to the living room where Jane and David took stock of her.

"I'm Jane and this is my husband David" Jane said, doing the introductions.

"I didn't think it was the other way round" the woman said, breaking into massive grin. "The names Tonks, Nymphadora Tonks. I prefer to go by my last name though, because I hate my first name more than a kid hates spinach. My mother's penchant for whimsical names seems to have no end" and the woman shook her head. "Well I'm here to explain things to you about the case" and Harry saw that Hermione's hand automatically went up.

"This isn't class" he said, and he earned a poke in the ribs for his troubles. "Exactly what will happen at this thing?" he asked the woman.

"Well this has never actually come up before" Tonks said, settling into an armchair. "But I'll explain more or less what will happen. We have a judge and a number of people who act like one of your juries. Each side will be able to speak to each witness as a sort of cross examination. It was hard to come up with a judge because of the fact Albus Dumbledore is the judge for every case that comes up" and Tonks seemed a little niffed when saying Dumbledore's name.

"I take it that you don't always meet eye to eye" David said.

"No exactly" Tonks said, "He gave me a A- minus in History" she shrugged, "And my Uncle was put in jail because old Bumbles didn't tell everyone the truth about what had happened" she made the face that was understood that she wished Dumbledore to lose the case.

"Bumbles?" Hermione asked, laughing at the nickname.

"That came from an incident when somebody changed his clothes using magic to a bee outfit and had the tune "Flight of the Bumble Bee" piped through every classroom in the place" she laughed for a

moment before going all business like again. "Because of the quickness of the case and what happened yesterday, I'm afraid that you will have to meet your lawyer before you go in. But don't worry" Tonks added, "He is the best that money can buy" and Harry's head snapped round to face her.

"I don't have any money" he said, "And mum and dad only have twenty five thousand in the bank" Harry added, but Tonks looked angry for a moment.

"What" Jane asked, "Did Mr Dumbledore not tell Harry?" and Tonks looked apprehensive as if caught stealing the the Hope Diamond.

"Oh boy" she sighed, "I don't know where to begin. But I do know someone who can help you better" and Hermione noticed that the pink hair had gone, replaced with green.

"I don't know if this is rude, but your hair has gone green" Hermione told Tonks who smiled.

"I can do that" she said, "I can do other things with my hair and face... watch" and Tonks's nose turned into a pig's nose and then back again.

"That was cool" David said.

"So who can we see to see about Harry's money?" Jane asked, "Not that we'd take anything for looking after you" she added to Harry who had looked at her, "It's just that you should get what's rightfully yours" and Harry nodded to show he understood.

"I know mum" and he hugged his parents.

"I'm not supposed to do this, especially as you three are..." Tonks paused thinking of the right word to say, "Non magical people, but we can use magic to get to London much quicker than by a train" and the Grangers and Harry quickly decided to see and experience magic and rushed to get into their Sunday best – returning a full fifteen minutes later. Tonks was found holding the tv remote and trying to figure out what it did. Harry explained its job, and then with a look

around the living room they vanished from the room with a loud popping noise.

#

Because the Grangers and Harry only had a limited experience of magic, Tonks took them to what looked to be a side entrance of a bank. Lots of people were dotted around the massive lobby.

"Wow" breathed Harry and Hermione together as they looked at the scene around them.

"It was my first reaction when I first saw this place" Tonks laughed at their reactions. Jane and David took this with little surprise after the revelation yesterday. After finding out that their adopted son was a wizard, and a real life wizard to boot, things seemed pretty relaxed for them.

"Where exactly are we going?" Hermione asked as they entered a long corridor off the lobby.

"Somebody I know will be able to explain it better than I ever could" Tonks said, and entered an exceptionally normal looking office. When the Grangers and Harry had sat down, Tonks told them she was going to get this other person – "Somebody who works here" she replied when Harry asked her if it was somebody for the Ministry.

"Before anyone comes in, I'm just saying that I am not going to this Hogwarts place unless Hermione can come to" Harry said, and Hermione started to cry and rushed over to Harry and hugged him. Harry just held his sister and patted her on the head.

"You're being stupid" she sobbed through tears.

"No I'm not" Harry told her gently, "I'm being your brother" and Hermione stopped crying and Jane took a handkerchief and wiped Hermione's eyes dry. David moved Hermione's chair so she sat next to Harry. The girl got on it and looked at the door behind the desk which opened. Hermione held Harry's hand as...

#

"So you're a goblin?" Harry asked for the nineteenth time.

"Yes" the goblin said, "And now that we have firmly established that fact, I believe we have some business to conduct" and Jane made a small cough.

"What is your name?" she asked, "We can't go around calling you Mr Goblin all the time" and the goblin nodded.

"My name is Griphook" the goblin said, "And I think we should start at once. I believe you are quite busy this afternoon" and the goblin put down a large thick pile of parchment onto the desk.

"Where on earth do we start?" Harry asked.

"At the beginning?" Hermione asked straight faced.

"I think that I will skip some of it to be quick" Griphook said politely, "Your parents were very rich and had put aside money for your education and welfare. Professor Dumbledore, when he placed you with your relatives, split the money between himself and them. He has also taken all of your personal account for himself and only your family vault remains untouched. That is because not even a magical guardian can touch that without your say so" Griphook said.

"How much am I worth?" Harry asked slowly.

"About 100,000,000 Galleons" Griphook said.

"How much is that in our money?" David asked.

"One moment" Griphook requested, and thought for a moment. "Seventeen million pounds" he said at last.

"Oh" Harry said.

"My" Hermione.

"Bloody" David said

"God" Jane completed.

"That much" Harry asked stunned.

"That is only the cash. You have several properties all over the country, as well as..." Griphook fell silent.

"What is it?" Jane asked him.

"He also owns the property that he was in when his parents were killed" and Griphook looked at Harry.

"I'll be wanting to see that later" Harry said simply.

"Very well, Mr Potter" Griphook said, then he looked at Harry with what the goblin hoped was an acceptable smile. "Would you like to see the vault?" he asked.

"Yes please" Hermione said quickly, before Harry had a chance to speak. Griphook took them out of the door he had come in, and along a service corridor. Waiting for them was a wooden cart which the goblin assured them was quite safe, and the Grangers and Harry zoomed along the tracks and at one point the children thought they had seen a dragon, but it was gone before they could swivel in the cart for a better look.

"This is Vault 713" Griphook said, slowing the cart to a stop. Everyone climbed out and the humans watched as Griphook unlocked the door. "Normally we ask for your key" he said, "But I think we can be assured that it is you" and Harry nodded. The heavy looking metal door opened to reveal its inside. Piles of money reached from the floor to the ceiling in gold, silver and bronze coins, and rubies and other precious jewels lay on top. Several tiaras dotted the vault, and Harry picked up the nearest one and put it on Hermione's head.

"There" he said, "Now you look like a Princess" and Hermione giggled, but also frowned at the same time.

"You can't afford to give me this" she said quietly.

"Yes I can" Harry said; "I have a few pounds thereabouts" he laughed. "You really do look like a Princess" he repeated.

"When have I ever wanted to be a Princess?" Hermione asked, fingering the Tiara on her bushy hair.

"Last year" Harry said instantly, "When you had too much fruit punch and ran round the house in just your knick..."

"HARRY!" Hermione pushed him backwards onto the floor, "Shut up" and David bent to pick his son up.

"Would you like to take some money with you, Mr Potter?" Griphook asked, and Harry looked at him oddly.

"I can really do that?" Harry asked.

"Well strictly no you can not" Griphook said, "But your parents were one of the few humans that have been respectful towards me, and I respected them for that. Take as much as you want, and I'll convert it into the type of money you are used to" he added. He passed Harry a small leather string purse, and he and Hermione filled it up to the brim.

"What are the different names for these coins?" Jane asked.

"The gold ones are called Galleons, the silver ones are Sickles and the bronze ones are called Knuts" Griphook told her.

"That's it" Harry said, pulling the strings together.

"I'll put this back" Hermione said, reaching up for the Tiara but Harry put his hand out to stop her.

"Take it" Harry said, "There's more things here than I can ever want in my life" he said, "You gave me something precious years ago. Just take it will you?" and Hermione eventually nodded but took it off her head.

"Pity I can't put it in that bag" she said.

"I have another bag here that you can use to keep it in" Griphook said, "It can store several large items. The bag is enchanted to be large inside, but to keep its size on the outside" and Jane looked at David.

"If only I had one of those for use on shopping days" she joked.

"Just a minute, mum" Harry said, and turned to address Griphook. "Can I have another one for my parents?" he asked.

"It is against the rules for me to grant that request" Griphook told him.

"Oh" Harry said.

"I'll get you one when we get back to the surface" Griphook said. He looked at a small watch on a little golden chain attached to his waistcoat. "I think that we had better get back to the surface. I believe it is almost time for your court case" he said, and Harry nodded.

"Well let's go" he said, "I have an appointment with destiny... and I don't want to be late" and they left the vault and rode in the cart back up to the main part of the bank. Before Griphook had closed the heavy metal door, Harry had spotted a photograph album containing moving pictures of his mum and dad. He had taken it while Griphook inspected the stone floor. Tonks was waiting for them in Griphook's office and after bidding the Goblin farewell; the witch led them to the Ministry where the court case was to take place.

#

"I call Albus Dumbledore to the stand" said a tall woman. Catharine Smith was Harry's lawyer, and was very friendly the moment she, the Grangers and Harry had met. Dumbledore rose from his seat across the court room and sat in the witness stand.

"You are Professor Albus Percival Wulfric Brian Dumbledore, Headmaster of Hogwarts school of Witchcraft and Wizardry?" Smith asked.

"I am" Dumbledore said.

"Prof Dumbledore who placed Mr. Potter with the Dursleys?" Smith asked her first investigative answer.

"I did. It was the safest place for him" Dumbledore replied.

"You said it was the safest place for him?" Smith asked, wanting clarification.

"Yes"

"I would like to submit to the court the records of the health of Mr. Potter on his arrival to the Children's Home" and Smith produced copies for the three judges and Dumbledore to read. "As you can see the boy was beaten to the point that he lay in a COMA for weeks. And you say Professor that it was the safest place for him? I submit to the court that he would have been safer being raised by death eaters" Smith looked like she could kill Dumbledore with a glance.

"I had to place him with members of his family" Dumbledore said, "He would have had a life with them. I knew that he wouldn't have a normal relationship with his relatives, but at least he would have been with family" Dumbledore said told her.

"Prof Dumbledore, did you ever check on Harry during his time at the Dursleys?" Smith demanded. Dumbledore shifted uneasily in his seat.

"No, but I had a squib a few doors away to keep an eye on Harry for me" he said after a pause.

"A squib. A squib that has no way to see through walls, a squib who lived too far to hear his screams, is that correct Professor Dumbledore?" Smith asked looking down at the original documents.

"I suppose so, but she was there to let me know if any death eaters were there after the boy, not to watch his family" Dumbledore said icily.

"In light of the evidence from his arrival at the children's home, do you think she should have been watching the family too?" Smith said, icily back. If the attitude in the room was cold, then it was well into the Minus zone by now.

"He must be protected from the death eaters that would harm him" Dumbledore said. Things were not going his way it seemed. Dumbledore seemed to have had a plan to just charm his way through the case, and to get custody of Harry.

"BUT WHAT ABOUT THE FAMILY THAT WOULD HAVE KILLED HIM? SHOULD NOT HE HAVE BEEN PROTECTED FROM THEM TOO?" Smith yelled. That last statement by Dumbledore had made her angry. It took several moments before she was calm enough to speak. "Professor Dumbledore, Harry has been with the Grangers for years now. Were you not worried about him being in danger of the death eaters while he was being raised by muggles?" and Dumbledore looked surprised by the question.

"I only recently found out he wasn't at his aunt's house, I tracked him down through the children's home" Dumbledore answered.

"He's losing it" Harry whispered to Hermione who nodded.

"What happened to the squib you had to watch him should she have told you years ago that the boy was abandoned by the Dursleys?" Smith asked quickly.

"Mrs. Figg is an old woman and a bit senile she confused Harry and his cousin" Dumbledore said slowly. Smith walked round the table and went right in front of Dumbledore in the box.

"Mr Dumbledore. From all reports Dudley Dursley is three times as big as Harry, blond and looks like a killer whale on steroids. Harry is black haired, small and was fed just enough to keep him alive. HOW COULD SHE BE SO CONFUSED?" Smith yelled, "And besides" she added, "If you knew she was senile then why make her responsible for reporting on Harry's condition?" and Smith put a look of triumph on her face as Dumbledore's face drained of all colour.

"I... I... I don't know" he stammered.

"Game set and match: Grangers" Hermione said smugly.

"There is one other thing" Smith said, "Mr Potter has refused to attend Hogwarts unless his adoptive sister comes with him. Is that possible?" she asked.

"It... is possible" Dumbledore conceded. "I had decided that Harry should be separated in order for him to obey me. He is the best hope that we have for fighting the evil that remains in our world. These muggles are not fit enough, though they are good parents no doubt, to train Harry" and Harry was furious with that statement. Smith just started to walk around the court floor while talking.

"Professor Dumbledore. What makes you think that you would be able to provide for Mr Potter's needs?" she asked, stopping at the table the Grangers and Harry where sat behind to flick through papers.

"I have more then enough money to provide for his needs" Dumbledore said, sounding puzzled as to what she might be up to.

"May I ask you where exactly you have got this money from?" Smith enquired sweetly.

"From my own personal account" Dumbledore said, still not catching on that well.

"And I am guessing what you stole from Harry's trust account?" Smith said, executing a perfect 180 degree turn on her heel – impressive because Smith was wearing high heels, making it an award winning stunt by any measure.

"I have no idea what you mean" Dumbledore said, though his voice said otherwise.

"This document" Smith said, tapping the paperwork with her own wand and causing a duplicate document to appear, "Is a statement from the goblin at Gringotts known as Griphook. He tells me that

every year you take money from Mr Potters trust account and split it between yourself and the Dursleys. This has happened every year he lived with them. Tell me MR Dumbledore” Smith said, “How could this have happened?” and Dumbledore shifted slightly.

“I have no knowledge of taking any money from Harry’s account” he said uneasily.

“Then explain this” Smith said, producing from her robe pocket a handful of small printed cards. “These are transaction cards which are numbered to Mr Potters account. They have to be signed whenever money is removed from an account. These” Catharine Smith waved them aloft above her head, “Have your signature on them” she walked back to the table, sat on the seat and put up her feet. She lit a cigar, blew out smoke at Dumbledore and said “Explain that one then, smarty pants!” and Dumbledore couldn’t.

“The Dursleys couldn’t be expected to look after Harry without some sort of money” Dumbledore offered weakly.

“So you stole from the trust fund of the child of one of our greatest heroes?” Smith asked.

“Stole is a strong word” Dumbledore said. From the moment Dumbledore had started to give his side of the story, people had been sat in rapt attention. Harry saw what looked like a family of red headed people look at Dumbledore with an odd look.

“Then what would you use?” Smith asked, putting out the cigar.

“I simply took the money as was my right as his magical guardian” Dumbledore said.

“I think” the judge said, a tall mousey haired man, “That we have heard enough. Mr Potter is free to remain with the Grangers and can go to whatever school he so wishes. Professor Dumbledore is to allow Miss Granger to attend Hogwarts if that is her wish” the judge said.

“YES!” Harry and Hermione said, jumping out of their seats to high five each other.

“I would like to ask two more questions as I am allowed to do so under the Summary Laws” Smith said.

“That is an old law” the judge said, looking at the time they had spent inside – nearly four hours.

“It is still on our books” Smith said, “And I wish to use them” she said, clearly she had something to say that she had not told either Harry or the Grangers.

“Very well” the judge said, waving his hand, “Proceed” and Smith nodded thanks.

“You say that it was your right to take the money as Harry’s appointed guardian in the magical world?” she asked.

“Yes” Dumbledore said, sounding all the bit defeated as he was.

“Was it also your right to harm the person you yourself were supposed to help?” Smith asked. Dumbledore couldn’t answer that one as the judge rose to his feet.

“Albus Percival Wulfric Brian Dumbledore. You will repay all the money back that you took from Mr Potter – with interest added, you will write a full apology to the Grangers and Harry individually by hand, you will be suspended from all court activities for 12 months starting today and you will do what magic is needed to allow Miss Granger to attend Hogwarts. This case is now closed” and the judge stepped down from the bench and left the court room.

“WOO HOO” Harry and Hermione hugged each other, jumped while holding each other at arms length, then hugged again and repeated the entire experience once more.

“Thank you for everything you did” Harry said to Smith.

“The honour was all mine” she said. The Grangers and Harry left the courtroom led by Tonks and into a small room where she said they could wait for the crowds to subside. The Grangers and Harry had just settled down when a knock came from the door, and a small and slightly unkempt man came in. he had mousey grey hair and had a wolfish look about him.

“Can I help you?” Hermione asked politely.

“No” the man said, “It is more of a question as to how I can help Harry” he said.

“What do you mean?” Harry said.

“My name is Remus J Lupin” the man said, “And I knew Lily and James Potter”.

A/N:

First off, there are two quotes from Star Trek movies in here, seek and id them please.

Second:- I hope you like what happened with everything in this chapter. Special mention to go to Catwriter who suggested dialogue for the lawyer and Dumbledore. What she suggested appears with a few modifications in the above chapter. Now that Hermione CAN go to Hogwarts, there will be things to finish off. I will do one more chapter and then change this fics status to ‘COMPLETE’. At least this took quicker then “True friends is taking”, but at leas that’s on cue! Will restart that in a few hours once I get some sleep.

Before people shoot me for it, yes I do know that Tonks would not be a full Auror by this time, but I altered the time line a little bit. Also: though I did not mention them by name, the red headed family in the court where of course the Weasleys.

Special message to queenofspades19: that thing you sent to me has not yet arrived. Can you confirm you did send it? Thanks.

Regards:

Pixel and Stephanie Forever

Getting Ready

Harry and Hermione had lots of things to do in order to prepare for arriving at Hogwarts. Letters had arrived by another Owl to both of them containing a list of things that they would need in the next stage of their schooling. Tonks promised to take them to the right places to purchase all of this stuff. Hermione being Hermione, the girl had discovered how much it would all cost.

"We don't have enough money to pay for this" she said, looking at the lists again in Harry's room.

"I'll pay for it" Harry said to her, "And don't even bother thinking about saying no, it's what I want to do" and Hermione agreed – eventually. They spent the rest of the morning looking through the lists in case they missed something, but they had not. At one precisely there was a knock at the door and Harry left the kitchen where the family had been having lunch, and went to the door.

"Hello. It's me Tonks, if you remember" Tonks said. Harry wanted to be certain about it. For some reason he didn't think that Dumbledore would be all that nice, and he wouldn't put it past him to change his appearance. Harry was certain that magic could do anything that you wanted.

"Make your hair change colour to what Hermione noticed it had gone to the first time" he said, and Tonks's hair changed from pink to green, and then it went back again. Harry opened the door and allowed her to come in and led Tonks to the kitchen.

"Hello there" Tonks called, "I've come to take them to Diagon Alley" when she saw that the Grangers and Harry looked puzzled, she said, "It was the same place that we went down after we left the bank" and the puzzled looks turned to ones of remembrance. "Now that trick last time of me taking you drains me a little, so I was wondering if perhaps we could use that car of yours?" she asked and David nodded.

"I'll get the keys" he said, while Harry and Hermione raced upstairs, coming back with jumpers in their hands and raring to go. Jane locked the door as everyone got in to the family car. One thing that

Harry had wanted was to buy a car. Because he was only 11 years old, and therefore couldn't drive yet, he simply gave the money to David and Jane. They had some difficulty in accepting the money, until Harry said that it was a sort of thank you for taking him in and making him part of their family. It had taken a full week before they took the money once and for all, and David had purchased a Datsun Prairie – though it was called a Nissan Prairie mostly everywhere else though. Once Jane was in and had her seatbelt on, David put the passenger van into gear, and set off towards London getting there just after half past two. Once in London Tonks navigated the way towards a part of London she said she knew well. Once they had parked and got out of the car, they walked the short distance until they came to a stop in front of an ancient looking pub. For some reason or another, Harry was sure that his mum and dad couldn't see the pub because they kept looking around.

"You two had better hold on to your parent's hands as we go through. Otherwise they will walk right into a wall or something" and she went inside the pub followed by the Grangers and Harry. The inside of the pub was like something you saw in a 17th, 18th or 19th Century replica when they did it for films. Long wooden tables with wooden benches lay in the middle of the floor with small snugs along one wall. It was daylight, but the darkest corners of the place were lit by candles. Nobody paid them much attention as they passed through the pub and into the back yard. Tonks took her wand out and started to tap bricks on the wall seemingly at random. It wasn't though as the wall opened up to reveal a massive street with buildings that would have given any health and safety officer a severe heart attack – if he didn't drop down dead with shock first.

"Wow" Hermione said.

"Wow is an understatement" Harry whispered back.

"Welcome" Tonks said, sweeping an arm in front of her, "To Diagon Alley" and she stepped through the doorway that the moving bricks had formed, and the family moved in. They had been here before, but it had only been to that bank with the Goblins in, and then the fifty feet to the Ministry entrance. This time it was impressive, and in the

distance Harry and Hermione could indeed see the impressive building that was Gringotts.

“Looks like you can buy anything here” said David. Evidently their parents could see what was going on around them. The sights, sounds and smells seemed like a trip to one of those Middle East bazaars.

“Pretty much everything” Tonks agreed, “Theres a few things that are banned, or at the very least frowned upon. But those people have to have special licences in order to sell some of it, and they have to tell the Ministry if they find anything that is banned” and Tonks pointed out some of the shops as they went by. Because of what had happened with Dumbledore, some people stopped to look at Harry and Hermione as they walked past them.

“Are you sure you don’t want to be my agent?” Harry asked his sister.

“Oh” Hermione said, “Go on then” she giggled. Tonks said that the first place the pair had to visit would be a shop called Ollivanders. According to what Tonks said, there was no finer place in the whole of Britain to purchase a wand from. As they made their way through what looked to be like last minute shopping for what they guessed was other students going to Hogwarts or perhaps another Magical school. Deciding to leave it to Tonks to get them to this Ollivanders, Harry and Hermione listened to snatches of conversations from people.

“The new Nimbus 2000. It’s the fastest yet!”

“15 Sickles a pound? That’s more then last year”

“Let’s find that second hand bookshop for you, Ron” and Harry was sure that the family of red heads he had seen at the court case was the issue of that last statement.

“Here we are” Tonks said, “Ollivanders” and the shop was like a little old shoe shop that one might find in some old fashioned village. In the slightly dusty window was a single wand sat on a purple velvet cushion with gold trimmings. Above the window in scrawling and

intricate writing were the words: Ollivanders. Makers of Fine Wands Since 382 BC. "You two go inside. I have to do something with your parents help" and she went off with Jane and David following her closely.

"So what do we do?" Hermione asked Harry while examining the door. "Say open sesame?" she asked.

"No" Harry said, "Just open the door" he grinned and Harry had done so and it opened with a tinkling sound. The inside of the shop had a counter running the width of the shop which separated the selling space from whatever was behind a black curtain. On almost every wall where shelves upon shelves and all filled with cardboard boxes, though each was small and thin. Nobody else was in the shop and Harry didn't know what to do, but Hermione saw a bell on the counter top and pressed it. Before she could retreat her hand, an elderly looking man came out from behind the curtain and looked at them.

"Bless my soul" he said, "It's Harry Potter" and he came round the counter to shake Harry's hand. "It is a distinct honour and privilege to meet you at last" and he let go of Harry's hand. "It seems like only yesterday that your mother and father were in here buying their first wands" and the man looked at a startled Harry. "The names Ollivanders. I can assume that your beautiful looking companion is your sister?" he asked and Ollivander kissed Hermione's hand. Hermione giggled madly. "Let us get down to business, shall we? Which is your wand arm?" Ollivander asked, and Harry looked at Hermione who seemed as puzzled and confused.

"Er... well I'm right handed" he said, and Ollivander descended on him with multiple tape measures.

"You know Mr Potter; I remember each and every wand that I have ever sold. Your father had an excellent wand, powerful and very good for Transfiguration. Mahogany, eleven inches and pliable. A very fine wand indeed. Now your mother, she preferred a willow wand, ten and one quarter inches and swishy. A good wand for charm work. Lasted them for a good number of years" Ollivander seemed to be in a world of his own, as he measured Hermione as well. Shoulder to elbow, and elbow to finger tips. "Let's deal with your sister first" and he

looked at Hermione then at the shelves, and then snapped his fingers and several boxes came flying down gently. "Try these" he said, and Hermione picked one up in her hands like she saw magicians doing on T.V. This of course was the real thing, and not a T.V show. At Ollivanders's encouragement, she gave a wave and a glow shone around her.

"Is that good?" she asked hopefully.

"It means, Miss Granger" Ollivander said, "That your wand has chosen you. Wands chose the witch or Wizard, and it is not always clear as to why that is" Ollivander turned to Harry. "Let me see what I can do for you" and he rummaged through the boxes pulling five out in the end. He rummaged through the boxes and pulled out five different ones. "Now, let's see you try this one," he said, putting a wand in his hand. "Give it a wave." Harry did so, but nothing happened and almost immediately the wand was pulled out of his hands. "No, no. This is not the one," Ollivander said, shaking his head. He gave him another one and again nothing happened. Wand after wand he tried, but nothing seemed to satisfy Mr. Ollivander. "Oh, a tricky customer, are you? No matter. We'll find the perfect match for you," he said happily. The more wands Harry tried, the happier Mr. Ollivander seemed to become, but Harry was getting irritated.

"Will we be finished this side of my Old Age Pension?" Harry asked Hermione, rolling her eyes at her.

"I wonder —" Ollivander said, looking at a very nice wand. "Holly and Phoenix feather, eleven inches, nice and supple. An unusual combination, but powerful. Very powerful." He gave the wand to Harry. Immediately when he grasped it in his hands, Harry felt a tingling sensation running through his body. The wand felt warm and comfortable in his hand, and he felt the same joy that he had felt when he had discovered that he would get a family – a proper family and one that would love him, but finally found again. He gave it a wave and an impressive shower of sparks came out of the top. "Yes," Mr. Ollivander said happily. "Your wand has found you." Then he grew more serious. "Curious," he said softly. "Very curious"

"What's curious, Mr. Ollivander?" Harry asked.

“Well, I can remember every wand I’ve ever sold,” he said looking intently at Harry. “The core of your wand is a Phoenix feather. That Phoenix only gave two feathers to me to make wands with. It is curious that you are destined for this wand, when its brother, why when it’s brother gave you that scar.”

“This?” Harry said, putting his hand to where his scar always was. One thing that he had been able to find out was that his scar was the result of curse work of a powerful and deadly Wizard.

“Indeed. You see, Mr. Potter. It is not the wizard who chooses the wand. It is the wand that chooses the wizard. I believe this means you are destined for great things. After all, He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named did many great things himself. Terrible, yes, but great things” Ollivander would have said more but Tonks was tapping at the window. Harry paid for the cost of both wands, and Ollivander bowed them from the shop. Just as the door closed behind them, the sounds of breaking pot could be heard from behind the curtain. “Oh no” groaned Ollivander, “Tiddles! Tiddles get down!” and the door closed.

“He always has trouble with that lion” Tonks sighed.

“LION!” Hermione exclaimed, “He can’t of” and Tonks shook her head.

“It is a cat, but you should see the size of the blooming thing” she said. Behind her, Jane and David carried bags of books, and other things that she had assured the older Grangers Harry and Hermione would need. “We need to get you your robes for while you’re at Hogwarts” Tonks told them. “I’ll take you to the shop and then we can put this stuff in the car and come back for you” and they agreed that it was a good idea.

“How are you holding up?” Jane asked Harry.

“All right” he told her, “Just found out something about my parents – my natural parents that is” he altered.

“Ah” David said, overhearing the entire exchange. “We can talk about it on the way home” he added, as they stopped in front of another

shop which was displaying what had to be robes. At least the movies had that right for once Harry and Hermione thought at the same time. After promising to meet up outside the largest shop in the place – a bookshop that was called ‘Flourish and Blotts’, they split again with the older Grangers plus Tonks going in one direction and Harry and Hermione entering the shop, clutching the boxes with their wands. The shop looked like any other sort of clothing shop with a few tailors dummies dotted around and a short, squat woman came over to them.

“Hogwarts robes for both of you?” she asked, and Harry and Hermione nodded. “Well then, lets get you on the stools shall we?” she said and they stood on stools which floated across and settled in front of them. There was already a blond haired boy who stood with what looked to be an oversized robe over him. An assistant bunched up loose folds and pinned it to a much better fit, and made notes in a notebook.

“Hello” the blond haired boy said to them, “Here for your robes are you?” he asked.

“Yes” Harry said, putting down his wand on a side table along with Hermione’s.

“My father is next door buying me a broom” the boy went on. “Do either of you own a broom?” he asked.

“No” Harry and Hermione replied at the same time.

“Play Quidditch at all?” the boy asked.

“No” Hermione said, “Neither of us do” and Harry wondered what Quidditch was.

“Well my father says it would be almost criminal if I don’t make the house team, though they don’t let first years play at Hogwarts” the boy said, sighing as he spoke.

“Mmm” Harry said noncommittally.

“Know which house you’ll be in yet?” the boy asked, as both women started work on Harry and Hermione.

“No” Hermione said, feeling slightly stupid. Harry noticed the look on her face, and made a note to talk to her later about it.

“Well, no one knows until they get there, do they? But I know that I’ll be in Slytherin, all our family was – imagine being in Hufflepuff! I think that I would leave, wouldn’t you?” the boy asked them.

“Mmm” Harry said.

“You’re done” Madam Malkin said to the blond haired boy, “You can get your things from the front” and the boy left with a bye to Harry or Hermione.

“I don’t like that boy” Harry said to Hermione.

“Neither did I” his sister admitted.

“His family consider themselves to be above most others” Malkin said. She and her assistant busied themselves on the pair and after a good five to ten minutes, they had been dealt with and had collected their newly made robes and after paying for them, left the shop and met up with Tonks and their parents outside the bookshop.

“Do we have time to go in?” Hermione asked.

“Well it’s almost five” David said, “And you need to be up early for tomorrow” he added.

“Please can we go in?” Harry asked, “We can get some books that will help us to fit in better” he pointed out, but his father still said no.

“We should be getting home” he said, and Harry looked at Hermione who nodded.

“Pleassssssseeeee” they both cried at the same time.

“Another five minutes couldn’t harm” Jane said, she was always the target of their pleading.

“Five minutes, and that is all you are getting” David said, and Harry and Hermione ran into the bookstore and got as many books as they could find that concerned the magical world and also a few about Harry. The ride home was spent going over the days events and thinking about what would happen the next day when they traveled to Hogwarts. They looked at the tickets they had been get to the train they would be using. Tonks had said that she would be meeting them at Kings Cross at 10 AM, so both Harry and Hermione had said that they wanted an early night. At least that’s what their parents thought as both of them where sat on Harry’s bed reading through some of the books Jane and David had got, as well as the ones they themselves had got. In each child’s bedroom sat a large wooden trunk that was filled with their school supplies, robes, wands and casual clothes. One ting that had slightly annoyed the Grangers and Harry was the fact that they had found that non magical people where called “Muggles” and to them it sounded a little bit offensive. The real test was when they got on the train the next day and encountered people more around their own age. Harry just hoped to the fates that the other students would be accepting of Hermione. Whatever happened, Harry thought, he would remain loyal to Hermione, and he had the courage to do so.

A/N:

Once again, another brilliant chapter from me!

So, Harry and Hermione have been shopping for Hogwarts things, and Harry has encountered Draco “Ferret” Malfoy – though he doesn’t know that yet. He has also had an encounter with the Weasleys once again. Things will be a little bit different from cannon as Ron will be Anti-Muggle, but not as bad as Draco.

As you can tell, I’ve altered the scene where they get wands as I had a slightly better feel to it, as well as the Malkins scene.

I've left a few clues as to where Harry and Hermione will be sorted. But if you have any other ideas as to what will be going to happen in the next chapter, then let me know please.

Also let me know what was your favorite lines or passages from this chapter. All your insight goes into building the next chapter. All reviews are welcome.

Regards:

Pixel And Stephanie Forever

Getting Ready

By now of course, Harry and Hermione were starting to get used to the fact that magical Britain was odd. The method they used to get to school was an example – a bright red steam locomotive with matching coaches. After waving goodbye to their parents, they had sat down to enjoy the ride. London gave way to the open countryside, and Harry chuckled as he thought of something.

“Whats so funny?” asked Hermione.

“Imagine train spotters seeing this” he laughed, and Hermione laughed as well. It wasn’t everyday a steam locomotive with 11 coaches full of children went to take said school to a magical school. After a few more minutes the pair had decided to explore the corridor, and they left the otherwise empty compartment – they being the sole occupants – and went to the front of the coach encountering people who just looked at Harry and his scar. When they came back they found a red headed boy sat in the seat across from them, and Harry was sure that he was part of the Red Headed League as he had taken to call them. It seemed that everywhere he and Hermione had been, there had been at least two members of the family close at hand.

“Hello” the boy said, “I’m Ron Weasley” he added, introducing himself to the pair.

“I’m Harry Potter” Harry said.

“I’m Hermione Granger” Hermione said, when Harry didn’t introduce her.

“I’ve heard of you” Ron said. “You was in that court case months ago” and Harry nodded.

“That was me” Harry confirmed.

“Can I ask you a question?” Ron asked.

“Sure, I guess” he replied.

“Why didn’t you go with Dumbledore? He is the greatest wizard after Merlin” Ron asked.

“Because I already had a family” Harry said, beginning to not entirely like this boy.

“Living with parents that aren’t magical?” Ron seemed to not grasp that concept very well.

“I get on with my adoptive family” Harry said.

“And I like living with Harry” Hermione said.

“What do you care?” Ron asked, “You’re just a stupid and dirty muggle” he said nastily. “Muggles should be where they belong – subject to us”. It was all that Hermione could do to hold Harry back from punching Ron in the face.

“Get out before I let go of Harry” Hermione warned Ron.

“You think a dirty muggle bitch like you can...” a small 11 year old boys fist connected with an 11 year old’s jaw and Ron was sent spinning into his seat.

“You heard my sister” Harry said calmly, “Get out” and Ron beat a hasty retreat with his trunk out of the compartment.

Minutes later two identical twins came in. from the clothes that they wore, Harry assumed that they where born with at least one magical parent, and each girl wore the dress of a follower of the Hindu religion.

“Namaste” he said in Hindi. It seemed to throw the girls for a moment until one of them returned the greeting.

“I didn’t know that magical people could speak Hindi” she said.

“That’s the only word we both know” Harry said, and introduced himself and Hermione. “We used to go to a school that had a few

people that spoke it. It seemed polite to learn” though he suspected that Hermione was never going to give up on learning it for real.

“Everywhere else is full” said the other twin, “Can we take refuge in here?” she smiled and Harry and Hermione shifted their trunks around and managed to get them on the overhead racks.

“My name’s Parvati” said one of the girls, “And this is my sister, Padma” and the other girl smiled.

“It must be hard for your parents to tell you apart” Hermione said, and Padma smiled at her.

“Not often. We dress slightly differently” she said.

“How did you know that we spoke Hindi?” Parvati asked Harry.

“Just a lucky guess” he admitted, “Though the saris give it away” he pointed out. Harry and Hermione soon became friends with the Patils and they exchanged stories with each other. It turned out that Parvati and Padma’s mother was one of the people who was at the court case when Harry nearly went to Dumbledore. Around one, a woman came and knocked on the door to their compartment and asked if they wanted anything from a trolley which she pushed. Harry took one look at the trolley and took a few of each thing for everybody, and handed over a golden galleon and told the witch to keep the change. What surprised Harry and Hermione was when both the Patil twins asked if they could have one of the Cornish Pasties.

“I thought that Hindus didn’t eat beef” Harry said.

“Most don’t” Parvati said, “But these Hindus HinDo!” and she and her sister laughed as if it was a joke they enjoyed telling a lot. They ate and drank everything and exchanged more stories about each family. When Harry next checked his watch, it was almost five in the evening, though Hermione had been looking at it to see roughly how far from London Hogwarts was. Before he could say anything the door opened and Harry saw the blond haired boy that he and Hermione had encountered the previous day.

"So it is true" he said coldly, "Harry Potter is coming to Hogwarts. The name's Draco, Draco Malfoy, and you don't want to associate with these filth. I can help you to make real friends" and he shifted so that he could see Malfoy was surrounded by two other people. Both looked like Harry's former cousin Dudley, and Harry took an instant dislike to the boy and his friends. The two flanking boys looked rather like bodyguards.

"I think that I can make my own mind up, thanks" Harry said, calmly. The boy leaned in and glared at Harry.

"You don't want to make an enemy out of me" he hissed, then left with his guards following him closely.

"That git" Hermione said, closing the compartment door again.

"He didn't seem the friendliest of people" Padma said.

"No he didn't" Parvati agreed.

"He reminds me of the devil" Harry said, then remembered about the Patil twins. "Wrong religion" he added.

"That's alright" Parvati said kindly.

"Christianity is like sex. We don't practice it, but are familiar with the theory" Padma finished, causing Harry and Hermione to blush. The scenery outside had gotten much darker as day turned into night, and Harry consulted his watch once again.

"We must be near" he concluded when the train began to slow.

"Better change into our robes then" Hermione said, and they went into trunks and pulled out robes and their pointed hats.

"I'll find a toilet to change in" Harry said.

"Oh for heavens sake, Harry" Hermione said, "It's only us in here" and the twins giggled.

“But you three are girls” Harry pointed out.

“You afraid of changing in front of girls?” Hermione asked.

“No” Harry replied, “I just didn’t want to be rude or naughty and see you in just your underwear” and Hermione understood what he meant. After a moment thinking it was agreed that they wouldn’t tell anyone that Harry had seen the girls wearing just their knickers and training bras. Just to be certain, Harry got changed first then put a large thick book to his face while the girls change. When he heard the rustling of cloth stop, Harry put the book down and saw Hermione adjusting her robes and felt the train slow down to a halt.

‘All Students are to go to the castle. First year students to wait on the platform. Your trunks will be taken up separately’ said a voice which filtered through the compartment. They left the carriage and stepped out to the platform and into a cold wind which hit their faces and made them tighten their robes around them much more snugly. The other first years waited until a man came up to them. Giant would have been a better description as he towered above every single child on the platform. There was a silence which was broken only by the gentle simmering of the steam engine that had brought them here.

“Right then” the giant said, “Follow me” and they did so to the side of a lake. Along the banks where arranged many little boats, with lit lanterns on short little poles. “Get into a boat” he said, “And no more than four to one either” and the giant took one for himself – partly due to his massive frame. Harry, Hermione and the Patil twins decided to share a boat together and when the last person was safely in, each of the boats started to move slowly across the lake in loose formation.

“This isn’t so bad” Hermione said to Harry.

“A night cruise on a lake? Not bad at all” he agreed, “Just a shame about the wind” and the three girls agreed.

“Is it ever like this in India?” Hermione asked the Patil twins.

“Mmm?” Parvati said – or was it Padma? - “We live in the UK, but our mother is a Hindu. We wear this out of respect for her, but give us

normal clothes any day of the week” and at that moment the boats passed round a corner and they saw what had to be Hogwarts. A castle towered above them with massive turrets seemingly stretching to the sky, more windows than anyone could count and a gothic atmosphere to boot. Lights shone from numerous windows and Harry and Hermione looked at it with a look of awe and wonder, though the Patil twins seemed to be not all that fussed. Clearly they had seen it all before, having been a magical family and all which had to help a great deal. What stunned Harry and Hermione was the fact they were still quite far away from the castle. It grew even larger by the time they reached a landing stage where everyone got off, and followed the giant up to the castle where he banged three times on the door with one of his massive fists. There was an exchange of looks between people and then the gigantic wooden doors opened. A regular sized woman appeared dressed in black robes with pinned back hair in a bun, and Hermione thought she looked quite stern indeed.

“I’ve brought the first years, Professor McGonagall” the giant said.

“Thank you, Hagrid. I will take them from here” the woman said. She looked at the mass of new students and told them to come inside. McGonagall took them across a large entrance hall and they could all hear the sounds of the older students behind huge wooden doors panelled with frosted glass which they couldn’t see through. McGonagall took the youngsters into a small chamber off the main entrance hall. “I will be back in a few moments. I suggest that you get your robes into place” and with that she left.

“You know” came the cold voice of Malfoy, “It isn’t too late for us to be friends, Potter. I can help you to make real friends, not these muggle freaks” and Harry turned round to face him.

“I think that I can make my own friends, thank you very very much” Harry said, “I am capable of making my own mind up” and Harry could hear the whispers from total wizards and witches that knew who Harry was, as well as those who had a normal or muggle parent.

“You don’t want to cross me” Malfoy said, getting closer to Harry and Hermione, “I don’t forgive easily those who displease me” and Harry

was sorely tempted to deck Malfoy – but he restrained himself, just as McGonagall came back.

“I want you to all follow me please, the sorting will now take place” and McGonagall led them out of the chamber and through the wooden doors and into the hall beyond.

“Sorting?” whispered Harry.

“Don’t know” Hermione whispered back. “Perhaps they sort us into groups”.

“That might be it” Harry said, and they walked through the middle of many wooden tables – four to be exact – and pretty much all of them looking for Harry. If he was the saviour of the magical world, then he was going to pre-sign his autograph and get Hermione to distribute them to the students. McGonagall led them to the front where Harry and Hermione saw Dumbledore sitting on a large golden throne along with many other wizards and witches – the teachers they both assumed. At the end of one table was the giant Hagrid. In front of their long table were a small three legged stool and an old battered hat. The hat began to sing a song in a deep voice.

Oh you may not think me pretty,
But don't judge on what you see,
I'll eat myself if you can find
A smarter hat than me.

You can keep your bowlers black,
Your top hats sleek and tall,
For I'm the Hogwarts Sorting Hat
And I can cap them all.

There's nothing hidden in your head
The Sorting Hat can't see,
So try me on and I will tell you
Where you ought to be.

You might belong in Gryffindor,
Where dwell the brave at heart,
Their daring, nerve, and chivalry
Set Gryffindors apart;

You might belong in Hufflepuff,
Where they are just and loyal,
Those patient Hufflepuffs are true
And unafraid of toil;

Or yet in wise old Ravenclaw,
if you've a ready mind,
Where those of wit and learning,
Will always find their kind;

Or perhaps in Slytherin
You'll make your real friends,
Those cunning folks use any means
To achieve their ends.

So put me on! Don't be afraid!
And don't get in a flap!
You're in safe hands (though I have none)
For I'm a Thinking Cap!

"When I call your name, sit on the stool and put on the hat. That hat will then tell you which house you have been sorted in to" McGonagall said. She looked at a large piece of what looked like parchment and began calling out names. One by one they began to be sorted into either Hufflepuff, Gryffindor, Ravenclaw or Slytherin. The hat had only just touched the top of Malfoy's hair when it suddenly burst into life.

"SLYTHERIN" it yelled, and Malfoy smirked as the table at the far right cheered their latest recruit. What was concerning Hermione was that the names went from A to Z and McGonagall had passed 'G' for

Granger. Hermione tugged on Harry's robes as more students got sorted into one of the houses.

"They've missed me out, Harry" she said.

"They must have put you at the end of the list for some reason" Harry replied, looking as a boy called Ernie Macmillan was sorted into Hufflepuff. "Maybe it was because you only got your magic a few weeks ago" he added, recalling what had happened with Dumbledore.

"I have found a way to give Miss Granger magic" Dumbledore said, not sounding very happy. This may have been because of Tonks watching the whole thing by the living room door to the kitchen.

"How?" Harry asked him.

"I have made this bracelet which will transfer magic which resides in the very structure of Hogwarts" Dumbledore replied. "Hermione must wear it for at least four months in order for her to have full magical powers" Dumbledore produced a small box and gave it to Hermione. She opened it to reveal an intricately designed bracelet and Hermione placed it on her right wrist.

"Are there any side effects?" she asked Dumbledore.

"No. but you will be tired by the end of the week. I am going to ensure that you take Friday's off from lessons in order for you to rest" Dumbledore said.

"And this will make Hermione as powerful as me?" Harry asked him.

"That is quite correct" Dumbledore said to him. After a few more minutes of discussion, Dumbledore left and Hermione could already begin to feel the power surge into her, and was very pleased.

Harry wasn't all that nervous when it came to the people with a 'P' surname. Padma got sorted into Ravenclaw while Parvati got sent to Gryffindor. What made Harry concerned was when they passed his name. Presumably Dumbledore was trying to humiliate them by having them last to be sorted.

“Hermione Granger” McGonagall called, and Harry wished her luck and Hermione went up to the stool and placed the hat on her head.

“GRYFFINDOR” the hat said, after a long while with even Harry beginning to wonder what was going on. The Gryffindor table started to applaud as Hermione took the hat off and went to sit with the Gryffindors.

“Harry Potter” McGonagall spoke for the last time as she closed the book. Harry went up, sat on the stool and placed the hat on his head. To Harry’s surprise a voice sounded as soon as the hat settled.

“Hmmm... Difficult, very difficult. Plenty of courage, I see. Not a bad mind either. There's talent, oh yes, and a thirst to prove yourself. But where to put you...” the voice said, and Harry believed that it was the hat talking to him.

“Not Slytherin... Not Slytherin” Harry whispered, “I don’t want to go to Slytherin” and Harry would have sworn that the hat chuckled.

“SLYTHERIN” and the Slytherin table exploded into cheers of joy.

“No way” Harry said loudly. “I am NOT going to that place” and the cheers stopped. Never before had a student refused to go into the house that the hat had placed them in.

“Mr Potter” McGonagall said, “You have been placed into Slytherin. Please go to their table” but Harry shook his head.

“I would much rather leave here, then go to them” Harry said.

“You may have won your court case, Potter, but you will do as you are told while you are here” Dumbledore said. The students and staff looked on at the unfolding drama in front of them. “Go! To! Slytherin!” he said firmly. “That is your last warning before I drag you there myself” and Harry took the hat off and threw it at Dumbledore.

“Then I am afraid that I am not attending this school” Harry said, and though there had been silence, the sound level went even lower – if

that was possible and the temperature dropped. "Am I going to Slytherin?" he asked Dumbledore.

"Of course" the old man said.

"Then I am leaving" Harry said. There was silence for a full five seconds, and then the sound of somebody getting up from their seat, and the scrapes of shoes on the stone floor getting nearer to Harry.

"That goes for me too" Hermione said, "Where Harry goes, I shall follow" and somebody or something coughed

"On the other hand... On second thoughts" the hat said, "Mr Potter does display a tremendous amount of courage to refuse to enter Slytherin" it finished. "He also has a streak of loyalty to his sister" the hat added. "In view of that, and also of the feelings of both of these students GRYFFINDOR" and the Gryffindors burst into applause as Harry and Hermione went to sit at the correct table. There was a massive feast right away, and Harry and Hermione were startled by the amount of food up and down the table. When the feast was over, Dumbledore said that it was time for bed and the students began to leave the hall.

"Not you, Mr Potter and Miss Granger. Do not leave the hall, come with me so we can have a little talk" Dumbledore thundered over the din. It sounded very much like an order, and Harry and Hermione had had just about enough of the man. First he had attacked Harry and then he tried to take Harry from the Grangers. That last thing had just about done it for the pair. The students had stopped when they heard Dumbledore speak so coldly. Harry whispered something to Hermione who nodded back to him with a smile. They turned round and held each others hands and started to skip.

"We're off to see the wizard... the wonderful wizard of Oz" they said, skipping hand in hand up to the top table. Those students with non-magical parents cheered the pair while the pure magical ones just looked dumb. McGonagall didn't know whether to laugh or not, in the end just giving a brief smile. Dumbledore looked daggers at the pair.

A/N:

Well that's it then, another exciting chapter of the fic!

So, the pair have arrived at Hogwarts and very nearly left again in the same night! The train ride proved to be fun for them and they have made their first friends from the students, ie: the Patil twins.

As you will have read, Ronald Weasley is NOT their friend, and they have had two meetings with Draco – or three in total. I put a pair of jokes in for the Patil twins, so find them. There is also a reference to Sherlock Holmes which is hidden, but look for it.

The song that Harry and Hermione sing is from the 'Wizard of Oz' – well nothing else fitted, did it?

I have also cleared up how Hermione has got her magic after being confirmed as muggle. At least this helps to clear it for some of you, though I knew about it all the time!

Reviews of all types welcome...

Regards:

Pixel and Stephanie Forever

Ps:

Queenofspades: it has not yet come

Halloween Just Isn't Their Day

Harry and Hermione awoke the next morning to different surroundings to what they were used to. Harry had almost dressed in normal clothes when he remembered about his robes, and he dressed quickly and went down to the common room. Hermione was sat on an armchair waiting for him, but Harry could see she had been crying.

"Herms? Whats the matter?" he asked her.

"Nothing" Hermione sniffed.

"This is me you're talking to, Hermione "Not out our parents, so what happened to you?" Harry asked, and was surprised when Hermione flung herself into his arms.

"Oh Harry!" she sobbed, "It was that boy, Ron. He started telling everyone that I was what he called "muggle". Some of them decided to pick on me. It was horrible, Harry" Hermione wailed. He hugged her, patted her on the back and stroked her hair to calm her down.

"It's going to be alright" he said quietly, "Where did this happen?" Harry asked.

"In the hall at breakfast" Hermione said, and the girl stopped crying and Harry dried his sister's tears.

"Well he'll think twice before having a go with you again" he said.

"HARRY!" Hermione cried out, "You don't want to get expelled from here do you?" and Harry shook his head.

"Fine" Harry said at last, "Do you know what we have for lessons?" Harry asked Hermione and she nodded.

"That Professor McGonagall lady gave us these at breakfast" she said, "I took yours at the same time. We have all the same lessons together" and Hermione pulled out a piece of card with Harry's name

on it. On the other side was a grid with lessons in hour or two hour blocks. Lessons started at 9am, and that was only ten minutes away.

"I missed breakfast" Harry mock complained.

"I took a few slices of toast for you" Hermione said, pointing to a few slices of toast on the little table near them.

"Thanks" Harry said, and wolfed them down in quick order. "I guess we had better get our things and go to our first lesson" he said. "Potions seems like fun" he said, making Hermione smile. The pair went up to respective dorms and got school bags with all of the books they had on Potions. They also put in parchment, ink and quills, as this seemed to be the main method of writing in the magical world. Hermione wondered why they had not advanced to pens and paper. Maybe it was tradition at the school and they used pens and paper at that Ministry and other places of work in the wizarding world.

"Ready?" Harry asked, as they met back up.

"Guess so" Hermione slowly replied. They left their new common room and headed down the many corridors and passages that made up the castle. They had to ask for directions several times before arriving and getting seats just before a tall and greasy black haired man came striding into the room.

"My name is Professor Severus Snape. I have the misfortune to teach you for the next seven years, if I can last that long with your mental dumbness. I am going to take the register, answer with 'Present Professor Snape'. After that, we will see what you are capable of actually doing" and Snape began to take the register. When he came to Hermione's name, he stopped to look up at her. "Miss Granger, one of our more recent achievements. I am surprised to see a muggle here, but things change I suppose – though clearly not for the best" and Harry could feel the heat rising in his mind. Why was the entire castle, bar a few, against Hermione. He was sure that it was something to do with Hermione having had no magical presence in her. Still Harry got Snape back when he reached Harry's name. "Ah yes, Mr Potter. Our new celebrity. Well are you here boy, or not?" he asked.

“No, sir” Harry replied calmly.

“What?” Snape said, sounding surprised that this was happening. “Of course you are here, stupid boy” but Harry shook his head at him.

“I am here, not there. If I was there, then I would not be here. As I am not there, then I am here” then as an after thought, “Sir” and Hermione was as surprised as Snape apparently was.

“Ten points from Gryffindor, for your cheek to me” Snape said. “Let’s see what you actually know shall we? Tell me Potter... Tell me what would I get if I added root of asphodel to an infusion of wormwood?” Snape asked.

“Stomach Ache?” Harry guessed.

“Stupid boy” Snape said, “Still let’s try another. By what other names does the plant Aconite go by?” he asked.

“I don’t know” Harry said.

“Tut tut” Snape said sarcastically. “Clearly fame isn’t everything. For your information, Aconite goes by the names of Monkshood and Wolfsbane. And adding a root Asphodel to an infusion of Wormwood will make a potion known as the Draught of Living Death – causing one to fall into a very deep sleep” Snape paused for a moment, then turned on Harry and Hermione again. “Ten points each for not knowing the answers” and Harry was furious with Professor Severus Snape.

“I hate him” he whispered to Hermione when Snape moved away.

“Me too” she agreed, “I wonder what other lessons are going to be like?” Hermione whispered back.

“Before we start to make a simple potion that I could make with both arms missing, do any of you have questions?” Snape said, and Harry shot his arm into the air.

"Yes, Sir" Harry said. "I have a question. Why do you seem to hate me and Hermione so much?" he asked.

"I do not hate you, Mr Potter. I simply hate those not willing to listen to those adults who know better than silly little boys" Snape said, then he turned to the class at large. "Collect ingredients from the front, and then follow the instructions on the board" and Snape waved his wand at a normal looking blackboard and words appeared out of nowhere.

"And you said this was going to be fun" Hermione said snidely.

"Shut up" Harry grumbled and got two sets of ingredients from the front, all the while feeling the looks of Snape and Draco Malfoy. The Gryffindors seemed to be sharing the lessons with the Slytherins, but Harry did his best to ignore them. At the end of the lesson, they had each made a simple boil reducing potion and handed it to Snape for marking. Harry and Hermione's was a little bit off colour, but it looked more or less right. They returned to the common room before heading to the hall for lunch. Before they got there though, they were stopped by identical twins of the Red Headed League.

"We want to apologise" one of them said.

"For what?" Harry asked.

"For what our brother said this morning" the other one said. "He had no right to say what he did, and in fact we are quite proud that Hermione is in our house" and Hermione blushed for a quick moment.

"Thanks" she mumbled.

"We're Fred and George" the first one said, indicating who was who to Harry and Hermione.

"Whatever you might think of our brother, just know that we don't share the same beliefs that he does" George said. "He is just stupid and hot headed" he added.

“We was going to get some lunch” Fred said, “Why don’t you sit down between us?” he asked. Harry realised that they wanted to be friends to the pair.

“Alright then” he shrugged and he and Hermione followed the twins to what proved to be a lovely lunch. Over the next few weeks, Harry and Hermione made more new friends – and from different houses as well, though not from Slytherin. Hannah Abbot, Susan Bones, Ernie McMillan, Padma and Parvati Patil and a few others. People found the fact that Hermione was a non magical person quite fascinating, and Hermione was happy to be accepted. But not withstanding, things happened at Halloween.

#

The day that Halloween fell on was on a Friday, so Hermione got the whole day off, while Harry had the afternoon off only. Hermione dressed in muggle clothes – both she and Harry had learned that the word ‘Muggle’ was just a descriptive word, there being less kind words – and watched as Harry went off to lessons.

“Must be nice for some people” he grumbled. After a while with nothing to do, Hermione decided to get up and go visit the library to find some books to read. Though she was doing quite well for someone with her background, Hermione knew she still had a lot to learn about the magical world. Hermione loved the library as it had more books then she had ever seen before in one place – Waterstones included! The only part she wasn’t allowed in was the Restricted section. This was for the sixth and seventh year students, and even they had to have a note signed by a Professor.

“Can you tell me where I can find some books on Harry Potter?” she asked the librarian. The woman looked surprised but gave her directions and Hermione got to the right part – ten minutes later. Hermione didn’t get lost it was more of a long trip. While she looked at some of the books, Hermione sensed the presence of Ron Weasley standing behind her. Before she could tell him to leave her alone, he started to use all kinds of nasty words and it hurt her so much that she ran from the library.

#

All afternoon Hermione's friends had tried to get her to leave the 2nd floor girls toilet, but the girl had refused. She had said that she would go back to the Gryffindor tower when she had stopped crying. Harry was not enjoying his dinner very much when the massive wooden doors to the hall opened and in ran the Defence against the Dark Arts teacher – Professor Quirrell. The turbaned headed man (and many theories went round concerning the article), ran into the hall down the middle of the four tables.

“TROLL!” he yelled. He reached the top table and looked at Dumbledore while the students and other teachers looked on in silence. “Troll... in the dungeons” he paused for a moment. “Thought you ought to know” then Quirrell dropped to the floor in a feint. The students scrambled to get out of the hall until Dumbledore made several loud bangs issue from his wand.

“SILENCE!” he thundered, and to their credit, the students calmed down. “Now then” he went on, “Students will follow their prefects to their houses at once. Teachers will follow me to the dungeons” and Harry and the Gryffindors followed Percy Weasley – member of the Red Headed League – out of the hall in a long snaking line back to the Gryffindor tower.

“Hermione will never believe me...” his mind went numb when he thought of Hermione. His sister didn't know about the Troll, and it sounded like it was dangerous as it had sounded in the muggle world. As he was at the end of the line, Harry dropped off and hid till his fellow house members disappeared and then headed towards the 2nd floor girls toilet. He stuck to the shadows when somebody passed, but they never saw him. Harry managed to sneak up to the corridor that Hermione was on and it was then that he encountered the Troll. The first thing was the overwhelming sense of smell – a foul aroma that made Harry almost be sick. He pressed into the shadows as he saw it, and Harry gasped despite himself. It was much much bigger then himself, and it didn't seem to have seen him as it blundered into a room. Harry was about to leave when he saw that it was the same place that Hermione was in. cursing bad luck, Harry dashed over to the door and went inside – noting that this might well

be an historical first for boys everywhere! The Troll had destroyed all of the cubicles with a swing of a heavy looking club that it held in its arms, and Hermione was cowering under a sink at the far end.

“Help!” she cried.

“I’m coming” Harry said, not knowing what to do exactly. Every time the Troll swung its club Hermione screamed in terror. Harry picked up a piece of wood and threw it at the Troll, but it bounced off and seemed to be unaware of the whole thing. by now Hermione was frozen with terror and one more swing of the club would kill her. Harry picked up a tap and chucked it at the Troll’s head. It noticed this as it turned towards Harry and blinked at him as if Harry had come out of nowhere.

“Harry?” Hermione said shakily from under the remaining undamaged sink. Before he could reply, Harry spun round to avoid the club.

“RUN!” he yelled and Hermione needed no second telling. The Troll seemed be after Hermione in particular as it started after her, and Harry was forced to throw more bits of sink at the monster. It turned towards him and Harry picked up the biggest piece of wood he could find, but the Troll got a connection and sent Harry spinning into a splintered cubicle. He managed to stagger back to his feet. “GET AWAY FROM MY SISTER!” Harry yelled and ran towards the Troll and started to hit it as hard as he could. The Troll struck him as Harry went flying through the stone wall. Despite the quite serious injuries, Harry told Hermione to find a teacher. As for Harry, he had to buy Hermione some escape time. The last thing he remembered was bravely attacking the Troll with a piece of toilet seat when the Troll hit him on the head. Harry Potter then did what everybody else would have done ages ago. Harry Potter blacked out.

A/N:

Well theres another chapter, so I hope you like it better then you seem to like “True friends”! I might have to consider withholding my chapters if no reviews come forth!

Back to this:

Harry and Hermione have encountered Snape and Harry is in his bad books already. They've met the Weasley twins, and also made friends from across the other houses. On the evil side, Hermione was insulted by Ron and then was attacked by the Troll. With regard to what one or two of you have said, Ron and Bumbledork are working with each other – As if Dumbledore didn't know about the Troll. He knew when Death Eaters were in the castle, but not it seems a large walking monster. And as for the Troll, why did it go right to the girls bathroom when it could have gone anywhere? Anymore will give it away.

To budrick1701e: you are correct about the bracelet.

You are also wrong.

Well that's it for a few days or maybe a week or so. I am in desperate need of rest from writing, so I am going to go off and write down the numbers off trains. It's an English thing – what can I say?

Reviews please – AND I FRACKKING MEAN IT – If no reviews, then I will set my pet Pikachu, pet Cylon and my hyperactive 14 year old brother on you all! You have been warned

Regards:

Pixel

LONG LIVE THE WOMBLES

Hermione Is Attacked

Harry's first impression was that he was not in his own bed. This was confirmed when he failed to get his glasses from the bedside table. He put his hand out to the other side of the bed and found them, and placed them on his face.

"Thought you'd be up by now" said Hermione as she hugged him.

"What happened?" Harry asked, as his head focused on everything around him. He appeared to be lying on one of many beds in what looked like a Hospital Wing of some kind.

"You fought the Troll so I could run away" Hermione threatened to sob, "I found Professor McGonagall and we came back and the Troll had already beaten you to the floor and was about to swung its club onto your head, when Professor McGonagall pointed her wand at it and it dropped to the floor. I was really worried about you. Sorry I'm not as brave as you though" she said, leaning over to hug him. A wave of pain went through Harry as she did so.

"Not so tight please" he said, and Hermione let go while blushing in embarrassment.

"An excellent idea" said a woman as she came over to Harry's bed. It was the only occupied one in the room. "My name is Madam Pomfrey, and I am what you would call a school nurse" she said.

"What happened?" Harry asked her.

"You're very lucky to have survived" Pomfrey told him, "You have a lot of injuries and it was a bit of work to cure them. Broken skull, broken arms, broken ribs... That's more then what I have in an entire school year sometimes" she shook her head.

"How long have I been asleep?" Harry asked her.

"About a week" Pomfrey replied.

"A week?" Harry said in wonder. That was one hell of a lie in.

“And your sister was by your bedside as much as possible” Pomfrey said, then she left saying she had to inform Dumbledore that he was awake.

“She’s right” Hermione said when Pomfrey had left. “I was here all the time I could. I even skipped a lesson once when you were quite bad. Just too worried about you” and Harry slowly sat up in bed.

“You skipped a lesson?” he asked his sister.

“Yeah” and Hermione smiled.

“Who are you?” Harry asked, “And what have you done with Hermione Granger?” and Hermione giggled. Hermione filled Harry in with all the relevant news which he had missed, and only stopped when Dumbledore swept into the room with McGonagall and Pomfrey close behind him.

“Ah!” Dumbledore said, gazing at Harry, “I see that you are up and talking. That is all very well for you. I must ask though, why didn’t you go to Gryffindor Tower like you was told?” he asked.

“Hermione didn’t know about the Troll” Harry said, “I wanted to make sure she was alright and got back safely” he added.

“Admirable” Dumbledore said. “I must question you about the Troll. Tell me about it” he said, more like an order than a question.

“It was Troll shaped” Harry said. “And smelt bad” he added. Harry didn’t like Dumbledore at the best of times, and if he knew what was going on in the school, then he should have been punishing those who had been teasing Hermione due to how she had arrived at Hogwarts.

“Most Trolls do” Dumbledore said, “I would like to ask you some more questions, Harry” he said.

“Do I have to?” Harry asked. “I would just like to go back to Gryffindor and rest there” he added.

"It would be for the best" Pomfrey said, "As long as he didn't run any races" she added. "I am well aware of your dislike of Hospitals. Hermione told me about that while you were recovering" Pomfrey said when Harry looked puzzled at her.

"Very well" Dumbledore said, "But we must punish Miss Granger for skipping her potions lesson" and McGonagall interrupted – speaking for the first time.

"I think that we can forgive that this time" she said.

"I rather think a detention is in order" Dumbledore insisted.

"I am her Head of House" McGonagall snapped, "I will decide what will happen to Miss Granger. A single point will be taken" and Dumbledore's face turned to stone.

"I must insist that she be given a deten..."

"ALBUS BE SILENT!" McGonagall thundered. She had shouted at students before, but never at the Headmaster. "I think that it is time that we had a little talk about things you haven't told certain people" she said icily. "You two may go" the deputy added at Harry and Hermione. Harry dressed quickly and then left holding Hermione's hand. Pomfrey hadn't seemed all that fazed by the whole thing. "By the way" McGonagall called after them, "Fifty one points to you Mr Potter"

#

"Here he is!" Seamus said, sticking his head out from the Portrait hole. It went back in again as Harry and Hermione passed through, Hermione going through first as always. The first thing he saw was the common room decorated in red and gold banners, and the Weasley twins with large trumpets in their hands which they blew.

"HAIL THE CONQUERING HERO!" they both declared as Harry came in. That entire evening people asked Harry how it felt to fight a fully grown Mountain troll.

“Painful” Harry said, and most people laughed – the exception being Ronald Weasley.

“Don’t mind him” George said, “He’s just very grumpy”, and Harry smiled at Ron. The boy in question went up the stairs to the 1st year boys dorm – door slamming shut behind him loudly.

“Tit” George muttered. After a long while, the party created by the twins was over and most had gone to bed. The only ones up where Harry and Hermione, and Hermione was snuggled up to Harry.

“You know” Harry said, “People might think that you and I are...” he left the sentence unfinished.

“Harry!” Hermione said in shock. “That’s disgusting” she giggled.

“You know what I mean” Harry giggled back.

“I’m glad you’re alright” Hermione said quietly, “I know I’m not as brave as you are” and tears started to escape from her eyes.

“Who was the one that attacked a fully grown wizard with a tea tray?” Harry asked, holding his sister close, and wiping the tears from her face. “That was being brave” he told her.

“You really think so?” she sniffed.

“Of course I do” Harry assured her. “I’m just glad that you’re alright. I don’t know what I would have done if I had lost my best friend and sister” and this set Hermione off on a whole fresh set of tears. Once she had calmed down, Harry looked at her small frame. “I have tomorrow off plus the weekend” Harry told her, “Why don’t we go down to that lake, and you can draw a sketch of me” and Hermione agreed.

“It’s my day off tomorrow anyway” she said, pulling back her cardigan to show off her bracelet. “I’m glad I won’t have to wear it much longer” and Hermione helped Harry up the stairs to his dorm room and hugged him goodnight. When she was in her own bed later that night,

Hermione's mind was filled with thoughts of what she would have said to their parents, should Harry have actually died whilst buying her time to escape. If only she hadn't let that Ron get to her, and Hermione made up her mind to stand up for herself more often. The only trouble was that this wasn't something she could learn from a book. All she could do was to watch what Harry did, and learn from him. When she thought about it, Harry was always around when she needed help the most – the bullies at their primary school a big example. She briefly wondered if the rest of the Wizarding world was as bad, but she dismissed the thought. 'As bad as they are' her mind told her. There was also this nagging feeling about her relationship between herself and Harry. It seemed more than just brother and sister, it felt something more.

#

Harry's first lessons back was Potions, and he put up with the comments from Snape and the Slytherins for Hermione's sake. He had a hate of them and he suspected that they hated him as well. As for Gryffindor, Ron still made comments about Hermione but only when not in the hearing of a teacher, and Harry was beginning to get upset. It was soon near Christmas, and Professor McGonagall came round and asked if anybody would be staying over the holidays at Hogwarts. Harry and Hermione had both said that they would be staying at the school, after first asking their parents permission to do so.

"I thought they would say no" Harry said when they got the reply.

"I sent them an extra letter with Hedwig" Hermione admitted to him.

"Wondered why you got one extra when I didn't" Harry said, face brightening up as he had solved a minor puzzle. A cry of protest came from another table, and Harry saw that Dean Thomas had been beaten by Seamus Finnegan at Wizard's Chess.

"That's not fair!" Dean said.

"That's rich" Seamus said, "Coming from someone who supports a sport that isn't played in the air" he retorted. On several occasions,

Harry had witnessed Seamus prodding dean's West Ham United team poster with his wand, trying to make the players move.

"Well I don't see you try to play" Dean said.

"Alright then" Seamus said, "Let's play this foot boral then" and Dean corrected him.

"Its Football" he muttered, and went up to the Dorm and retrieved a football which his parents had sent him.

"This should be fun" Hermione giggled to Harry.

"Do we have to play if the Mudblood is watching?" yawned Ron from the corner. All sound in the Gryffindor common room stopped. Even those muggleborns who didn't know what the word meant knew it was a bad word indeed.

"What did you say?" whispered Harry.

"Well that's what she is, isn't she?" Ron sneered. "A filthy Mudblood!" and Harry slowly got up.

"No Harry" Hermione was saying to him, "You mustn't" but Harry shrugged her off.

"She is my sister" Harry said, "Apologise to her now" he said but Ron shook his head.

"We can all say what we want to say" the red headed boy said. Harry's senses failed him for once as Ron slowly slipped out his wand and casually aimed it at Hermione. "Same as I am free to do this" and he jabbed his wand rather viciously, and green energy sprouted from the wand tip. It struck Hermione on the arm and tore into her flesh causing her great pain. The Patil Twins kept Harry away from Ron with the assistance of Dean, Seamus, Neville and several others. Fred and George saw what had happened at the end, and they pounced on Ron with assistance from the older students. In several quick moments, Ron was bound in ropes like a mummy.

“Get Professor McGonagall” Percy said to Lavender Brown, and Harry’s fellow first year rushed out of the common room. Ron had somehow maintained the grip on his wand, but Percy slapped it out of his hand with venom. Harry meanwhile was now dealing with Hermione who was bleeding quite badly from her arm.

“We better get you to the Hospital Wing” Harry said, and started to bend down to pick her up.

“Let me help you” George said, detaching himself from the restraining mass of students on Ron.

“How bad does it hurt?” asked Harry.

“Really painful” Hermione gasped through waves of pain. The blood was pouring from her arm and onto the sofa.

“Take this” Percy said suddenly grouping about in his robes. He pulled out a small bottle and made Hermione drink it.

“Pain relieving potion?” George asked him, “You of all people know the rules, Percy” he said. “That should have been handed in when you had the chance” and Percy looked at him.

“Bugger the rules” he said, and then looked shocked as to what he had just said.

“You are human after all” called Fred from where he was holding Ron down.

“How does it feel now?” asked Harry to Hermione.

“Still hurts” she said, tears running down her face, “I’m so dizzy, my head is spinning like a whirlpool” Hermione added.

“I’m taking you to see Pomfrey” Harry said, and with help from two of the Weasley brothers, Harry soon had Hermione in his arms. He went as quickly as possible without causing too much pain to his sister, but Harry could feel a warm substance seep into his clothes and it took a few moments to understand it was Hermione's blood. The doors to

the Hospital Wing were open, and Harry breezed past them. Pomfrey saw them come in, and paled when she saw what the matter was.

“What happened?” she asked, as she set to work waving her wand over Hermione. Harry explained everything and he watched as the cuts slowly healed themselves. “This is what we called a Blood replacement potion” she said, holding a small brown bottle. Drink it, and it will help to replace the blood you lost” and Harry’s face lit up in recognition.

“I’ve read all about them” he said.

“That’s my line” Hermione coughed as she drank from the bottle. It was an evil tasting liquid – like all medicines – but Hermione said after a while that the dizziness was going away. At that moment, Professors Dumbledore and McGonagall came rushing in, and Dumbledore actually pushed Harry away in order for him to get closer to Hermione.

“I’m glad to know that you are going to be fine” he said.

“But Madam Pomfrey didn’t say a word” Harry said.

“I knew what would be said, so I don’t need to hear Madam Pomfrey’s report” Dumbledore said back at him.

“I’d like to hear it” McGonagall said. “An attack on a member of my house has been made, and I wish to know the injuries” and Pomfrey listed them as being deep cuts with quite a bit of blood loss. She had to reassure her twice that Harry had not been injured – Hermione’s blood still on his clothes. “Thank Merlin for small mercies” McGonagall said.

“Well I think that a detention for Mr Weasley will sort this out. About a month I should say” Dumbledore said smiling.

“I want the boy suspended” McGonagall said, and heads of Hufflepuff and Ravenclaw came running into the Hospital Wing at that point.

“Suspending the son of one of our greatest Ministry employees?” Dumbledore blinked, “Detention will suffice” and Professor Sprout shook her head. She and Professor Flitwick had been filled in by Lavender Brown after meeting her in the corridor running quite fast.

“Have you lost it?” Sprout asked, not believing her ears.

“Miss Granger could have been killed” Flitwick squeaked.

“It is my decision” Dumbledore said firmly, and with a large touch of anger.

“No it is not” McGonagall said.

“Excuse me?” Dumbledore said, staring at the Head of Gryffindor House.

“It is not your decision because you are no longer Headmaster here” McGonagall said, pulling out her wand before Dumbledore could react. The other two heads followed suit. “Albus Dumbledore, you are relieved”

A/N:

Now theres a shock!

Tell me what you think and enjoy. See if you can spot the reference to Aladdin. (wrong year, but it fits nicely anyway).

One or two of you might spot the line concerning Hermione's thought about herself and Harry. One or two of you have correctly guessed there is something more then just sibblingship.

Regards

Pixel And Stephanie Forever

Dumbledore Makes His Move

The news that Dumbledore had been relieved of his position as headmaster spread like wildfire. It was a closely guarded secret, so by that evening the entire school knew and the rest of the Wizarding world by half eight, and Harry and Hermione kept being asked to tell all that they knew about the entire incident. Harry and Hermione refused point blank to speak at all and headed up to their dorms to rest before doing anything else. When they came back down, it was morning and the pair went to the hall for breakfast. They could hear the speaking from the corridor but it ceased for a while once they entered the Great Hall, but they ignored it and Harry helped Hermione to sit down at the Gryffindor table and plopped down next to her.

"You alright, Hermione?" asked Parvati.

"More or less" the bushy haired girl replied. "It's just a few aches more than anything else" she added.

"When McGonagall heard about, she went completely nuts" Neville told the pair.

"What happened?" asked Harry, keen to know what had happened to Ron.

"McGonagall told Ron to stay in the tower for a week and then she went off after somebody gave her a message" Neville went on.

"Then later we found out about Professor Dumbledore getting relieved of his duties" Parvati added. "What exactly happened?" she asked. Harry looked around at the rest of the hall who kept looking at their table.

"Not here" he whispered, "Meet us in the library during lunch and tell the others to meet us there as well" Harry added, meaning the others in their circle of friends.

"Right" Neville said, and finished his breakfast before going back to the tower to collect his books.

“So I guess you’re staying in the tower then” Harry said to Hermione. Hermione looked at him surprised and shook her head.

“I plan on going to lessons” she told him.

“But you was told to rest” Harry reminded her.

“I’m not dead” his sister told him. “I’m going to get there under my own steam” Hermione added.

“Alright then” Harry said, “But at least let me help you get up to the tower” he said and Hermione agreed. Once they had finished, they left the hall and returned to the tower. Hermione was just inside when she fell over for no reason and Harry only just stopped her from hitting the ground.

“Maybe I should stay in bed” she admitted.

“I’ll follow you” Harry told her as she reached the steps to the girls dorm.

“That’s not allowed” said an older student. “There are charms to prevent that sort of thing” they added.

“Really?” Harry asked as he stopped and turned round to face the common room.

“Never mind” the student said.

“I wonder why it didn’t stop me from getting up here” Harry said, as Hermione sat on her bed.

“I don’t know” Hermione shrugged. “I know that the charms are supposed to stop boys from coming up here and...” she let the sentence go unfinished.

“Yuk!” Harry said and made a face. “But why didn’t it stop me?” he asked.

"You're my brother and not likely to do anything like that" his sister said to him.

"No" Harry said flatly. "Not yet anyway" he teased.

"HARRY!" Hermione exclaimed and threw a pillow at him. "That's incest!" she said, surprised Harry would say something like that.

"At least it would be a family thing" Harry pointed out. Hermione got what he meant and she giggled. She had only just calmed down when there was a knock on the door, and in came McGonagall. Harry was so concerned over Hermione that neither of them spotted the fact that Harry had missed the beginning of potions. A moments confusion passed over McGonagall's face as she saw Harry in a girls dorm, but it vanished quickly.

"I was told you did not arrive at Professor Snape's lesson" she said.

"I was concerned about Hermione, Professor" Harry said, "She nearly fell over and I thought she better stay in bed. I didn't want her to be alone in case she fell over" he added, "Sorry" Harry finished.

"That's alright" McGonagall said, "At least there was a good reason for missing the lesson. I came to tell you that I have decided to suspend Mr Weasley and have sent him home until I can investigate properly" McGonagall looked at the pair. Harry moved and sat down next to Hermione and put his arm around her in support.

"What is going to happen about Professor Dumbledore?" Hermione asked.

"He'll be back in power by the end of the day" McGonagall replied. "I just needed to get you out of the hospital wing and away from him" she added.

"Why?" Harry asked.

"Professor Dumbledore is very powerful and can make life very difficult for you" McGonagall said. "He is our worlds chief judge and can overturn any decision made by a lower ranking one. I can't prove

it but I think he may be trying to get you away from your parents” she finished.

“Well I’m staying with Hermione, mom and dad” Harry said.

“I know that, but your natural parents left you an extremely large amount of money and things that would fetch a very large amount if sold” McGonagall said, and the Head of House paused as if considering what to say next. “Even though He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named has been defeated, there is still a lot of evil in this world and it takes a lot of money for bribes and information to get these people to justice” she finished.

“So that’s why he wanted Harry to go with him over the summer” Hermione said, mind spinning with questions and McGonagall nodded.

“The thing is that, as he is the chief judge, he can go into your vaults whenever he wishes” McGonagall said to Harry.

“What for?” he asked her.

“To take anything he considers to be of a use to the Death Eaters that escaped justice” came the reply.

“What do you think I should do?” asked Harry. He liked McGonagall very much and trusted her completely.

“I can not tell you what to do, it’s against the law, but I would suggest that you talk to your parents about this” McGonagall said.

“How do we do that?” asked Hermione. “We said we were staying here for Christmas” she added.

“If you get some of your things together, I’ll get you somehow of getting home” McGonagall said. She was just about to leave the dorm when she stopped in the open doorway. “Mr Potter” she said.

“Yes, Professor?” Harry said looking at her.

"Do you always make a habit of going into girls dorms?" she asked, and vanished through the door which closed behind her. The look on Harry's face was priceless. Hermione thought to herself.

#

A message was passed from McGonagall to the pair while they read some homework that had been collected by Parvati and Lavender. After collecting their overnight things, they went to McGonagall's office where a familiar person was waiting for them.

"Hello you two" Tonks said, "How are you?" she asked.

"We're fine" Harry said, "Hermione got hit with a spell by some idiot, but she's more or less okay" he added. Hermione had a sudden flash message in her mind.

"Tonks" she said, "What's Bond doing?" Hermione asked her.

"I think he's attempting re-entry" the pink haired witch replied.

"Just checking" Hermione replied, brushing her bushy hair behind her ears.

"I thought you might" Tonks told them both. "I've been asked to take you home so you can speak with your parents. The professor here arranged for your lawyer friend to be there as well" Tonks added.

"That's a good idea" Hermione said, "I reckon that we'll need a good lawyer by the end of the day" she added.

"There's no doubt about that" McGonagall said. After saying goodbye to the deputy headmistress, Harry, Hermione and Tonks left the castle where there was a large purple Routemaster bus waiting for them.

"I prefer it in London Buses red" Harry said when he saw it.

"Me too" Hermione agreed, "I take it this is our way home?" she asked Tonks.

"It is" Tonks said, "We'll be getting off a little distance from your house and walking the rest" she finished. Harry and Hermione saw the wisdom in this – it wasn't everyday that you saw a purple Routemaster after all. Harry was certain that the conductor kept staring at him, so he took out a book and started to read it so he didn't have to look over his shoulder all the time. Hermione looked at him with concern edged in her mind. Everything in their life had been turned upside down by the fact Harry was a wizard, and Hermione wondered how her brother was really coping with the strain. She looked out the window to see the bus running down streets too narrow for it – Hermione assumed it was some kind of magic. The girl gave up trying to work out what speed the bus was doing and just decided to watch the view of the countryside speeding past. Half an hour or so, Tonks told them that it was their stop and the bus came to a halt on the corner of the street they lived on. By the time Harry and Hermione both looked round to look at the bus, it had vanished into thin air.

"What was that?" asked Harry.

"The Knight Bus" Tonks replied, "It will take you anywhere you want to go in the UK" she added.

"A Routemaster bus?" Hermione said, raising her eye quizzically at the older witch.

"We thought it might fit in better then the last bus we used" Tonks replied, "Not many Guy Arabs around" she shrugged. They put bags on shoulders and headed back to their home with Tonks in tow.

"We didn't pay the fare" Harry blurted.

"We Aurors get a bus pass to travel free" Tonks told him, turning her hair to a dark brown so as to not get attention from the muggles. They arrived at the door and Harry opened it and let Hermione and Tonks pass through first.

"WE'RE HOME!" shouted Hermione as they stepped inside.

"Hermione!" said their mother, and she went over and hugged her daughter. "HARRY!" Jane said as she hugged her adopted son.

"Hi mum" Harry said as he struggled to breath through the bone crushing.

"It is good to see you are well" said a familiar voice. Catharine Smith was sat in an armchair drinking tea.

"I'm fine thanks" Harry said as he and Hermione took the bags of their shoulders.

"I better be off" Tonks said, heading for the door. "I'll be back in a few days to take you back to Hogwarts" and after making the normal, Tonks let her self out without hitting anything on the way out.

"You alright, Hermione?" asked their father as he saw Hermione looking a little pale.

"I got hit by a spell, but the school nurse says I'm fine as long as I don't run the marathon" Hermione told David.

"Right" David said.

"Now that you are here, I'll get to the point" Smith said, setting her cup and saucer on the coffee table. She took out a small amount of parchment and passed them to Harry and the family. "Albus Dumbledore has been a busy little person over the last few weeks" she said, "He has been making regular entries into your vaults and taking large amounts of money and other items from them" and Harry looked up at her.

"Why didn't the bank tell me about it?" he asked.

"I'll bet my entire Secret Seven collection that he did something that made it impossible for the bank to tell you" Hermione suggested.

"You have a bright sister" Smith said, "She is correct in saying that Dumbledore did something. He used his powers as the Chief Judge to go in unannounced saying that he suspected that there was dark

objects inside the vaults” Smith shook her head. “I’d really love to get my hands on him, but I can’t” she added.

“Why?” asked Jane.

“Dumbledore has overruled every challenge and objection that I have made” Smith said. “The other judges think so highly of him, that they do a lot to help him as well” and Harry was very thoughtful before speaking.

“What can we do then?” he asked. “If he controls the court then there isn’t a chance” Harry added.

“Is there a way to go over Dumbledore?” asked Jane.

“The only possible way is to go to the DMLE and ask them to investigate” Smith said.

“Let’s do that” Hermione said.

“It’s going to be long and costly” Smith said.

“Name your price” Harry said simply.

“It isn’t a question of my fees” Smith answered back, “The question is of the fact Dumbledore can make life very difficult for you once you get back to school” she said.

“We’ll have to cross that bridge when we come to it” Harry said, and at that moment there was a knock at the door.

“Who can that be?” wondered David and he went to answer it. The others looked at each other as they heard the voice of Amiliea Bones.

“I’m here to see Harry” she said.

“You better come inside” David said, and the door closed, and he led her to the living room.

“Hello” Harry and Hermione said at the same time, then froze when they saw the expression on Madam Bones’s face.

“I’m sorry I have to do this” she said.

“Do what?” Harry said slowly.

“Harry James Potter. You are under arrest for possession of Dark Arts materials, for assaulting the Chief Warlock and for theft” Bones said, then she drew her wand out and waved it at Harry. Cuffs appeared on his hands and she pulled something out of her robes pocket and put Harry’s hand on it and did the same. The two vanished in a loud popping noise.

“What the hell just went on?” Jane said.

“I have no idea” Smith said – the first to speak. The entire event had lasted less than eight seconds.

“Now what do we do?” asked Jane, anger rising up inside her.

“We try to get Harry out” Smith said, “But there isn’t a chance of that. Dumbledore is also the Supreme Mugwump and he’ll use those powers to block anything we do” she finished.

“Where will Harry be?” asked Hermione, feeling scared for Harry.

“He’ll be placed in the Ministry dungeons” Smith said.

“No bloody way” both parents said.

“I’ll get off and see what the hell is going on” Smith said and rose from her chair. Hermione had a sudden flash of inspiration and rushed over to the lawyer and whispered in her ear. Smith looked puzzled but agreed to do as the girl had requested.

“What did you say?” Jane said when Smith had left.

“I can’t say” Hermione said, “I’d be breaking the law if I did” and she refused to elaborate on the subject. They went to bed early that night

as nobody was in the mood for much TV after what had happened. Smith had returned briefly to say that Harry's parole had been refused, and she couldn't even find out who had ordered the arrest. What she did know was that it wasn't Dumbledore who had given the orders. This meant that it was either Madam Bones or the Minister for Magic, and judging by how Madam Bones had acted, she seemed to have not given the arrest order. Hermione didn't even bother to sleep as she kept track of the time on her bedroom clock. On the stroke of midnight, there was a tapping noise on the window and she quietly rushed over to open it.

"Hi, Hermione" Tonks said, "I was told you needed a lift" and Hermione could have jumped for joy – but she didn't.

A/N:

Well there you go... another new chapter for you. I just keep on churning them out don't I?

This chapter shows that Dumbledore is not above dirty dealing in order to still get Harry under him.

Hermione is different in this because she has had a different background after living with Harry. Hermione will not lie, but she will bend the truth somewhat and will also break a rule or two if it is the right thing to do.

Next Chapter: Hermione leaves her house in the dead of night, and Gryffindor go on the offensive.

If you liked this chapter then let me know. If you didn't like this chapter, then let me know. If you like me, then let me know. If you want to have my babies, then ladies, please join the queue.

Regards:

Pixel

Now made redundant after having finishing "Harry Potter True Friends"

The Students Strike Back

"I'm glad you got my message" Hermione said.

"Couldn't do much else" Tonks shrugged. Hermione hated flying on a broomstick, but she had to do it to help Harry. She picked up her bag and then climbed out of the window after writing a note to her parents to explain why she had left in the middle of the night.

Dear Mum and Dad,

Had to leave quickly as it will help Harry to get out of prison. I've got N Tonks with me, so I'll be alright. I'll let you know what happens by sending Hedwig to you.

Love

Hermione

"You on?" Tonks asked as Hermione haphazardly got onto the broom. Tonks only flew as long as it took for them to get to a safe landing spot – one secluded for a quick landing and get away. As arranged, the Knight Bus was waiting and Tonks used her Auror status to get Hermione back to Hogwarts quickly. This time the ride only took just over ten minutes, and Hermione took the chance to talk to Tonks.

"I've been thinking about Dumbledore" she said. "How did he get his powers back so fast?" the girl asked.

"Dumbledore made an appeal to the Supreme Mugwomp, and guess who he is!" Tonks said sarcastically.

"Dumbledore" Hermione said the word with venom in her voice. "He simply appealed to himself and overturned the decision" and Hermione's plan altered slightly. Once they had arrived at Hogwarts, Tonks cast a charm on the girl so she wouldn't be picked up by anything set up to detect intruders. Tonks also had the Knight Bus's records altered so that Hermione's trip did not show up. Her own was to show that she had gone to Great Yarmouth. Hermione was able to get to the Gryffindor Common room without anyone seeing her like

the charm said. When she got there the first thing that got her attention was the red hair of the three Weasley family members asleep in chairs. As the girl approached them, their eyes sprang open and they looked at her.

"We need to get Harry out" Percy said.

"Absolutely" said the twins.

"Indeed" Hermione finished. "I was thinking about breaking Harry out and then getting him back here and hide him in my dorm" she told them.

"You can't do that alone" the twins said. "So we'll just be tagging along with you" they said.

"I'm coming as well" Percy said. The twins looked at him oddly before Percy shrugged. "I've decided that I'm too much a twit" he added.

"We're prepared to acknowledge the fact you're related to us" George said.

"Thanks" Percy replied.

"The question is how we're going to get Harry out" Hermione said.

"I've been to the Ministry before" Percy said. "It's guarded by dozens of Aurors, but only about four or five during the night. It should be relatively easy to get in, rescue Harry and then get out again. The trouble will be that they are fully trained wizards and witches with orders to stun all of those who don't have a reason to be there" Percy added.

"How do we plan our best way?" Fred wondered.

"Is there a way of getting the blueprints for the Ministry?" asked Hermione.

“Of course” Percy exclaimed. “It’s a law in our world for there to be blueprints for everything to do with the Ministry. There are copies of them in the library” and George said he would go and get them.

“So it’s us four against ten Witches and Wizards?” Hermione pondered.

“I rather think that we might have some back up” Fred answered her.

“What do you mean?” Hermione quizzed him.

“We’ll go into the Ministry in two days” he replied.

“Well” Percy said, “This is going to be a hell of a field trip” and Hermione giggled.

#

Hermione forced herself to eat as she knew it wouldn’t help Harry if she was ill. Percy had had a discrete word with the rest of their house, and they had been unanimous with their decision. Although most of them where not really friends with Harry, one thing was clear – Gryffindors stuck together and helped each other out. In order to get people in and out as quickly as possible, the older students would apperate the younger ones along. Because you couldn’t apperate into the Ministry, Hermione went over the plans and discovered that there was a small back entrance in the building. She checked with Percy who said it wasn’t guarded at all. The day before, their plans had been rumbled by Padma Patil Susan Bones, Hannah Abbott and Ernie McMillan. They had picked up on what Hermione was going to attempt and demanded that they be added to the force. Hermione had accepted and was glad of the extra help. The girl visited Harry’s dorm that night, and found a small silver bundle on the bed. On top was a small note which Hermione read first.

Dear Hermione

Albus Dumbledore didn’t give Harry everything he was supposed to.

His father (Harry's) left this with Dumbledore before he died. You might find it useful tonight.

Good Luck

M

Hermione opened up the bundle and saw that it was a shimmering silver cloak. Hermione tried it on and looked in the nearby mirror, and was shocked to notice her head was now floating in the middle of nothing – her body had vanished. She took it off and took it to her dorm and put in her trunk until later.

#

Night had gathered and the dorm was filled with people from three of the four houses, and therefore the Gryffindor common room was oddly packed. Percy told everyone that the only spells they could use were those that didn't do any harm to the Aurors. This meant that jinxes and stunning spells where the order of battle, and everyone agreed to the limitation.

"Some of us will get stunned" Percy said, "But we've got more numbers than they will. All we have to do is to get Harry out of the dungeons and then back out" and there wasn't a cheer – that would have alerted the teachers and others in the castle – but there was a air of quiet pleasure in the room.

"First group with me" George said, and he led the first group out of the door to the common room, and out of the castle so that the people who could apparate could do their stuff. Each group had three people who could apparate. This was so that one could do the job of getting there, another would then take himself or herself back to Hogwarts while another went remain at the target spot. When the next group arrived, the third person from the first group then returned to Hogwarts. The system looked complicated, but it had been worked out by Hermione and the Patil Twins. The plan also meant that each of the apparaters didn't get tired out by the long distance they did each round trip. It took almost an hour but finally the last two groups departed Gryffindor tower. Fred and George as well as carrying

wands, also had a large box under each of their arms which they said would help them when need be. Hermione, Neville, and Percy was the last group and they found themselves outside a non descript wall with a black door.

"I know I said back door, but this is just stupid" Percy muttered in the dark. The breath rose like clouds of steam as they all waited in the cold. It wasn't all that cold as some of the students had been smart and lit fires from the ends of wands. A few charms later, and the door opened and they all poured into the Ministry. Once they had got in, a small force was left to guard the exit, and the rescue party crept along the darkened passages with the help of the ones with the best eyesight. At every major step, a detachment was left to ensure that they could get out once Harry had been sprung.

The problem came when they reached the atrium, and were discovered by some of the Aurors. The boxes under the arms of the Weasley twins came into play, and each twin handed out a small supply of stink bombs and other products to the younger students. A shower of Products rained upon the Aurors who couldn't summon help because the older students had placed themselves in front of the Floo network.

"Lets go" Fred said, and left the defence up to his twin, Percy and the other older pupils. He, Hermione, and the rest of the first years went down to the dungeons and searched each and everyone of the cells. The last one they came to contained a single figure that Hermione knew well.

"HARRY!" Hermione cried out, and the figure stirred and rose to look at them.

"Hermione?" Harry said sleepily.

"Harry, it's Hermione his sister replied.

"What are you doing here?" Harry asked, coming to the cell door. The cell was exactly like the ones you saw in old castles, and in what little there was, Hermione could see that Harry had lost weight. He was also shivering quite a lot, and looked out and out ill. She was puzzled

until Hermione knew there was some kind of magic placed on Harry. As it was, it appeared that Harry was using his last reserves to stand up and Hermione instantly knew that it was Dumbledore who had done this to her brother.

“You’ll have to stand back” Fred said, and Harry slowly moved away until he was on the other side of the cell. Fred pointed his wand at the door and muttered a spell, and a wave of green energy hit the cell door but it didn’t have any visible effect.

“What did you do?” asked Hermione.

“I tried to blast the door apart” Fred said, sounds of the battle going on above them, drifting down the underground area. “It must have been strengthened” he said, shaking his head. They had to get him out quickly before reinforcements came to stop their rescue attempt.

“What if we all did the spell at the same time?” suggested Lavender.

“The combined power might help” Parvati suggested.

“Lets give it a shot” Ernie shrugged, and Fred told them the spell they needed to say.

‘BOMBARDA’ came the collective shout and the door simply ceased to exist. The door came apart in a shower of metal fragments and noise, and Hermione rushed in while the smoke still filled the air to Harry’s side. The force of the blast was enough to shove Harry to the floor and he looked in a terrible state.

“Anyone got a chocolate frog?” Hermione asked, and Hannah and Susan both produced one each. Hermione thanked them and had to force them down Harry’s mouth so that the quick energy effects of the chocolate could work on Harry.

“Lets get out of here” Dean suggested.

“I second that motion” Shamus said quickly. The two boys helped Harry up and the party left the cell and headed back up to the atrium. Once up there Fred whistled loudly.

“WE GOT HIM” he yelled, and the fighters broke off and made a full scale tactical retreat back the same way that they had entered. Some had to be carried by the strongest as they had been hit by jinxes. The Aurors had apparently not wanted to stun children and so had used jinxes. From what Hermione was able to gather, they had left several Aurors stunned and two singing the Brazilian national anthem. Once they had got out the back entrance to the Ministry, those had been hit by jinxes got the second passage back to Hogwarts. The first trip went to a severely weakened Harry, along with Hermione, Seamus and Dean. Once back at Hogwarts, Seamus and Dean went to liberate brooms from the broom shed. When they came back, Hermione and Harry took one, while the other two boys got on and zoomed ahead and opened the window from the outside. One of the last things they had done was to leave a window in the common room open slightly so that they could get back in. Dean went in first and then turned to help Harry get inside, then it was Hermione’s turn and Dean transferred an almost depleted Harry to her. Wishing each other luck, Dean went out the same way, and Hermione helped Harry up to her dorm and put him in her bed. She took off his shoes, socks, jumper and his glasses before pulling the covers over him. As for Hermione herself, she managed to get a chair up the steps from the common room and back up to the girls dorm before waiting for the others to turn up. The plans was for Dean and Seamus to hand brooms over to one group, and then return with the empty brooms once they had been used, for the next set of arrivals.

“Is he going to be alright?” asked Lavender as she came into the dorm the moment she arrived.

“I don’t know” Hermione admitted. “He keeps waking up and then going to sleep, but he doesn’t say much” and Lavender looked at Harry asleep in Hermione’s bed. “I’d get him some water, but there appears to be none around” the girl added.

“Why don’t you go down to the common room and see if someone can help you?” suggested Parvati who had crept in quietly.

“We’ll watch him” Lavender added kindly. Hermione thanked them and left the dorm and found the common room full of people coming

in through the window and then heading up stairs to dorms. Dean and Seamus were directing flying operations with a burly fifth form boy, and all three had a different coloured light coming from their wands. Hermione watched as Dean suddenly took the vacant brooms and sped off into the darkness to retrieve the next set of arrivals. Hermione looked and couldn't see anything that looked like water.

"Anybody know where I can get some water?" she asked hopefully.

"Yeah" Fred said, and he simply transfigured a book and added water from the end of his wand. He passed it over to her, and added his hopes Harry would be better. George had overheard – him being 1 foot away – and he promised to get some food to her for Harry.

"Thanks" said a grateful Hermione, and she hurried up the stair she had just come down, with people making space for her to pass.

"He woke up for a moment" Parvati said, "But he said some really odd things" she added.

"Like?" Hermione asked, putting the water filled jug on the bedside table.

"It didn't make sense" Lavender said, "He just kept going on about his relatives and he kept pleading with us to stop hitting him. I was going to come and get you" and Hermione was furious with Dumbledore.

"When I get my hands on him" Hermione growled, "I'm going to rip his frakking balls off" and the other two girls believed her fully.

"Did he mean those relatives that Dumbledore spoke about during the court case over summer?" Lavender asked, and Hermione nodded. People could be heard milling around outside, until Percy's voice told them to go to sleep. As they didn't want to get caught by Filch or any of the teachers, ghosts, prefects or head boy and girl, the three Gryffindor first years decided to have Hannah, Susan and Padma stay in their dorm while Ernie bunked with the first year boys. A couple of sleeping bags for each displaced student and they went to sleep. Fred and George had been over the moon at organising the biggest breakout of students in the history of Hogwarts. Hermione

decided to sleep in the armchair as she wanted to be alert for Harry should he need anything during the night.

#

“Wake up” said a voice, and Lavender woke up and saw Hermione wakening her up.

“What’s up?” Lavender asked.

“Harry’s awake but he keeps screaming” Hermione said. “I need some help to get him to Madam Pomfrey” but after the other girls had looked at Harry, it was decided to keep him in the dorm while someone crept through the castle and fetched the school nurse. They had agreed on this plan when they saw Harry suddenly jerk up and then go still. Hermione rushed over and felt for a pulse, and thankfully she was able to find one.

“I don’t know what happened” Hannah said, “But I don’t think we should wait” and there was nods of agreement.

“Go to the boys dorms and get Fred and George Weasley down to the common room as if it was yesterday” Hermione said, going into what Harry joked as ‘Command and Control’ mode. Hannah and Susan left and the other girls helped Hermione to carry Harry down the stairs. Where they found the Weasley twins waiting for them, and when they saw Harry they agreed to help Hermione. Not bothering with their magic map of the castle, the group moved off to the hospital wing. They had almost reached when daylight was breaking over the castle, and that was when they got caught out.

“What do we have here?” asked Argus Filch, the school caretaker. “Students out of bed? Well lets just see what your heads of houses say about this” he cackled. Hermione was in no mood for dealing with the man.

“Fred? George?” she said, and without asking both twins produced thick binding ropes at the caretaker, while Hannah took care of his ever present cat. “Let’s go” Hermione said, and they took Harry to the Hospital Wing and after two minutes Madam Pomfrey appeared, a

rushed look on her face. When she saw Harry lying on the bed the woman was surprised but went professional. She told everyone to go back to their dorms, but Harry suddenly cried out for Hermione and so she had to stay. Half an hour later, and Dumbledore arrived with McGonagall hot on his heels.

"So, Mr Potter managed to escape did he?" he said, sounding only slightly surprised.

"Mr Potter could possibly be dead by now if it wasn't for Hermione and her friends" Pomfrey said back at him. "Spells have been placed on him that ensured he would lose his mind, and die of starvation. He was only away for a matter of a day and a bit, but these spells made that situation go worse" Pomfrey said. Never in her entire career had she ever seen such a case of child neglect.

"Do what you can for him, and then I will arrange for him to go to a proper cell at the Ministry" Dumbledore said.

"I rather think he should stay here" McGonagall said.

"I would do as I see fit, Minerva" Dumbledore said coldly, "I have not forgotten about what you did the other day" and McGonagall did back off a little. Hermione took the best option and shut up through the entire exchange.

"If there is any criminal here, it is you, Headmaster" Pomfrey said. "I've detected your magical signature on everything here except the cuffing charm. NEVER IN MY LIFE HAVE I SEEN SUCH TREATMENT. YOU PUT EVEN VOLDEMORT TO SHAME!" Pomfrey exploded into a rage that Hermione had never seen the likes of before in anyone.

"I did what is best..." Dumbledore began, but McGonagall interrupted.

"You said that over 10 years ago" she said darkly. There was silence for a full ten minutes and in the end, McGonagall had Harry sent back to his dorm under a full escort which answered only to her and her alone. This was done quickly as Dean, Seamus, Neville, and the

Weasley twins were outside waiting for news. As Dumbledore turned to leave, someone called his name so he turned around again.

"Yes?" he asked, and the Headmaster, Chief Warlock, Supreme Warlock, Albus Dumbledore was decked by Madam Pomfrey's bullseye strike from a nicely timed right hook.

"Don't touch Harry again" she said, then the nurse went to her office to update her CV.

#

"You shouldn't go" Hermione said firmly.

"I have to be there" Harry said, pushing the covers off his bed again. Knowing that it was better to be with Harry, Hermione helped him to get dressed, and then assisted him to the hall for breakfast, the morning that he was sprung free from prison. Harry stopped just before they entered though.

"You alright?" Hermione asked with concern.

"Just peachy" Harry replied, "But I'm going in under my own steam" and Hermione understood what he meant. A bruised Dumbledore was powerless to stop the cheers as they entered. Harry managed to eat a few slices of toast, before the doors burst open and in marched an angry Madam Bones with several equally angry looking Aurors behind her. The Weasley twins suddenly started to hum the funeral march, and Harry and Hermione would have sworn right there and then that Madam Bones's face twitched at the edges.

"May I help you?" Dumbledore asked.

"You can help me by resisting arrest... you bastard!" Madam Bones swore.

A/N:

Well that's that I suppose.

First of all I would like to say well done to Paladin13 who got what I was doing in this chapter.

So Harry has been rescued by a force of Students from three out of four houses, and is now safely back at Hogwarts. Dumbledore clearly didn't think about Hermione and the rest going to get Harry back, did he? Now some of you asked in Pm and reviews, how did Dumbledore get his powers back as chief warlock. I already had that planned when I had the line in chapter nine done.

I would not put it past Dumbledore to severely mistreat Harry, as he wasn't such a good person in the books if you looked carefully enough – always withholding information from Harry and almost getting the boy killed. If you wonder who sent the note to Hermione, then it was a well known Scottish teacher... guesses on parchment please!

In the next chapter, we'll see Harry getting his health back, and also a great show of unity from the student body (not the Slytherins though).

#

On the fanfic side, I have created a new fic (had to do something now that True Friends is completed ((or is it?))), so I decided to do one on one of my top books/films – The Hunt For Red October. The title is "Escape To The West" – love if you could R&R it for me!

There is a reference to Battlestar Galactica, so try to find it.

There will be a pause on the writing front as I deserve a week's break now that have completed True Friends, and I'm sure you'll agree that I deserve a break won't you.

Reviews and Pm's in the normal manner

(Owl Post is acceptable though)

Regards:

A Tired And Weary Pixel

Churning Out Fanfics for 345 days NON FRACCKING STOP.

Conversations And Trials

“Would you mind if you moderated your language?” Dumbledore said calmly, “And what is this about placing me under arrest?” he asked.

“We have been given evidence of you ordering a false arrest, and also of you abusing a child” Madam Bones replied.

“Who would make such an accusation?” asked Dumbledore sweetly.

“That would be me, Mr Dumbledore” Hermione said, and she rose from her place.

“I might have known” Dumbledore muttered. Harry simply watched the by play as he couldn’t even remember most of the last two days. The headmaster attempted to put up a fight, but he was rapidly subdued by the Aurors with the assistance of McGonagall, Sprout and Flitwick. Once Dumbledore had been removed from the hall, kicking and screaming like a mad man, McGonagall dismissed the students and they went off to lessons. Hermione was granted an exemption as someone needed to be with Harry. The boy returned to his bunk and lay on the top of it and tried to relax, while Hermione informed him about the night’s events.

#

“I’m surprised you didn’t get into trouble for it” he said quietly.

“I think McGonagall knew” Hermione said, and told him about the cloak.

“She’ll make a better head teacher than Dumbledore” Harry said.

“True” his sister remarked. Hermione had taken some of the fruit from the Gryffindor table as she knew that it would help Harry to get better quicker. They talked and read books until the afternoon when Harry said that he was hungry. Hermione didn’t know what to do until she thought of looking downstairs for one of the Weasley twins.

“How is he?” asked Fred.

“He’s alright, but he wants some soup” Hermione said. Fred looked at his watch and then at Hermione.

“I’ll go get him some” he said, and he went off in search of some. Hermione went back up to the dorm and saw that Neville was talking to him. It also looked as if he had brought him potions homework – though it turned out to be some newspapers and one or two wizarding magazines. He greeted Hermione as he left the tower, leaving the two of them alone.

“Shall we stay here for Christmas this year?” Harry asked Hermione, clearly thinking about their earlier decision.

“I think so” she replied. “I just want you to be safe” Hermione added, and put her hand into Harry’s. Harry turned his head and smiled weakly at her, and then there was a knock on the door. A moment later and in came Fred and George with a cauldron full of what smelt like Tomato Soup. When they placed the cauldron next to Harry’s bed, it was indeed Tomato soup with basil herbs in for added flavour – actually one of Harry’s top kinds.

“You order, and we deliver” George said, seeing the look of amazement on Hermione’s face.

“I meant enough for Harry. This is enough to feed most of China!” she exclaimed.

“We didn’t know how much to get him, so we simply took an entire cauldron full for him” Fred said.

“Thanks” Harry said, and the twins left the room after dropping off two bowls, two spoons and some rolls of bread. Hermione did two bowls full and served herself and Harry – making sure that Harry got a bigger portion than she did.

“It’s quite good” Hermione commented as they ate.

"It's not bad is it?" Harry agreed. Harry by himself ate a lot of the soup and he lay on his side on top of his bed to look at Hermione. "What was you thinking of while I was sick?" he asked her.

"I was thinking about how I could live with myself if you had died" Hermione said, dropping into a scared voice.

"Don't think about that again" Harry said firmly, and patted her hand with his spare one.

"But I love you too much" Hermione said, leaning into Harry.

Harry freed his hand and put his arms around his crying sister. Hermione didn't dare tell him her inner feelings, as she didn't know how he would react. Maybe when Harry was better, or maybe even a little bit older. Hermione knew that there was a word for the thoughts she was thinking of – incestuous. Hermione cried so much that she fell asleep in Harry's arms, though some of her tiredness might have come from the fact that she hadn't slept very well over the last two days or so. Harry just kept her close to him and then he too went to sleep – dreaming of all the things that he could get his family for Christmas. The whole wizarding world was indeed a wide and interesting place, and the list of possible presents was almost endless.

#

"Harry was being rushed by Hermione last time I saw him" Dean said, shaking his head.

"They are quite a pair, those two" Neville agreed. The two of them watched as Harry came down the stairs with Hermione following close behind him. Hermione was certain that her brother was not entirely well, but Harry seemed to be more or less alright. Then again, it would take a direct hit from a Tactical Nuclear warhead before Harry would admit to being unwell. The reason they were in a hurry to leave the tower was that they had to attend the trial of Dumbledore. The general consensus was that he wasn't going to get away with this, and one story went that he might actually get sent to prison. As for those thoughts of Hermione's, she had put them behind her as something to do with growing up. After all girls were attracted to cute

boys, and Harry was very cute – according to the rumour mill. Hermione was now concentrating on the upcoming case, even though neither of them would be speaking. They had submitted statements but would go so they could see that justice was done.

#

The case was quite interesting by itself, as many people attended to see a possible downfall of Dumbledore. Harry's statement made for interesting reading, and Hermione went deathly white as she heard it all. She leaned in to her mother as the elder Grangers sat on either side of the two children. David and Jane had been able to attend the trial by the case being held in a courtroom that had charms allowing muggles to be inside. Both parents had been overjoyed that Harry had been released, but annoyed that Hermione had led a commando raid on the Ministry. The good news was that the Aurors who had been done over by the students, now worked on the Hag Squad. Dumbledore had a trick to play and he used it when things looked to be going badly for him.

"I believe that I have the right to face my accuser. I also wish to counter charge Harry Potter for escape from custody and various other related offences" he said, and Madam Bones, serving as judge, hesitated before nodding. Harry and family had taken seats at the back so that not many people knew he was present at the trial.

"I'm afraid that we will have to halt the trial until we can call Mr Potter from Hogwarts" Madam Bones said, but Harry called out despite the protests of his mother.

"It will be a short wait" he said clearly, and people turned round to see Harry get slowly up out of his seat, and take the walk down the rows and stand in front of Madam Bones. A table and two chairs came out of nowhere and Harry put both hands on the back of one to steady himself before straightening.

"Miss Granger" Madam Bones said, "You do not stand accused" she added.

"Madam Bones, I stand with my brother" Hermione said, coming to stand next to her brother and putting her hand into Harry's.

"Very well" Madam Bones said, and then told Dumbledore to begin.

"Do you remember what happened when you were placed under arrest?" Dumbledore asked, pushing his glasses up slightly.

"I was handcuffed and taken to the Ministry" Harry replied.

"And then what?"

"After a while, you came along and told the people guarding me to leave the area. You insulted me and my family, and then tried to get me to give you access to the Potter vaults. You didn't do anything for a moment, then you waved your wand, and that's all I can remember clearly" Harry said, clearly but also still tinged with pain. Pomfrey had assured him that that would vanish after another two or three days.

"Do you have any evidence to prove this?" Dumbledore asked.

"No" Harry admitted.

"Then I would like to point out to this good court that my accuser has no evidence. Therefore the only way out is for this court to clear me" Dumbledore said sweetly. Harry and Hermione knew that he was using his reputation to get him out of the situation.

"Mr Dumbledore is quite correct" Madam Bones said, "You must provide evidence by a certified person, and you have not done that. Though the statements are quite in order, it is a legal point that is well established in our laws" she finished, and Dumbledore looked pleased.

"What evidence would you like?" asked a voice. Catharine Smith came into the courtroom with her eyes blazing like fire. "For some reason I was held up, and told this was a closed door session. That has to be wrong" she continued, "For it is illegal to lock the doors of a court of law" and Madam Bones blushed for a split second.

“Very well” she said, “I assume that you have certified people to call on?” and Smith nodded.

“Only one, but he is standing as the accused” the lawyer said deadpan, and ripples of laughter went over the room for a moment or two.

“Fined two galleons” Bones said.

“I’ll pay” Harry said, and flipped two golden coins at the bench. “Its loose change” and more laughter rippled over the room.

“Please stick to the case” Madam Bones said, banging the gavel several times.

“Of course” Smith said. “I call on Poppy Pomfrey” and a few moments later Pomfrey took the stand. “For the record, how long have you been at Hogwarts as the school healer?” Smith asked.

“15 years” came the reply.

“And you have seen almost anything that could happen to an 11 year old boy whilst he attended Hogwarts?” Smith asked.

“If you mean injury wise, then yes, I would expect so” Pomfrey said calmly. She kept her gaze so as to not look at Dumbledore who made her sick with anger.

“Before his arrest, what was Harry’s general medical state?”

“Generally good” Pomfrey replied, “Mr Potter had been involved in an incident, but those injuries had been fully healed” she added.

“Thank you” Smith said, she looked down at some parchment before asking more questions. “What alerted you to Mr Potter’s arrival at Hogwarts?” she asked.

“There is a charm that alerts me to anyone seeking medical help” Pomfrey replied instantly.

“Madam Pomfrey, what was Harry’s condition when you saw him?” Smith asked.

“He was in a very bad state. Harry was very badly starved, severely dehydrated and also feverish” Pomfrey said, trying to keep her emotions in check.

“What did you do then?” Smith said, “Just the basics please” the lawyer added.

“I did the standard diagnostic charms on him, treated his injuries and put some fluids into him. I was shocked at how this had happened in such a short time” Pomfrey said.

“Did you scan for the magical signature of the person who cast the spells which cause the damage to Harry?” Smith asked.

“Yes” Pomfrey replied.

“Whose signature did you detect?” Smith pressed.

“It was the signature of Albus Percival Wulfric Brian Dumbledore!” Pomfrey snapped, pointing a finger directly at Dumbledore. The watching public went crazy and started to talk until Madam Bones called for silence and banged the gavel loudly.

“Is there any possible way that you made a mistake?” Smith asked.

“I have been a healer for 40 years in total, Madam” Pomfrey said, looking directly at Smith, “The day I make a mistake in treating a patient, is the same day that I take instant retirement” she said, and everyone could tell she meant every word.

“Thank you. No further questions” Smith said.

“Mr Dumbledore?” Madam Bones asked.

“Poppy...” Dumbledore began, but was instantly cut off by Smith.

"Objection" she said, "Accused is being familiar with the witness" and Bones agreed.

"Sustained" the judge said.

"My apologies" Dumbledore said, putting on that grandfather look. "Madam Pomfrey, have you ever known me to harm a child?" he asked.

"I have known times" Pomfrey said, and whispers emanated from the crowd.

"When was that?" Dumbledore asked, sounding surprised.

"During the summer that has just passed, you blasted Harry into a wall inside his own home" Pomfrey said, "I have examined that and detected your magical signature for that as well" she added.

"Mmm" Dumbledore said, "You've been a healer for 40 years. What was the most complex thing you have had to cure?" he asked. Poppy Pomfrey was a professional healer who took her oath seriously. She had never ever broken that except during a court case, and even then it was only non private facts. This time though, she threw the rules to the winds. Pomfrey took a deep breath before answering the question.

"The most complex thing I have ever treated was when you had syphilis" she said, with an unmoving face. Dumbledore blanched and went several shades of green before speaking.

"I move for that to be stricken" he said at last.

"I move that it be kept in. It proves Madam Pomfrey's healing ability" Smith countered. Madam Bones only just managed to not burst into laughter herself.

"Objection overruled. That statement will stand" she said.

"And how you got splinters from your wand in that place may never be solved I fear" Pomfrey added quickly.

“No further questions” Dumbledore said weakly, and he sat down looking very pale. Pomfrey left the courtroom so she could return to Hogwarts hoping that no one had been hurt while she was away. After the confirmation that Dumbledore had been the cause and caster of the spells which had badly hurt Harry, it was a foregone conclusion that Dumbledore was finished. Whatever help he may have expected vanished – nobody wanted to help a child abuser. Even the Minister for Magic distanced himself from Dumbledore, but this may have been more politically motivated than anything else. It was evening before the sentence was announced, and everyone hung on Madam Bones’s words.

“Albus Percival Wulfric Brian Dumbledore, it has been decided that you are guilty as charged. Your sentence is thus: 25 years in Azkaban, stripped of your medals, sacked as Headmaster of Hogwarts, be removed and banned from any public office or job should you be released and compensation of 1 million Galleons. You will also be removed as head of the Dumbledore family, and all rights and privileges be transferred to your brother Aberforth. Your wand will be taken to the DMLE and snapped. May Merlin have mercy on your soul” Madam Bones said. “Take him away” she ordered, and Aurors took Dumbledore away to the cells.

“What is Azkaban?” Harry asked.

“Don’t know” Hermione whispered back to him. The court was dismissed, and Harry and Hermione went back home to spend the night with their parents before returning to Hogwarts the next morning.

#

Now that Dumbledore had left and been jailed, the school caught a breath of fresh air. McGonagall was put into and confirmed as Headmistress, with the firm backing of Gryffindor, Slytherins got punished for their actions and it was McGonagall who was able to do a very great pleasure. As she was now the Headmistress, she was able to get Hagrid to take his exams and he passed and graduated from a short course at Hogwarts. He had to revise certain things, but was helped by various students. It was the day before the Christmas

holidays, when Harry was asked to go to the Headmistress's office. When he got there, he saw a burly fifth form boy waiting for him.

"Glad you got my message, Mr Potter" McGonagall said. "This is Oliver Wood and he is Gryffindor's captain of the Quidditch team. He was wondering if you wanted to play on the team" she added.

"I thought that first years couldn't play on the team?" said a puzzled Harry.

"That was the case, but I have decided that first years should be given a chance to play at least" McGonagall said.

"He'd be good as a seeker, Professor" Wood said. He walked round Harry and kept looking at him from top to bottom.

"Seeker?" Harry asked.

"I'm sorry" McGonagall said, "I forgot you still don't know things about our world. Quidditch is for us what football is to muggles. There are four house teams, and there are professional teams in leagues as well" the headmistress explained. "Wood will help you if you want to join. I know your father was a good player in his time" she said.

"Oh" Harry said simply.

"I can lend you a few books if you want, and introduce you to the rest of the team when we have practice" Oliver Wood said. Harry considered the options.

"I'll give it a go" he said at last, "And I'll go over the books with Hermione as well" Harry added.

"You will have to get a broom" McGonagall said, "But there's shops in Diagon Alley that sell them" and Harry nodded. After another five minutes, Harry left McGonagall and Oliver Wood planning strategies on the desk top and returned to the Gryffindor Common room.

"You look to be in a happy mood" Hermione said, when Harry entered with a broad grin on his face.

“I’ve been asked to join the house Quidditch team” Harry said, and explained everything that had been discussed. When Oliver came into the common room, he gave Harry some books and he and Hermione went over them to get all the information they could. They also went to the library to check out as many books as possible on the subject. It seemed a simple enough game, although Hermione was fearful of Harry riding the broom through the air at over a hundred miles an hour. They didn’t realise the time it was until Hermione saw that dinner was almost over, so they packed up the books and rushed to the hall where they managed to get some stew. Hermione went to McGonagall and asked for permission to go to the Astronomy tower and do some drawing, and the newly installed head allowed her to do so. Harry went with her as he always liked to see the stars at night. As for Hermione, she couldn’t think how cute Harry was looking with the moonlight hitting him to give the effect of her brother glowing with light. She finished one sketch and then asked Harry to sit in a seat under the window so she could sketch him. Hermione wasn’t as good an artist as Dean Thomas was – he was a natural – but she was proud of what she could draw. Harry declared the result as worthy of getting in the Tate in London, and his sister hit him in the arm playfully. As they walked back to Gryffindor tower, Hermione felt a warm and fuzzy feeling – and most disturbing thing was that Hermione couldn’t put her finger on what it was.

A/N:

Another fine chapter from me – if I do say so myself!

First of all, there are three references to two films. One is Ghost In The Shell, Star Trek (2009) and Star Trek IV (the one with the whales).

Paladin13 and joemjackson nearly got the un-noted last line reference in the previous chapter. It’s Robocop 3.

So, Dumbledore jailed, McGonagall the new headteacher, and Hermione has more of those feelings when she was near Harry. My general feeling with McGonagall and Pomfrey at least, was that they

would get overridden by Dumbledore on many matters, and that is why I've let them flourish a bit.

If you want to suggest something for the next chapter, or want something clearing up that you don't understand, then say so in the review. Each review gets a personal reply... sometimes from me.

Reviews in the normal manner

Regards

Pixel

PS: The extra chapter for "True Friends" was only meant as a wind up, and it is over and done with at 100 chapters, and I have now deleted it. Sorry for any fun that was caused. Must note Paladin13 for sending me a one sentence message. "Oh My God... you're going for it?"

Hermione's Happy Horcrux Hell

Things went swimmingly until Christmas, when all hell was let loose at Hogwarts. The first indication that something was wrong was when the Quidditch pitch exploded in a ball of flames, and everyone looked out the windows and saw menacing figures approaching the castle.

"Death Eaters" said all three Weasley brothers at once.

"Here?" said an older student.

"Sure are" George said grimly. At that point, McGonagall's voice echoed through out the entire school.

ATTENTION ALL STAFF AND STUDENTS THE CASTLE IS UNDER DURECT ATTACK BY DEATH EATERS. ALL STUDENTS UNDER THE AGE OF 16 ARE TO RETURN TO THEIR COMMON ROOMS AT ONCE. THOSE ABOVE 16 ARE GIVEN PERMISSION TO JOIN THE DEFENCE OF THE SCHOOL. PLEASE ASSEMBLE IN THE GREAT HALL FOR ORDERS. THAT IS ALL! And the voice faded.

"Lets go" said some of the older students, and they left the common room.

"This is bad" Hermione said.

"That's an understatement" Harry replied. He looked out to the Death Eaters who had fanned out and seemingly surrounded the castle. The view afforded from the Gryffindor common room and dorms was quite a good one as the only other highest tower was used for Astronomy. Harry suddenly thought of how the Hufflepuffs and Ravenclaws would get to their dorms as they lived on the other side of the castle.

"What are you thinking?" Hermione asked, gripping his arm for comfort.

"Our tower is the second highest of the castle. It's got a massive view and we can see the entrance to the grounds and some of the forest too. All we have to do simply get the Hufflepuffs and Ravenclaws in here and block the corridors with magic and physical items. Once

done, we shoot spells out at the windows” Harry finished explaining his great plan.

“They’re fully trained wizards and witches” Dean said, the boy standing next to Harry. “What can we do for protection?” he asked.

“This is a three foot thick piece of wall” Harry said, slapping the stone of the common room with his hand, “It’ll give us protection” he added.

“That sounds a plan” said Percy from behind the three. He quickly ordered the older students to gather as many members of the other houses as possible and get them to Gryffindor tower. The first, second and third years gleefully dragged chairs, desks and sofas out of the common room and into the corridors. Some students even shrunk the beds in the dorms and put them in the corridors as extra protection against any possible attack. All while they did this, the sounds of fighting came up the corridors and passages. The Weasley twins came with one last group of Hufflepuffs and Ravenclaws and Gryffindors put the last block into place and then began to fall back to the corridor. Running footsteps made them turn and fire spells unknown to Harry and Hermione, but they missed and hit the stone wall along the corridor and two very girlish screams could be heard. Heads popped round a corner and two Slytherin girls made a bee line for the barrier nearest them, and two Gryffindors helped them over it and then everyone ran for the Gryffindor common room but did not close the door.

“Who are you, and what are you doing here?” asked Percy, hand down by his wand – ready for action against Death Eaters.

“I’m Astoria Greengrass, and this is my friend Tracey Davis” said one of the two girls. “We saw you getting all the students, so we thought it best to follow you” Astoria said shrugging.

“We left the Slytherin common room because I’ve a muggle mother” Tracy Davis added. “Tori told me that the Death Eaters would kill me first because of the way I am, so we left” she finished.

“What about the other Slytherins?” Harry asked, “Surely they are going to fight” but Tori shook her head.

“They have remained in our house’s common room. Right now they should have the champagne on ice” and Harry couldn’t tell if she was joking or not – probably not.

“Well glad to have you with us” Hermione said, and she stuck out her hand and the other two girls shook it, as well as Harry’s.

“I’m a pure blood, but I don’t hold with the rubbish that most of the sprout” Tori said, making her position clear.

“We better figure something out for the pair of you” Fred said, joining the group. “ANYONE GOT SPACE FOR TWO DISPLACED SLYTHERINS?” he yelled. Both Weasley twins watched the map they had to keep tracks on the Death Eaters, but then it stopped working and Percy knew that they had used an Anti-Tracker charm.

“I have an empty trunk” said one person jokingly.

“You can come with us” Harry said, and he led Hermione, Tori and Tracy up the steps of the boys dorm, and told the first years there that the two Slytherins were on their side. If Harry trusted them, then it was okay with them and they took to the two girls at once and moved to give them room.

“Just do as many jinxes, hexes and anything else you can think of” Dean advised them as Harry and Hermione left the room to get a quick talk alone by themselves. Sounds of fighting could be heard all over Gryffindor Tower, and though they seemed to be getting closer, Harry still wanted to say something to Hermione.

“If I don’t make it out of this, then tell mum and dad that I was happy and proud to have known them” he said, but Hermione shook her head.

“We’re going to make it through this” she said, and then there was an almighty noise that ripped through the common room.

#

Those who could fight fought in a pitch battle for their lives and for freedom. McGonagall had authorised the use of the killing curse if it was needed to be used to save a person or persons lives. Hagrid was the first on the light side to take out some attackers as he simply knocked two heads together. McGonagall and some of the teachers fought a diversion while some older students split and ran to the Hospital Wing to protect it. Madam Pomfrey was already getting ready to receive casualties.

“Get them!” yelled a black haired witch. “Kill them if you have to” she screamed. McGonagall had taught many thousands of students, but she knew that voice anywhere.

“Bellatrix” the headmistress hissed.

“You remembered me” Bellatrix said, putting on a little child’s voice and sending out a jet of green at the other witch who only just avoided it. Death Eaters poured in through the main entrance and all they could do was to slow them down enough to allow help to arrive from the Ministry.

“Incarciuous” yelled McGonagall, and Bella dodged the spinning ropes and dived into the crowd.

“They’re splitting up and trying to get round us” said Flitwick. The little wizard had suffered deep wounds on his face, but had kept on going and had stunned and bound three Death Eaters.

“Do what you can, Filius” McGonagall said, then went in to save a pair of Ravensclaws. No matter how good people thought they were, it all came down to the simple matter of speed. Some had been a tad too slow and lay either injured, dying or plain and simple dead, and this hurt the headmistress a great deal in her heart. Anger rising, she killed two Death Eaters out of hand and then followed it up by another one. “Don’t even think it, you bloody bastards”. Spells, bodies and bits of castle flew all over as Hogwarts fought to keep the flow of Voldemort’s supporters down to a manageable enough number.

#

The last thing that Harry remembered was launching himself at a tall Death Eater who threatened Hermione. After that it was black until he woke up after the battle had finished, and saw Hermione looking down on him with concern.

"That hurts" he said, getting into a sitting position. "That really really hurts" he added, rubbing his head to clear it.

"I'm glad you're alright" Hermione said, but Harry could hear the fear in her voice.

"What?" he growled. "We did win didn't we?" he pressed.

"Yes... and no" McGonagall's voice made him turn round to see her standing in the doorway to the common room. Harry slowly got up and faced her.

"What do you mean, professor?" he asked confused.

"Hermione was hurt during the fighting, and she was scanned by Madam Pomfrey. While doing so, she found something that she called me over for" McGonagall hesitated, and glanced at Percy.

"Let's go and get something to eat" he said, "After that, I've got quite a hunger" and people laughed. They filed out leaving McGonagall, Harry, Hermione and an Auror alone in the room. McGonagall, Harry and Hermione took seats, but the Auror remained standing.

"There is no easy way to say this, so I'll say it in full" McGonagall hesitated. "That bracelet that Hermione used to wear contained very powerful magic. It was also very dark magic" she added.

"What do you mean?" asked Harry slowly.

"The bracelet contained a part of Voldemort's soul. We call such things Horcruxes, and there have to be six made, with the seventh kept inside the original person. Depending on the caster, the Horcrux will sometimes latch onto a living person and inhabit their body – without their knowledge" and McGonagall paused as if to let the information settle in.

"How do you get rid of these Horcruxes, Professor?" asked Hermione.

"We have to use the sword that belonged to Godric Gryffindor – this house's founder. We plunge the sword into the Horcrux and it is destroyed. That's what the Death Eaters wanted, and they almost succeeded as well. They could have returned Voldemort to life again and he would rise again" and the Headmistress took a deep breath.

"So destroy it" Harry said, not understanding.

"Mr Potter... Harry. The Horcrux has gone inside Hermione's body. She is the Horcrux. To destroy it, we would have to kill Hermione" and McGonagall didn't doubt the expressions of the two siblings whatsoever.

"No" Harry whispered, and he saw tears running down Hermione's face.

"I wish I was lying, but it can not be undone with a wave of a wand" McGonagall said, shaking her head as if she couldn't understand it either.

"I have to do it" said the Auror, speaking for the first time.

"It can't be...it's impossible...I DON'T WANT TO DIE!" Hermione cried against Harry's chest.

"You won't die Harry...we'll find another way...you'll see"

"She has to be killed" the Auror said, and took a step forwards. Milliseconds later he was reeling from a broken nose and had Harry's wand in his face.

"Touch Hermione and I'll kill you" Harry snarled. This caused McGonagall to shift away slightly.

"It has to happen" McGonagall said, "The Auror will do it" she added, waving her wand at the Auror whose nose was fixed.

"No!" Harry said sharply. "At the cost of my soul I can not allow it to happen" he said.

"But you must! My life is such a small price to pay for all the lives you'll save when you finish that bastard!" Hermione said, tears running down her face.

"There has to be another way" Harry said, desperately clutching at paper straws.

"ANOTHER WAY? THERE IS NO OTHER WAY HARRY! PLEASE YOU HAVE TO KILL ME, OR YOU'LL NEVER KILL VOLDEMORT!" his sister pleaded at him.

"I can't..." Harry said, and Hermione walked over and hugged him tightly.

"But you must! My life is such a small price to pay for all the lives you'll save when you finish that monster!" she said quietly. Harry looked into her eyes and saw she was right.

"I'll do it... I'm her family" he said at last. He took the sword from the Auror who protested loudly. Harry simply hit him where it hurts an Auror most. He turned back to see Hermione standing straight, tall and proud of her brother - unafraid of her fate.

"Go for the heart" she said quietly and Harry nodded. He lifted the sword – which was suited to him quite well – and placed it on Hermione chest above her heart.

"I'm sorry" he said, and drove the sword home.

"ARGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH" Hermione screamed in pain as she felt the sword pierce her skin. It went through her heart and everyone felt the destruction of powerful dark magic. Hermione slid backwards off the sword and fell to the ground. Her legs twitched violently and she locked on to the kneeling Harry.

"Tell mummy and daddy that I loved them very much" she said in a whisper. Harry nodded and held his sister as she gave a slight shudder. Not knowing what he was doing, Harry started to sing 'Nobody does it Better' but was only two lines in when Hermione cried out in pain and twitched, shuddered and then sighed as she closed her eyes for the last time.

"Hermione...talk to me Hermione...don't leave me..." Harry said. "Please Herms, open your eyes..." and McGonagall placed a hand on his shoulder.

"She's gone" she said, and Harry suddenly came alive with grief and pain. Every piece of glass in the room exploded in a shower of tiny fragments, and that included the windows. When the storm had cleared, Harry was still on the floor cradling Hermione's still form. Nobody knew what to do with the pair, until Harry silently took the body of his sister up the stairs. McGonagall just watched them vanish and the headmistress looked at the pool of red where Hermione had been, and the trail of blood leading up the steps.

#

Hermione's bed was the only one left in the dorm, and Harry placed her gently on the top. He could see the blood stains where the sword had gone through her, and some of it leaked onto the bedclothes. His mind was numb with the knowledge that he had just killed his sister, even though she herself had urged him to do the deed. Harry reached over and gently brushed some loose strands of hair from Hermione calm and peaceful face. Harry wondered if he would be going to jail for what he did or not. He loved Hermione so much, but all that love had come to nothing. The love Harry felt was more than just brother and sister... it was something else completely different. He wished he could use that love for healing her, but nothing happened... for a few seconds. All of a sudden a strange and golden glow came over both Harry and Hermione, and Harry glanced at the wall of light.

Not her time, yet said a kindly woman's voice. The glow contracted and hovered over Hermione's wounds and then entered them. Harry was frozen to the edge of the bed watching with a mix of fear, awe

and amazement in his head. Then something happened that Harry would never have believed – Hermione's eyes opened wide and with life in them.

"Shit" Harry swore softly.

"Language" Hermione corrected.

"You're alive" Harry stammered.

"Yes" Hermione said.

"But you was dead" Harry said.

"Yes" Hermione said again.

"Shit" Harry swore once more.

"Oh what's the point?" Hermione said, voice like McGonagall trying to stop the Weasley twins.

#

"It is my sad duty to tell you that one student has died as a result of the attack" McGonagall addressed most of the students who had remained after the attack in the great hall. "Miss Hermione Granger died due to a powerful spell and nasty curse" and the doors opened and then shut, but she didn't pay any attention to them. "Her brother was with her when she passed on and died" and then she looked up to see two latecomers walking up and whistling.

"Sure I'm dead?" Hermione asked McGonagall.

"Merlin's beard" the older witch replied, and then fainted.

"Send for Madam Pomfrey!" Harry called out.

A/N:

Well there you go.

To show that Harry has the same feelings as Hermione, I've included a tiny bit towards the end. The two Slytherin girls that join them are there because they can not all be evil – enough said.

If you liked it, then let me know... if you didn't, a team of Aurors will trace you IP code and arrest you... they are already on their way now to your home.

If you spot any references then put it in your review

Reviews and PM's I the normal manner

Regards:

Pixel

Oh I Wish It Could Be Christmas Everyday

or

That Special Moment

Harry and Hermione stuck to each other like glue the week before Christmas. Everywhere that Hermione went, Harry followed her closely as if she would suddenly disappear. Numerous people had tried to get the information on Hermione's death and revival out of her, but Harry would always quickly usher her out of the area. Hermione was amused by this, and often joked that Harry was acting like a jealous boyfriend, and Harry laughed along with her – but didn't dare tell her what he felt for her though. Two days before Christmas, Harry went and knocked on the door of McGonagall's office after thinking for several minutes about walking away.

"Can I help you?" the headmistress asked.

"I was wondering if I could go to Diagon Alley" he said.

"I would say yes, of course, but under the circumstances... I think it would be best for you to remain at Hogwarts" McGonagall said, looking at the first year with calm expression.

"I wanted to get Hermione something special for Christmas" Harry said. "It's just I wanted her to feel special, Professor" he added.

"Harry, the tree in the Gryffindor common room has already been widened twice in two days. I don't think there is much room for anything else" McGonagall smiled.

"It's not a huge present, just something that is small like a book" Harry said, and after gentle persuasion McGonagall agreed to let him go. He made a quick stop at the common room to pick up a small brochure and then left the castle to pick up his escort and board the Knight Bus.

#

Harry loved Diagon Alley a great deal. All the sounds, sights and smells of it made him think of the medieval market places you saw in films and museums. Harry went down the alley and went inside a jewellery shop to speak with the assistant.

"Can I help you?" asked the assistant, and then she did a double take as she saw who she was serving. "You're Harry Potter!" the woman exclaimed.

"That's what it says on my birth certificate" Harry said.

"How can I help you, Mr Potter?" asked the assistant.

"I would like to purchase the following items" Harry said, putting the brochure on the counter top, and began to turn the pages and pointing out things. The assistant was taking some notes on a sheet of parchment, and nodded and Umed a few times to show she was still listening.

"I'll have these ready in half an hour" the assistant said. Harry thanked her and went over the street and into Madam Malkin's shop.

"Hello, Mr Potter" Madam Malkin said. "What can I do for you?" she asked.

"I was wondering if I could buy something" Harry said.

"What would that be?"

"A dress" Harry said.

"For you?" Malkin said surprised.

"For Hermione" Harry said, going very scarlet in the face.

"You have anything in mind?" Malkin asked.

"I was wondering if you still had that dress that she liked" Harry said, and to his surprise, it was still in the shop. Malkin had taken it upon

herself to keep it in the back of the shop as she knew Harry would come to buy it one day.

“Fifty Galleons” Malkin said, and Harry paid for it as well as a few other things for himself. He had somehow managed to convince Hermione that he would not be attending the Yule Ball that would be held on Christmas Eve, and Hermione had therefore decided she would also not attend the ball. The package was wrapped up in silver paper with string tying it together. Harry thanked her once again and tipped her as a Christmas present then left the shop. The snow had gotten a bit thicker so Harry had to be careful how he walked back to the jewellery shop. As promised, the items had been wrapped in silver paper like the dress, and the assistant helped Harry to leave the shop as he was full up with presents.

“Ready to go back?” Tonks asked. She had kept an eye out on the street while Harry was making his purchases.

“Just need to get that crate picked up” Harry said, and he and his escort went into the Leaky Cauldron to pick up the crate from Tom, the bar man. Once they had got it, Tonks called for the Knight Bus and she and Harry journeyed back to Hogwarts. By prearrangement, the Patil twins met him at the school gates to help him with getting the presents into the Gryffindor tower.

“Where did you go?” asked Hermione when the three of them came in.

“I had to go to Diagon Alley and help Padma and Parvati with their shopping” Harry answered, taking the offered mug of hot chocolate.

“But they stayed here all the time you was away” Hermione frowned.

“It’s part of our religion” Padma said, “We have a ceremony during the same time as you have Christmas. The day before, the males of the family go and do the shopping, but our dead aren’t able to do that at the moment. So we opted for Harry” she added.

“Never heard of anything like that before” Hermione said, trying to work out what it might be.

"It is the ancient Hindu observance of 'Keep your nose out'. Sorry!" Parvati said brightly, and Hermione realised she had been got with a joke.

"You fiends!" Hermione protested and hit Harry on the shoulder.

"Actually, they did help me get these up from the gates after I got back from London" Harry said, searching through the pile and selecting one large parcel and one small box. He handed them over to his sister and said they were for her.

"I'll put them under the tree" Hermione said, beaming at his thoughtfulness.

"It's for tonight" Harry said to her.

"Tonight?" asked a confused Hermione, "But the only thing tonight is the..." her voice trailed off as Hermione realised that Harry had planned to not go in the first place, and she would then let it be known that she wouldn't be going either. This had allowed Harry to go to London and buy her the dress she had admired when they had last been there after Dumbledore's trial.

"Open it" Harry said, and Hermione started to open it there and then, but Harry stopped her and told his sister to open it in her dorm room.

"See you in a minute" she said, and Hermione skipped up the stairs and into her dorm.

"I will now do an impression of the space shuttle launching" Harry said. "Ten... Nine... Eight... Seven... Six... we have the wrapping opened... Four... Three... Two... One... annnndddd lift off!" and at that precise moment, a scream came from upstairs and it made several people look up in alarm. Hermione's dorm mates went up to investigate along with Harry and Padma, and discovered Hermione spinning around the room with the gold dress pressed to her front. Gasps of awe and wonder came from the girls as they saw the twirling dress.

“That’s... beautiful” Lavender said.

“I second that” said Parvati.

“I third that, as a non voting member” Padma finished.

“You like it then?” Harry asked, then he felt the impact of a bushy haired brown missile streaking into him.

“It’s wonderful” Hermione said, hugging Harry tightly. Nobody said anything about the display as they knew that the pair were very close to each other.

“Well I better give you the rest of your things now, and get myself ready for the ball then” Harry said, and he managed to leave them dorm without Hermione clinging to him.

#

Harry sat in the common room – wearing a min tuxedo - and waited for Hermione to come downstairs. Most people had gone already, but the Weasley twins had said they would wait behind and walk them to the ball. This was because most Slytherins believed that Harry had caused the whole fight at Hogwarts. Most of the students had been uninjured, and no one had died on the good side. A few had got powerful Dark Curses, but had been sent home to recover and to get rest away from the hustle of the castle. The two exceptions from that house where Astoria Greengrass and Tracy Davis. Harry remembered what had happened a few weeks ago when Draco Malfoy had decided to take a pop at him.

Harry walked into the great hall and sat to eat dinner. Hermione was feeling under the weather so she said she would give it a miss. It was pure coincidence that it was also that time of the month. The minute he had sat down, Harry received dozens of insults from Malfoy about himself and Hermione. When Draco loudly called Hermione a “Mudblood”, Astoria Greengrass leaned over the table and slapped him in the face so loud, it could be heard over the entire hall. Before

McGonagall or the other teachers could react to that, Tori and Tracy stood up from the benches, and very slowly and deliberately removed their robes which contained the Slytherin crest and colours, and placed them on the seats and then both turned and walked to the Gryffindor table.

“HOW DARE YOU?” yelled Malfoy, and he jabbed his wand and hit Tracy in the back with a nasty curse, and the girl went flying into the opposite wall. As one person, the entire Gryffindor table had stood up and brought their wands to bear on Draco. McGonagall had to protect Malfoy from being lynched and he was confined to the Slytherin common room and his dorm for a week for the attack on Tracy. Professor Snape took points off Gryffindor for threatening Malfoy, and Ravenclaw and Hufflepuff had both written formal protests to McGonagall protesting the fact Snape had not taken points off Malfoy for using obscene language.

Harry heard the second little cough and saw that the remaining students in the common room currently looked at the stairs to the girls dormitories. He turned round to see Hermione standing at the bottom of the staircase dressed in the item Harry had got for her. It was a shimmering golden dress which made her look like a princess. The bottom of the dress brushed the floor so it looked like Hermione was gliding over the floor, though this might have been because of the slippers she wore. From her middle to the top, the front of the dress was crossed with silver thread and the neckline didn't show off anything at all – Harry had been certain of that. Harry had enlisted the help of all his female friends in getting Hermione's hair dealt with. It was done up in a fancy style, and to complete the outfit she had two necklaces, some clip on earrings and a small purse. She took Harry's breath away as well as most of the other people in the common room. Harry got up, went over to Hermione and took her hand and kissed it – Hermione giggled.

“Good evening, good lady. Mr Harry James Potter requests the pleasure and honour of escorting Miss Hermione Granger to the Yule Ball” Harry said formally.

“You may, good sir. You may” Hermione replied, blushing at the thought of Harry being so funny and silly about the whole thing. Harry took the whole thing seriously as he wanted Hermione to fit in with the magical world. Hermione held out her arm and Harry put his into hers and they walked out the common room and towards the hall. Fred and George fell into step behind them, and they walked a respectable distance behind the pair. Several threats had been made towards the two Gryffindors, so Harry had arranged for some security. Nobody in their right minds would dare attack Harry and Hermione with those two on sentry duty. It might be excessive, but Harry didn’t want anything to spoil the ball for his sister. They went into the hall which had been transformed into an area for dancing. Some people had started dancing already but most people had sat down at the many tables dotted along the sides of the hall. People stopped what they were doing to look at Harry and Hermione. All the other first year girls looked envious of Hermione and her dress, and she just smiled and smiled and smiled. The two of them went to sit at an empty table with Fred and George moving to the drink and food tables to get something to eat. All the time though, they watched the Slytherins in case they tried to do anything towards Hermione – or Harry for that matter.

“This is lovely” Hermione said, eyes taking everything in.

“And to think that you nearly didn’t go” Harry said, smiling at his sister.

They watched the dancing for a few minutes, and then Harry asked Hermione if she would like to dance. His sister nodded and they took to the floor and started to dance. They glided over the floor effortlessly and with ease, and people looked at how happy they both were. After the song had finished, they both sat down again, but their table had been filled with food and drink – most likely by one or both of the Weasley twins, Harry knew it was one of them. Hermione was partly in a dream with the ball and felt the luckiest girl on the planet. One of the best things was that she was spending it with a really cute and good looking boy. Harry was thinking the same things about Hermione, when he suddenly thought of something and frowned.

“What’s wrong?” asked Hermione.

"I wondered where Tori and Tracy are" he said, frowning again as he looked around the hall for the two Slytherins.

"They said they wouldn't be going. Not with Malfoy here anyway" and Harry went red with rage.

"Stay here" Harry said to Hermione. "Fred? Can you stay with Hermione?" he asked.

"Right" said Fred, and slipped into a chair next to Hermione. Harry left the hall with George following closely behind him – and leaving many confused people. Why had Harry walked out on his sister?

"Where're we going?" George asked Harry.

"First stop is Gryffindor" the first year replied. They entered the common room and found Dean and Seamus sitting playing chess. They had been unable to find someone to go with. "Want to go to the ball?" Harry asked them both.

"Haven't got anything to go in" Seamus said.

"Or to go with" Dean added gloomily.

"George?" Harry asked, and the Weasley twin understood, and withdrew his wand. Seconds later and Dean and Seamus stood in tuxedos, much like Harry's and both thanked George.

"It was nothing" he shrugged.

"And now for part two of your problem" Harry said, and he left the common room again with the other three following. The next place they came to was the Slytherin common room.

"Something wrong?" Tori asked him.

"Just the fact you're not there" Harry pointed out. Although he was with Hermione, Harry didn't forget about his friends.

“Malfoy made sure no one from here would go or dance with us” Tracy said.

“Well it just so happens, that we have two boys here who are in the same sort of problem” Harry said. The two Slytherins and two Gryffindors quickly figured it out, and George waved his wand and transformed their clothes into Tuxedos as well.

“HEY!” protested both girls.

“Sorry about that” George grinned, and did the tuxedos into proper dresses – with all the various things. “Just be back before midnight” he warned them, and explained that the spell was only temporary and lasted just six hours. They all returned to the great hall where Hermione was still trying to figure out what Harry was doing, and when she saw what, the girl just smiled.

“You and your saving thing” she laughed.

“I wasn’t going to let that twit Malfoy shove them around” Harry said, and he paused before taking Hermione’s hand. “Care to dance?” he asked. Hermione nodded and they went and danced and danced. They stopped to have food and drink, and then danced until McGonagall said the ball was over. People left in drips and drabs, and Harry and Hermione was the last to leave – their escort having left first. Harry and Hermione held hands as they walked along the darkened corridors of Hogwarts, the passages lit only by magical lamps.

“Thank you” Hermione said.

“For what?” Harry asked.

“Making me feel like a princess” his sister replied.

“Well it was either that, or let you run around in your knickers after drinking fruit punch” Harry said slyly.

“HARRY!” Hermione said loudly, going bright red and looking round to see if anyone had heard – luckily there was no one around that

they could see. They walked back to the tower, and went inside to see that some people had remained to see Hermione come back – Gryffindor looked after its own. The pair was momentarily confused when the others kept looking at the ceiling. Harry and Hermione glanced upwards to see some Mistletoe stuck up there.

“Ah” Harry said.

“Ah indeed” Hermione said. Harry hesitated before pulling Hermione into his arms, and kissing her gently on the lips. All sound in the Gryffindor common room ceased and everyone looked in dumb amazement at the sight before their eyes. Somebody dropped a drink, but no one did anything about it. Hermione felt herself floating on a cloud of bliss as Harry kissed her, and the only part of her mind that still worked told her that this was pure bliss of the highest kind. After several years, or perhaps just a few seconds, Harry pulled away.

“Nice?” he asked. Most of Hermione’s brain had shut down and it took several moments for her to reply.

“Yes” she whispered.

“I didn’t know how to express it until now, but... I love you” Harry said; never believe that three words could be so hard to say.

“I love you too, Harry” Hermione replied, “I just wasn’t brave enough to say it” she added quietly.

“Not brave?” Harry said, “You sacrificed yourself to stop the spirit of Voldemort from coming back. I SAW you make the choice, Hermione” then he paused for a moment. “You know there should have been fireworks” he finished.

“Mmm” Hermione replied, and Harry pulled her into another sweet and gentle kiss. All of a sudden, screams and bursts of light filled the room as miniature fireworks exploded over the pair.

“Better late than never” Harry shrugged.

#

Harry and Hermione spent Christmas Eve walking round the grounds and just having a good time. They both thought about how the pair would inform their parents, but Hermione had a valid point.

“It’s only incest when you are related... and we’re not” she said, “We adopted you, but you’re not a blood relation” Hermione added, and Harry nodded.

“We’ll go with that then” he said, and kissed Hermione on the cheek. As a response, she kissed him on the lips and started to sing a little song.

“Oh I wish it could be Christmas everyday...” Harry just smiled at his sister and girlfriend. He wouldn’t have changed this for the world. It was so... magical.

A/N:

The moment you are all waiting for... and I hope I did it as sweetly as possible. The only references in this chapter, are for this story only so don’t bother booting Google up!

A few special mentions:

queenofspades19

joemjackson

Miz636

Wulfler

Paladin13

#

Must credit my mother, Mrs Pixel And Stephanie Forever, for this line: They glided over the floor effortlessly and with ease. Good on you mum!

#

I am also banning Edmond O' Donald from reviewing this chapter, as he sent me a few PM's which I felt insulted by. He basically called me brain dead an unintelligent – so I'm banning him.

#

If you have anything you want to know about, then please tell me in the review, or send me a PM.

Regards:

Pixel

A Deadly Snake And A Cowardly Lion

Harry and Hermione spent a happy Christmas Day in each others arms, and each felt lucky to be holding the other. Hermione received a lot of presents and she gave a lot back to Harry. All in all, it was an equally big pile for the both of them. Harry would have settled for just holding hands with Hermione if anyone had asked him. Christmas Day morning was spent in a snowball fight with members of the other houses, and Tori and Tracy came round to join in on Harry and Hermione's side. Dinner came and almost everyone ate in the great hall, though the normal house tables had been arranged so that they sat in a square rather than the normal rows of house tables. Harry, Hermione, Tracy and Tori were among the last to enter, and Harry and Hermione sat down at their converted house table, and then the two Slytherins did the same, sitting protectively in between several tough looking Gryffindors. Draco Malfoy was not pleased, and was deep into planning his next attack.

#

The New Year brought trouble, as Harry found to his distaste one morning in Potions.

"I see you are late" Snape said to a newcomer.

"Sorry, Professor Snape" Ron Weasley said, "Professor McGonagall was giving me some information and stuff" he added.

"Well sit down" Snape said, and the only space left was next to Hermione. Harry and his sister swapped places while Snape continued on to tell the class about making a Forgetfulness Potion. All the times that Snape wasn't nearby, Ron kept whispering bad things, but for Hermione's sake Harry remained silent.

Harry had Quidditch practice three times an evening and Hermione came to see each and every one of them. Harry was the youngest person to play in over 100 years, and the only first year to play ever in over 75 years. Some people protested that Gryffindor was being given special treatment and they did have legitimate grounds for them. Harry didn't bother to listen to most of them, as he had other things

on his mind. He soon made friends with all of the other members of the Gryffindor Quidditch team, and they told him about the 13 year losing streak to Slytherin. Harry and Hermione talked late into the night about it, and the next morning, seven Nimbus 2000 broomsticks came into the hall at breakfast time – a gift from Harry. Harry played freely with some of his money, and the mortgage on the Granger residence paid off in full, paid for a large garage to be built next to the house, and purchased a Leyland Olympian to fill it with. Hermione found this all funny but one thing surprised her a great deal. One Saturday evening a post Owl came towards Hermione and she plucked it out of the air before the Owl could land. It was good that Fred caught her when she nearly fainted from the gigantic shock she'd just received.

Gringotts Bank

London

Dear Miss Granger

As requested by Mr Harry Potter, you are now in possession of legal documents. This will allow you to take control of Mr Potter's money and estates should he die. Please find enclosed the relevant documents

Griphook

"Where's Harry?" Hermione asked weakly. Fred looked round but couldn't see him anywhere.

"I have no idea" he admitted, just at the same time that Hannah and Susan came over to the Gryffindor table.

"Why did we see Harry in company with Draco Malfoy and Ron Weasley?" asked Hannah.

"What?" Hermione said sharply.

"We just passed them near the trophy corridor" Susan said. "Odd thing was that they had their wands out". If Usain Bolt had been

watching, then you would have seen him cry – his record had just been beaten. Hermione broke into a run and departed the hall and rushed to the corridor that the two Hufflepuffs had told her about. She could see the entrance in front of her but was thrown backwards by some kind of barrier. Hermione picked herself up and examined the barrier closely. It was a solid shield of inky blackness that Hermione could not pass through. Neither could any of the group of Hermione's and Harry's friends who had followed Hermione to the corridor.

"What is going on?" asked Neville.

"No idea" Hermione said, and filled some of them in on what she knew. Running feet made her turn to see Astoria come running towards them.

"Thank goodness I found you" she panted.

"Why?" came a collective question.

"Draco and Ron insulted Hermione and her name. They also insulted Hermione's honour by calling her a slut and a tart" Tori had the grace to actually blush while saying the bad words.

"So then what?" Fred asked.

"Harry was challenged to a duel, and he accepted them both at the same time" Tori said.

"What an idiot" Hermione muttered.

#

"Let's get this over with" Harry said simply. He was facing Draco Malfoy and Ron Weasley in the Trophy corridor. As they entered, Harry had the thought that Hermione might come to break this up, and he didn't want her to get hurt. Once through, a solid black wall appeared at both ends and it seemed to be some sort of shield. His two opponents must have known about it as they didn't look too nervous at the unbreakable wall.

“You worried, Potter?” Malfoy asked him.

“No” Harry said and Ron just laughed.

“You should be!” he smirked. “Two wizards against one weakling? This should be a walk in the park” Ron added.

“I might have known the magical world as long as you have, but I can do anything that you can do” Harry told them both.

“I do believe he means to fight us” Malfoy said to his companion.

“Let’s teach the blood traitor some manners” Ron said, and then both began casting spells. Harry took the best option and dived out of the way and the spells only just missed him. He rolled and fired off a leg locker curse at Malfoy which hit his left leg, and the Slytherin was furious.

“Get him” he thundered at Ron.

“Right” the Weasley family member replied, and fired off something while Malfoy did the same. Harry was able to take one but the other one hit him squarely in the chest and sent him flying into the stone wall. Every nerve on Harry’s back complained about the sudden burst of pain they each received, and the boy had to assume that his back might well have been broken. The spell binding Malfoy had worn off – somehow – and both he and Ron looked at Harry.

“You dead?” Malfoy asked, and then was surprised when Harry chuckled and then charged them both.

“AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH” Harry said, and then punched Malfoy to the ground. Ron dived onto him, grabbed his head tightly, and thumped Harry in the back of the head just below the bottom of his skull. Harry instantly went totally limp and was thrown off the top of Draco Malfoy, and the blond boy got up to his feet. He and Ron looked down to see blood pouring out from Harry’s nose and ears.

"Time for us to leave" Malfoy said, noting that the shield was going. They left from the other end just before Hermione and the others came in.

#

"He is in so much trouble" Hermione growled. "I'm going to give him a piece of my mind" she added.

"LOOK!" pointed the Patil twins. Hermione spun to see the shield come down, and she raced in. she didn't see Harry until the girl looked down on the floor.

"Oh shit..." Hermione swore. She rushed to Harry's side and saw the blood flowing from his nose and ears.

"GET POMFREY AND MCGONAGALL!" Fred shouted, and all the followers left to get the nurse and headmistress. Hermione sat on the floor and cradled Harry's head in her lap.

"Can you hear me?" she whispered to him, "Say something Harry" Hermione pleaded with him. She remained like that until Madam Pomfrey came hurrying to the scene. She paled as she saw Harry's state and the nurse got to work pouring something down Harry's neck and then after doing some interesting pieces of magic, she put Harry onto a stretcher and took him away. Hermione watched as they left as she remained to answer McGonagall's questions. The headmistress asked the Weasley twins and Neville to take Hermione back to Gryffindor tower to rest for a while, but Hermione had other ideas.

"That's not the way to go home" Neville said nervously.

"I'm not going back to the tower" Hermione said.

"Then where?" asked the Weasley twins.

"I am going snake hunting" Hermione said grimly, and walked in silence to the Slytherin common room door. She tried to open it, but she was unable to do so.

Give the correct answer the guardian said. Hermione was furious by now, and she snapped.

“GET! OUT! OF! MY! WAY!” and the door exploded into a million tiny pieces, and the Weasleys and Neville looked at each other in stunned silence – Hermione hadn’t drawn her wand at all. Hermione scrambled over the debris and entered the common room with fire in her eyes. The other three stood by the entrance hole as back up to her – assuming she needed it after that performance.

“What do you want?” sneered a Slytherin.

“I want you to shut up” Hermione said, and the Slytherin’s mouth was covered with something that looked like tape. “Now then” she said, “Where is that excuse for a human being, Draco Malfoy?” she asked. Nobody answered her question so Hermione looked herself. She went into the first year boys dorm – after opening the door correctly – and she stormed in to find Malfoy sitting on his bed.

“Get out” he said.

“No!” Hermione said, “YOU GET UP!” she roared and Hermione draw her wand and thought about ropes. With that thought in mind, ropes sprung forth from her wand and tied the blond haired idiot like a trussed up chicken. “You foul and evil piece of humanity” Hermione said to him, and gave him a kick in the ribs – was that a bone breaking?

“You need help?” asked George from the doorway.

“I want to take him to McGonagall” Hermione said.

“I’ll do it” George replied, and the tied up Slytherin floated into the air and left the dorm. After leaving the astonished Slytherins behind them, Hermione, Fred and Neville returned to Gryffindor. They found McGonagall waiting for them, and she had an unreadable facial expression.

“Mr Weasley is in his dorm and refuses to come out” she said, “Madam Pomfrey is working on your brother as we speak” she added, looking at Hermione. Hermione nodded and then looked around to see anger in the faces of all of the Gryffindors present.

“What is going to happen to our brother?” asked Fred.

“I have confined him to the tower for what he has done” McGonagall replied. “But he will not come for me to tell him in person, and the door will not open either” and George smiled.

“Allow us” he grinned, and he looked at his brother. “We can’t use the door, so let us go in through the window” and Fred nodded. They picked up the brooms which they had left in the common room and flew out of the tower. A second later and the pair had reached the window.

“If I point my broom towards the window” Fred said, “Then you can open the window and allow me to zoom right inside” and it sounded a good plan.

“Right” his brother agreed. The two got into position and George opened the window using magic. Fred kicked his Nimbus 2000 into forward flight and raced inside the first year dorm. Ron had turned to see them just in time to be knocked off his feet by Fred on the broom. The two struggled as George came in and unlocked the door to the dorm. It swung open and what seemed like most of Gryffindor came pouring in to lend assistance. No magic was used to subdue a struggling Ronald Weasley – it was a good old fashioned slug fest. With the sheer amount of numbers the resistance was brief and the red haired boy was being held by his arms and legs by pair of students to each extremity. McGonagall swept into the room and looked at Ron.

“Do you have anything to say for yourself?” she asked him.

“I only hope that that dickhead is going to die!” Ron said.

“Shut it” said Dean and shoved a sock into Ron’s mouth.

"Thank you, Mr Thomas" McGonagall said, "Ten points to Gryffindor" and she really meant it. She looked back down at Ron and considered the options of what she could do. "I am suspending you again, but am not saying when or if you may return. An Auror is on the way to escort you to your home. Until that happens, you will be kept under watch by the students holding you" and with that she left the room.

"I am disgusted with you" Percy said, and he left the room with anger and disgust written over his face. Downstairs, Hermione was being comforted by the girls from her dorm plus Astoria Greengrass. McGonagall went over and spoke in low tones to her, and after putting an arm around her, Hermione was led out of the dorm.

"I hope Harry is going to be alright" Neville said.

"I do to" Percy said, and then looked round to see that Fred had appeared nearby.

"We've tied him up" he reported.

"Good" Percy said, and then seemed to consider something. "If Ron resists, you have my permission to shoot him" he added.

"Right" Fred nodded and went to tell the jailers the good news.

#

Hermione went as white as a sheet when she saw Harry lying pathetically on the bed. The blood had stopped pouring from his ears and nose which the girl took to be a good sign, and she asked Pomfrey what she had done.

"I have stopped the bleeding, healed his broken back and done the same for his legs" Pomfrey said.

"I didn't see any break" Hermione said, keeping her eyes on Harry.

"He most likely didn't feel it himself as he was running on adrenalin whilst fighting Misters Malfoy and Weasley" Pomfrey replied.

Hermione speak for a few moments as she tried to come to terms with what had happened.

“Why isn’t he awake?” she asked, “Did you give him a sleeping potion?” and Pomfrey shook her head sadly.

“Whatever I do will not work on him” she told Hermione, “There is only so much I can do with magic potions and spells, but brain injuries are the one thing that I can not heal. Not even a full hospital could do anything” Pomfrey paused, “The only thing I can do is to make Harry comfortable and...” the sentence was left unfinished.

“Harry will get better, I know he will!” Hermione said fiercely.

“I hope that you are right” Pomfrey said, “I hope that you are right”. The nurse returned to her office and Hermione pulled up a chair and held Harry’s hand in her own two hands.

“You’re stupid to have done this” she said through the tears running down her face from her glistening eyes. “Why didn’t you tell a teacher or something?” she asked, and Harry made no answer of course. Being the smart person she was, Hermione knew all about people in comas and she read a book from the Famous Five series – one of his favourite book series. She begged and pleaded with McGonagall to not tell their parents about the incident, and the headmistress agreed. That battle was much easier then the one that she faced with Draco Malfoy’s father.

#

“It is good that you was able to come here so quickly, Mr Malfoy” McGonagall said to the man sat across the desk. Lucius Malfoy was tall with blond hair, dressed in dark robes and had a walking stick type of cane with him. During the Dark War with Voldemort, he had been one of his most loyal followers but escaped justice by saying that Voldemort had placed curses on him which made him do the dark deeds he had been accused of.

“Where my son is involved, I am always quick to respond” Lucius Malfoy said.

“Yes” McGonagall said under her breath. “I hope you understand the seriousness of the allegations your son faces” she said out aloud.

“I understand that Draco got into an argument with another boy” Lucius said calmly.

“He did more then that” McGonagall said, “He helped to severely injure the pupil in question” she added.

“From what I have been told, it was the other pupil’s fault” Malfoy senior said. McGonagall counted to ten in Latvian before answering.

“The boy in question was Harry Potter” she revealed, and Lucius Malfoy’s eyes widened a few millimetres at the news. “And he was only defending the name of a fellow pupil and housemate” McGonagall added. “And if you want to blame anyone, I would blame your son. He has insulted Mr Potter and Miss Granger – the person insulted – since the first day they arrived here. He has constantly used the term ‘Mudblood’ in her presence, and takes every chance to remind her that she is a muggle born witch” and Lucius Malfoy considered options for a moment before replying.

“Perhaps, but that does not excuse the fact Mr Potter attacked my son” he said.

“YOUR SON ATTACKED MR POTTER FIRST, YOU STUPID IDIOT!” McGonagall roared, making several pupils who passed the entrance to the spiral staircase flinch in horror. Minerva McGonagall almost never shouted at anyone at all, not even the Weasley twins. “HARRY POTTER IS LYING IN THE HOSPITAL WING WITH BRAIN DAMAGE AND MIGHT NOT FULLY RECOVER, YOU FLAMMING TWIT!” and McGonagall felt a bit better after that outburst. When Dumbledore had been around, the most either Draco or Ron would get was detention or points deducted – but that had now changed now she was Headmistress.

“I think that you should calm down, Minerva” Lucius said.

“Don’t tell me to calm down” McGonagall spat back. “Your son attacked first, I have had the scene scanned by an Auror, and your son had somebody with him. Although your son didn’t do the worst of the injuries, he was the one who broke Mr Potter’s back. According to the Auror, Mr Potter only used spells that could be learnt from a first year book. The worst he did was to use a leg locking curse. Your son used a banishing spell to slam Mr Potter into a heavy stone wall” McGonagall paused so that she could keep calm.

“What will Draco’s punishment be?” asked Lucius. “Point deduction and detentions for a month?” he added with the air of someone who was confident that he would be winning the argument.

“Right now, your son is in his house dorm and packing his things” the headmistress.

“I beg your pardon” Lucius said, clearly surprised at what she had said.

“You have to do my then just beg to get my pardon, Lucius Malfoy” McGonagall said. “Your son has been suspended from Hogwarts until Mr Potter is awake” and Mr Malfoy was startled by that news. His face turned red with anger, and fury flashed over his sculptured features.

“You can not do that” he hissed, “I’ll go to the governors and appeal” Lucius added, “I’ll do everything in my power to stop Draco from being suspended” and McGonagall rose from her seat dramatically.

“Lucius Malfoy! I do not care if you are the Minister for Magic and have a note from God. Your son has been suspended and you will take him from here at once” McGonagall looked her opponent in the eye and he looked back. “You may leave” she added. Lucius Malfoy left the office promising the woman that she had not heard the last of this.

#

Hermione rose from her bed, showered and dressed in her uniform robes. She was persuaded to eat breakfast by her friends who said it

wouldn't help Harry if she was not eating. After eating something that her friends passed as acceptable, Hermione left to go to the Hospital Wing and see if there was any improvement. When the girl got there, she was surprised to see Seamus sitting next to Harry's bed with his head bowed down as if he was sleeping. She knew he wasn't because he was fiddling with beads on a string and was muttering something in hushed and low tones. Hermione stood off until he had stopped muttering to come near them. Seamus looked round to see Hermione and he stood up to offer her the chair.

"You sure?" she asked, sitting down.

"Yeah" the boy replied, "Been sat down for an hour and a half" Seamus added.

"What were you doing just now?" Hermione asked Seamus. The boy hesitated for a moment before answering.

"I'm muggle born" he said, "Dad's a wizard and apparently it took her a fair bit to get over the whole burn at the stake thing" Seamus shrugged. "My mother is a member of the Catholic church, and goes every Sunday for mass and everything. I wasn't into that sort of thing, but she gave me this before I left home for here" and he showed her some prayer beads. "I just left them in my trunk but after finding out about Harry, I thought that it couldn't hurt to try a little prayer" and Hermione was stunned at his thoughtfulness.

"What was you muttering?" she asked.

"Last Rites" Seamus answered, "And before you say it, it can help to heal wounds as well what it is normally associated with" and Hermione hugged Seamus.

"Thank you" she whispered.

"Save it for Harry" Seamus replied, and Hermione giggled for a moment. After a minute or so, Seamus left to go to get the last bit of breakfast that might be left, and Hermione held Harry's hand in her own hands and talked to him about the upcoming match that he was supposed to be playing in later that month. A little while before

lessons began, Madam Pomfrey had to tear her away from her brother and boyfriend and tell her to go to lessons. At that day she thought about Harry and hoped that he would get better soon. Hermione also hoped that Harry's brain had not sustained any damage or at least be able to heal if it had.

#

"What happened?" Harry asked, eyes snapping open wide.

A/N:

Another exciting chapter for you to enjoy, and I hope that you liked it very much.

References: there are at least two references to the first film embedded somewhere in this chapter... see if you can spot them! There is also a reference to the TV film "Hornblower" which might be a bit harder. The last reference is from the book Star Trek: Doctor's Orders. This has been modified to fit the wizarding world, but it still works well enough I think.

#

A lot of things happen here that have turned this story round on its head, and I hope you liked it. McGonagall is more vocal now that she is headmistress and I always thought that Dumbledore held her back from punishing some students for whatever reason. Now she is in charge, she do the right thing!

The chapter title might confuse some people and that is understandable. The deadly snake is of course Malfoy, and the cowardly lion is Ron. The cowardly lion is because a lion attacks face to face with its enemies but Ron hits Harry from behind. The lion and snake are the symbols of Gryffindor and Slytherin.

Mentions:

I didn't thank the following two people for reviews.

Goldernfightergirl – 100th review

Paladin13 – 200th review

Sorry for not noting the pair of you. To make up for that error, here is a special pass to let you see Gryffindor V Slytherin.

If you liked it, then thank you. If not, then I put the curse of Mary Malone and her nine blind orphan children on you!

Reviews and PM's in the normal manner

Regards:

Pixel

Punishments, Disobedience and Quidditch

There was a knock on the door of the charms classroom, and Flitwick squeaked loudly for whoever it was to enter. A first year student that Hermione didn't recognise entered and stood just inside the room.

"I have a message for Hermione Granger" the boy said. Hermione went still and held onto the edge of the desk – knuckles white with fear.

"What is it?" Flitwick asked, hoping it wasn't bad.

"Harry Potter has woken up and is asking to see her" the boy said, relief in his voice.

"Miss Granger? You may go to the hospi..." Flitwick stopped as he saw that Hermione wasn't there anymore.

"Thanks Professor..." Hermione's voice came into the room as she raced along the corridor. There was silence for a few moments, until the first year spoke again.

"If it isn't too much trouble, may I please get off the ceiling?" he asked. The class and Flitwick looked up to see that on her way out, Hermione had bumped into the first year and accidental magic had occurred. He was now sitting upside down on the ceiling, and Flitwick floated him down back to the floor. The first year thanked the tiny professor, and left muttering something about crazy Gryffindors. Flitwick looked at the class which seemed to have taken on a new life after hearing the news of Harry's awakening. Before, they had been very subdued and there had been the air of extremely unhappy people. The tiny Professor took out his wand and waved it at the large clock that was in the corner of the classroom. The hands on the clock face moved round on their own until it showed the time as being 1 hour and 27 minutes later than what it had previously displayed.

"Well what do you know?" Flitwick said lightly, "Class dismissed!"

#

Hermione felt an impact but paid no heed to it as she rocketed out of the classroom and along corridors to the Hospital Wing. Those people that she encountered wisely moved out of her way and let her pass them by. The girl had to slow down or else she would have flown right through the Hospital Wing and out the window on the far wall. Hermione saw Harry sitting up in bed and looking at her with a strained look.

"Hermione?" he asked.

"HARRY!" Hermione said happily, and she raced to his bedside and hugged him. "You stupid idiot" she added, burying her face into his shoulder.

"I didn't want you to get hurt" Harry said, and Hermione pulled away from him.

"You don't have to keep defending me all the time" his sister accused.

"I know" Harry said. Harry would have said more, but McGonagall came in and came over to the pair.

"I'm glad to see you are awake at last" she said, "Some people have been worried about you" the Professor added, glancing at Hermione. When she looked back at Harry, her face was in what he called 'Serious Mode'. "I have to ask you what you can remember of the attack" McGonagall said. Harry frowned in thought, and then looked at her.

"I can't remember" he said at last.

"Nothing at all?" McGonagall asked.

"I can remember going into the trophy room, and then the next thing is waking up here" Harry replied.

"I was hoping that you could remember what happened to you, as it would help for me to decide upon the most appropriate punishments for Misters Malfoy and Weasley" McGonagall said. "Of course as the

victim, you get a say in that punishment” she added, and went on to explain about the laws regarding cases such as Harry’s.

“If only there was a way to see” Hermione said faintly.

“There is” McGonagall said. “I assume that you are familiar with the principles of a Pensive?” she asked.

“Yes, Professor” the pair said at the same time. Though the normal first year would not know about them, Harry and Hermione had read all about them in the books they had got before starting at Hogwarts. McGonagall explained that the memories had to be shown in a proper manner. Harry was silent for a long time before he spoke.

“Can I see the memories now?” he asked.

“Of course” McGonagall replied. She happened to have a Pensive with her, something Dumbledore had left before getting sacked, and she did the necessary things. The memories made for some interesting viewing, and Hermione was in tears when they came out of the Pensive.

“Oh Harry...” she sobbed.

“This proves that you didn’t start the fight” McGonagall said. Harry nodded, but remained silent for a long time before speaking again.

“Can I see an Auror please, Professor?” he asked.

“Of course” McGonagall said, moving to arrange for one, “But why?” she enquired. Harry whispered something to Hermione before turning back to the headmistress. With wisdom that much older people had, Harry spoke to the professor calmly and with Hermione holding his hand for support.

#

“I would to thank you for coming when I asked” McGonagall said.

“We came as soon as we got the letter” said a tall red haired woman.

"Before we start, what is she doing here?" asked a red haired man, pointing at Hermione who was sat apart from the red heads.

"Miss Granger is representing Mr Potter who is unable to attend this meeting" McGonagall said simply. "I'll start with what happened" she added and McGonagall started to explain what had happened to Harry. When she was finished, the red haired woman spoke.

"If Harry Potter could not remember what happened to him, then why is Ron suspended?" she asked.

"Because I have seen his memories" McGonagall replied, "And let me tell you, Molly, that it is shocking to say the least" and McGonagall looked at Hermione who simply nodded. The headmistress tapped her wand and they all entered Harry's memory of the attack.

#

"Let's get this over with" Harry said simply. He was facing Draco Malfoy and Ron Weasley in the Trophy corridor. As they entered, Harry had the thought that Hermione might come to break this up, and he didn't want her to get hurt. Once through, a solid black wall appeared at both ends and it seemed to be some sort of shield. His two opponents must have known about it as they didn't look too nervous at the unbreakable wall.

"You worried, Potter?" Malfoy asked him.

"No" Harry said and Ron just laughed.

"You should be!" he smirked. "Two wizards against one weakling? This should be a walk in the park" Ron added.

"I might have known the magical world as long as you have, but I can do anything that you can do" Harry told them both.

"I do believe he means to fight us" Malfoy said to his companion.

“Let’s teach the blood traitor some manners” Ron said, and then both began casting spells. Harry took the best option and dived out of the way and the spells only just missed him. He rolled and fired off a leg locker curse at Malfoy which hit his left leg, and the Slytherin was furious.

“Get him” he thundered at Ron.

“Right” the Weasley family member replied, and fired off something while Malfoy did the same. Harry was able to take one but the other one hit him squarely in the chest and sent him flying into the stone wall. Every nerve on Harry’s back complained about the sudden burst of pain they each received, and the boy had to assume that his back might well have been broken. The spell binding Malfoy had worn off – somehow – and both he and Ron looked at Harry.

“You dead?” Malfoy asked, and then was surprised when Harry chuckled and then charged them both.

“AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH” Harry said, and then punched Malfoy to the ground. Ron dived onto him, grabbed his head tightly, and thumped Harry in the back of the head just below the bottom of his skull. It was at this point that the view went blank and they felt themselves leaving the memory.

#

Once out of the Pensive, the two older red heads looked at Ron. Even though they had not seen him, it was clear that Ron had done the punching to the skull. Pomfrey had been able to tell from the marks on Harry’s neck and from the trace evidence of the trauma left on the spine and surrounding area.

“How could you?” asked the male red head. “We brought you up to be better than that!” he said.

“He started it” Ron protested.

"I don't care" said his father, "We told you that we had to stay out of the news because of the fact we supported Dumbledore. This family can not afford the bad press!" he said, raising his voice to Ron.

"What will happen to Ron?" asked Molly Weasley. "Will he be taught on his own and away from other children?" she further questioned.

"No" McGonagall said.

"No?" repeated a puzzled Arthur Weasley.

"That would not help in any way" Hermione said, speaking for the second time so far, "It would still let him mix with students and give him chance to attack either myself and or Harry" she finished.

"Then what?" asked Molly.

"I asked you to come because I thought it would be decent to tell you face to face" McGonagall replied.

"Tell us what?" Arthur said, not liking the sound of what was going to be said.

"I am expelling Ron from Hogwarts" McGonagall said, and the faces of all three Weasleys dropped like stones off a tall building.

"WHAT?" they all said at the same time.

"He has been warned too many times, and told not to do anything to Mr Potter" McGonagall said. "He ignored those warnings, and caused severe damage to Mr Potter which nearly killed him. It was only due to the skills of Poppy Pomfrey that he was able to survive" and before anyone could do anything, Ron was up on his feet and blasted Hermione off her chair and into McGonagall's desk.

"EXPELLIARMUS!" Harry yelled, dropping the Invisibility Cloak, and making Ron's wand flew high into the air. Harry and Hermione had been practicing that spell for some time as they thought it might be useful should someone attack them.

“Accio” Molly said, and the wand flew into her hand, and she put it into her pocket.

“Are you alright?” Harry asked, and saw the bruise form on Hermione’s head.

“More or less” she groaned. There was a knock at the door, and it opened to reveal Nymphadora Tonks in full Auror garb, and the young woman entered and stood next to Harry and Hermione.

“Hello” she stiffly – she was on duty after all. Harry helped Hermione to her feet before looking at Tonks. He had to think calmly and deeply before speaking to her as he had never had to be so formal before in his entire life. Before he could say anything though, Hermione beat him to the mark.

“Auror Tonks. I would like to arrest Ron Weasley on the charge of the attempted murder of Harry James Potter” she said, and the Weasleys looked horrified as Tonks swiftly put handcuffs on Ron.

“I wish to charge him with the unprovoked attack of Hermione Jane Granger” Harry said. Tonks nodded and dragged Ron out of the room with the older Weasleys following. As soon as they left, Harry collapsed into an armchair. The strain of standing for so long had left him feeling weak and dizzy. Without argument, he returned to the care of Madam Pomfrey. He had wanted to see that justice was done, and now he had, it was time for him to get more treatment for his injuries. Even though he had been healed by Pomfrey, he still had a bit of memory loss, and the nurse was giving him potions that would help him to recover fully. The nurse told him that he would have to stay in for the next three days, and that meant that he would be unable to have a part in the upcoming Quidditch match.

While Ron was being transported to the Ministry to await trial, at a manor in the midlands, Aurors popped into view and entered the house. They found their target in the study reading some old texts on magical attacks and barely legal curses.

“Draco Malfoy. You are under arrest for the assault and the attempted murder of Harry James Potter” the leader said. All the Aurors here

wore masks on the orders of Madam Bones. This was because she feared Lucius would have his evil associates track and kill the Aurors who would be arresting his son – she had known it to have happened before with Malfoy Snr.

#

Harry was sat up in his hospital bed and talking with Hermione. His getting up too early had caused him to be dizzy, and so he remained in the bed. Although he felt alright himself, Pomfrey wanted to keep Harry in for another day to be on the safe side. Harry could hear the crowd's buzzing from the Hospital Wing if he listened hard enough. To her credit, Hermione had decided to not attend the match and the pair talked and held hands. The girl could tell however that Harry was frustrated by staying in bed. He had never liked hospitals that much ever since he had been in and out of one for a year following his abandonment by the Dursleys. The rest of the Quidditch team had come early to see him and Harry had wished them luck, but Hermione could tell that he was bored. She got up and made a check of the Hospital Wing, but Pomfrey wasn't there at all. Harry's bushy haired sister and girlfriend came back over and pulled the covers off the bed which confused Harry.

"Come on" she said, looking at her watch.

"Huh?" Harry said.

"Do you want to stay here all day and be bored? Or would you rather get and there and play this Quidditch game?" Hermione questioned. She helped him out of bed and put an arm around her shoulders and assisted him in walking back up to Gryffindor tower. Nobody was in the tower as the entire house had gone to the match. Hermione got Harry up to his dorm room and over to his bed. Harry sat down while she opened his trunk and pulled out his Quidditch robes and tossed them over to him.

"I'm not going to be ready in time" Harry said, as he unscrewed them.

"You will with my help" Hermione said, then giggled as Harry had paused after undoing the buttons on his Pyjamas.

“Err...” Harry said.

“I promise not to jump you” Hermione promised, then an evil grin worthy of the Weasley twins flashed over her face, “I’m going to see you naked anyway” she added with a wink to him.

“HERMIONE!” Harry said in a loud whisper.

“Sorry” she apologised, and Harry agreed to let her help him undress and get ready for Quidditch. Harry found that he didn’t mind Hermione undressing him and seeing him almost naked – a funny sensation passing through him - though he had hoped it wouldn’t be for a few more years. Once dressed, the pair went back downstairs and eventually left the castle and went to Quidditch pitch with Harry’s broom under his arm. The stadium was already packed with students, staff and visitors and Harry was only just able to slip into the correct dressing room before being spotted.

“Harry?” asked a startled Oliver Wood.

“Don’t say it” Harry interrupted, “I’m sick and tired of being in hospitals. After what I went through, it is understandable after all” and Oliver agreed.

“I thought you couldn’t stand up” he said.

“The broomstick is flown from the seated position” Harry pointed out, and then turned to Hermione. “You better go and get a seat” he told her.

“There’s no time” Fred said. He and the rest of the team gave Harry a welcome hug and then mounted their brooms.

“You can watch from here” George said to Hermione, but Harry shook his head and told Hermione to climb on behind him and to hold on tight round his middle.

“I’ll give you a lift” he said as the doors opened.

"Lets go" Wood said. Harry was about to fly with the rest until he remembered something.

"Whoa!" he said, and everyone turned to see Harry dig into his robe pocket and pull out half a teddy bear Forever Friends necklace. He placed it round his neck and fastened it with Hermione's help. "Couldn't go without that on" he explained to his team. They understood his meaning as Harry never went anywhere without it on – even in the shower it was round his neck. Harry – and Hermione – was the last to come out, and this let him hear the back end of the Slytherin team being read out and the full Gryffindor team. He was fairly certain the voice was Lee Jordan – friend of the Weasley Twins.

"Here comes the Gryffindor team. Captain: Oliver wood, Beaters: Fred and George Weasley, Chasers: Katie Bell, Angelina Johnson and Alicia Spinnet! Their seeker, Harry Potter, will not be playing this match" Lee said, and Harry snorted.

"He clearly doesn't know" he said to Hermione.

"Lets go" Hermione said.

"Right" replied her brother, and he turned his attention to the broom. He made the broom rise off the ground so it hovered in the air and he turned it slightly to face the doors properly. "N7242C on Runway 019, you are number one on the runway. Permission granted to take off" he said imitating an Air Traffic Controller, and Harry put the broom into forward flight and zoomed out of the changing room. The reaction of the crowd was a moment of complete silence before Gryffindor, Hufflepuff and Ravenclaw erupted into cheers and shouts of joy. Harry searched out the closest Gryffindors and flew over, pulling up next to the stands.

"Let me help" Dean said, and he and Seamus helped Hermione to get off. Just as he was about to pull away, Seamus took Harry's arm and pulled him over so his head was out of the view of the rest of the stadium.

"Drink" he said, and revealed a bottle with a straw. Harry took a quick mouthful and then straitened up and then with a wave to Hermione,

he drifted over to the middle of the pitch. Harry now felt full of energy after the drink, and he assumed that someone had swiped a Pepper Up Potion in case Harry did sneak out and join the game after all.

"Not late am I?" he asked Madam Hooch, the flying instructor and Quidditch referee for Hogwarts.

"I was told you wouldn't be playing" she said.

"You heard that wrong" Harry said, "What they should have said was I couldn't wait to get playing" and Harry smiled before Hooch shook her head and gave instructions to the team. They took up starting positions as Hooch went down to the ground and opened the chest containing the Quidditch balls.

"The Bludgers are released, followed by the snitch" Lee called out using something Harry couldn't think of or see. "Remember that the snitch is worth 150 points, and that it finishes the game" and Hooch threw a red coloured ball into the air. "The Snitch is released, and the game begins" and all hell was let loose on the Quidditch pitch.

Harry made the sensible choice and went ballistic and flew 10 feet above the main part of the game. All the time he kept an eye out for the Snitch as he hovered above the stadium, and Harry watched as the Slytherins took an early lead. Gryffindor re-grouped and countered the Slytherins and within 30 seconds, Gryffindor had gained 10 points as well. Harry spared a glance down to the stands and saw Hermione waving to him, and he waved back. The game was intense with neither team being more than 20 points into the lead. After a while, it seemed that Slytherin now had a new tactic which was stopping Gryffindor from scoring. Slytherin would leave a chaser and a beater in front of the goal which gave the Slytherin keeper more hands to work with. Harry's mind looked at the situation and then came up with a plan, and so he turned the broom round and kicked it into speed. The broom rocketed through the air and he kept it on course for the Slytherin goal. Katie Bell, who had the quaffle at the time, understood what Harry was doing, and she kept her own Nimbus 2000 behind Harry's. The sight of a Nimbus 2000 coming towards them was a terrible sight and the Slytherins scattered and Katie chunked the ball through the open goal. Gryffindor cheered and

the came round to congratulate Katie on scoring, but didn't notice the Slytherin keeper take a bat from his own beater and send a bludger screaming towards Katie. It hit her in the head and she fell off her broom and plunged towards the ground. Harry, Fred and George all sped downwards and managed to stop the girl from hitting the ground.

"It was an accident!" said the keeper, Marcus Flint.

"The only accident was your mother not keeping her legs shut the night you were conceived!" Hooch said, and Flint backed off a little. "I've seen dirty tactics in my time, but never something like that" the woman thundered. "I'm sending you off for what you just did" Hooch said, calming down.

"How long for?" Flint asked.

"Until the game finishes" Hooch said, and Flint reluctantly flew down and returned to the Slytherin changing rooms.

"You alright?" Harry asked Katie.

"I think so" Katie replied, "I'm just seeing three broomsticks" she added. The twins looked at each other and shrugged.

"Go for the one in the middle" Harry suggested.

"No need" Katie said at last, I think I was just fazed for a moment" and Katie got up and mounted her broom and rose into the air. Hooch came over and asked if Katie was fit to continue playing and the girl replied with a yes. The game restarted with a vengeful Gryffindor out to win the game.

#

"You dare to come here?" sneered a Slytherin. Hermione turned round to see Draco's goons – Crabbe and Goyle with Pansy Parkinson.

"Really?" Hermione said.

"Really" Pansy said.

"I see the squib is here as well" Goyle said, pointing at Neville.

"I'm worth 12 of you" Neville said calmly, though inside it was a different matter altogether.

"Is that so?" Pansy said with sarcastic wonder in her voice. Hermione was scanning the air with the aid of Dean's binoculars and she spotted Harry. As she watched, Harry put his broom into a steep dive and raced towards the ground.

"THERE!" she shouted, and Hermione and her friends looked to see Harry going after the Snitch with the Slytherin keeper in hot pursuit.

"It looks like Potter has found you mudbloods a way back home, and the squib the chance to get some brains for once" Pansy said. Seamus and Dean climbed over the backs of their seats and started fighting with the three Slytherins. Neville hesitated and then vaulted over and hit Parkinson in the jaw and joined in the fight.

#

"Must go faster, must go faster, must go faster" Harry chanted and the broom seemed to gain an extra bit of speed and Harry leaned over and brushed the snitch with his finger tips. A split second later he was holding it in his hands, but the Slytherin seeker jerked Harry's broom so that he fell off and hit the ground rolling. Harry tumbled and then landed on all fours. He thought he was going to be sick and he coughed out the snitch onto the grass where he pinned it down with his hand.

"HARRY POTTER WINS THE GAME FOR GYRFFINDOR" Lee Jordan announced happily. "HARRY POTTER CAPTURES THE SNITCH AND THE GAME IS OVER! GRYFFINDOR 220 TO SLYTHERIN'S 90" and cheers went even louder as the news of Slytherin's destruction was broadcast.

"HE DIDN'T CATCH HE, HE SWALLOWED IT!" protested the Slytherin seeker.

"He caught it" Hooch said simply, and floated down to the ground.

"He won" Hermione cried out and hugged Parvati who was stood in front of her, not noticing the fists that were Dean, Seamus, Neville, Goyle, Crabbe and Parkinson.

#

After Harry had got showered and changed, he returned to Gryffindor tower where he was toasted as the hero of the moment. McGonagall came in though and asked if she could have a word with him.

"I was under the impression that Madam Pomfrey had told you to remain in the Hospital Wing" McGonagall said.

"Yes, Professor" Harry said, "Sorry, Professor" and he looked down at his feet.

"I'm going to give you a detention for not doing what she said" McGonagall informed him, "But I will not take points off though. I would never say something about a fellow teacher to a pupil, but I merely comment aloud how I was pleased to see that bloody smirk wiped off Severus Snape's face" and Harry's face lit up in a grin.

"When will I be doing my detention?" he asked.

"You will get a note tomorrow concerning the detention" McGonagall said. Harry was about to go back inside the common room when he turned round and asked the headmistress if she would like to come in and celebrate with them.

"You are our Head of House" Harry pointed out. McGonagall was fazed for a moment as she didn't expect to be invited after just giving him a detention.

"I would be delighted" McGonagall said, and she followed Harry inside. The Gryffindors welcomed their house head into the celebrations, and Harry and Hermione plus other muggleborns burst into a song to the tune of "Hail To The Chief"

Hail to McGonagall

She's the best Head of House

She picked a seeker

Who is our currant hero

.

Hail to the Chief

She's the queen of all the Gryffindors

She watched over us as

We defeated Slytherin.

.

Hail to McGonagall

She's the best Head of House

We are all so proud of her

She is so much better

Then old Professor Snape!

Applause came from the rest of the room as Harry and the Gryffindor singers took a bow – McGonagall had retrieved a small embroidered handkerchief and dabbed at the corner of her eyes. She knew that the Gryffindors respected her a great deal , but she had never known exactly how much they all liked her.

A/N:

So Harry is awake and doing well – so much that he plays in the Quidditch game anyway!

Ron and Draco are both facing trial for the attempted murder of Harry, and I hope that clears up why I didn't show that much of a punishment to the pair of them. (joemjackson... I'm speaking directly to you)

I would like to say that with regards to what Seamus did in the previous chapter, I was not making fun of Catholics – I was just saying that Seamus is Harry's friend, and he thought that it couldn't harm Harry if he tried it.

Now I know what I said to some people about Sirius Black appearing in this chapter, but I decided to put him back 1 – 2 chapters as I have to place Harry back in the normal timeline of things regarding the Stone and Voldemort.... But I promise that he will be appearing soon.

If you spot any references in this chapter, then please let me know about them – let's see how many you can get. The references are from films and songs – so start looking.

Note: This is also the longest chapter in the fic so far.

Reviews and Pm's in the normal manner

Regards:

Pixel

The Lord God of Fanfic Writing.

Severus Snape Sacked!

Harry woke the next morning and stretched before doing anything else, almost hitting a photo album marked "Harry Potter True Friends". After getting the kinks out of his arms and legs, the boy got up and readied himself for the day. Rumours concerning Ron Weasley being escorted from the castle under arrest had spread through the castle, and people had bombarded the Weasley twins for information. They had refused to speak as firmly as they had firmly refused to leave the castle. Molly had had a full length slugging match with the pair in the entrance hall when they refused to go with her – Percy obeying without question.

#

"I am your mother" Molly said to them, "And as such, you will come with me. We are withdrawing you from Hogwarts until Ron is cleared" she added.

"We will not. We are staying here" Fred said.

"YOU ARE NOT!" Molly screamed.

"Yes we are, mother" George replied. "We saw what Ron did both while we watched, and in memories. It is my intention to testify against our brother at the trial" he finished.

"That goes for me too" Fred agreed, "And after what you and father did in supporting Dumbledore... well it's a miracle that Harry and Hermione still speak to us" he gave his mother a look that was universally known.

"If you won't come willingly..." Molly said, and went for her wand.

"I wouldn't do that" said a voice, and Molly turned to see Harry Potter looking at her.

"You've caused enough trouble" Molly said, and pulled her wand out at Harry. She fired off a spell that made Harry drop and it missed him – the spell spending itself on a wall. As a response, Harry merely hit

Molly with an Accio spell which he cancelled at once – the effect being she fell down. The fact that Molly Weasley had attacked a child with no reason – Harry not drawing his wand until after the woman had attacked him, decided the situation for the twins. Even as Molly cast another spell which bundled Harry in thick ropes, both twins relieved Molly of her wand. McGonagall had arrived at this point and ordered Molly off the school grounds.

“Do not come here unless it is because I have summoned you” the headmistress said. Molly picked up her fallen wand, and looked at the twins who stood with wands still drawn.

“YOU ARE NO LONGER PART OF THIS FAMILY!” she yelled, and stormed out the castle in a total rage. The twins looked shocked at this, and both fell heavily onto the stone floor.

“What did she mean by that?” asked Harry, getting up and dusting himself down.

“It means that both Fred and George Weasley have been cast out of their family home and also that they are no longer entitled to anything which concerns the Weasley family” McGonagall said, answering for the pair. Harry looked at the retreating figure of Molly Weasley.

“So what happens now?” he asked.

“Both of them are more than welcome to stay at Hogwarts over the holidays until Molly and Arthur come to their senses” McGonagall said, then looked at the twins again. “Perhaps you better take them back to Gryffindor” the headmistress added, and she left to go to her office.

#

After Harry had showered and dressed, he met Hermione downstairs and the pair went down to have some breakfast. Hermione was going over their timetables for the day, and checking that they had the correct books in their bags.

“Post” Harry said, and he was right for many different Owls came down from the ceiling and found either their owners, or the addressees for the letters, parcels and the such. A school owl came down and delivered a small card to Harry which he read.

Dear Mr Potter

You will serve your detention with Hagrid tonight. Please go to Mr Filch’s office so he can take you to Hagrid at 7PM tonight.

Prof M. McGonagall

“You going to be alright?” Hermione asked him.

“Unless Hagrid offers me a rock cake, then I should be fine” Harry joked. Lessons went well until they had Potions with Snape. With Malfoy gone and under arrest, Pansy Parkinson seemed to be filling in for the detained Slytherin and she and the other Slytherins gave Harry and Hermione a hard time.

“Professor?” Hermione said, putting up her hand, “Pansy just put bat wings into my cauldron again” she told Snape, but Snape turned and gave points to Pansy.

“And I’ll have none of you tale telling again, Miss Granger. By all rights, you should not even be here” he sniped at her. Harry had had enough, and got up from his seat and headed towards the classroom door.

“I’m going to see McGonagall” he said loudly, but Snape ordered him to return to his seat.

“And fifty points from Gryffindor, for your rudeness” he said.

“The only person being rude is you, sir” Harry said, turning back to face the Potions teacher. “Hermione only made a valid complaint against Pansy, and you award her house points for it? I wonder sir, could you tell us how you graduated from Teacher Training?” and the Gryffindors plus Tracy and Astoria burst into fits of laughter – the two Slytherin girls sitting inside the Gryffindor section.

"Fifty points and detention, Potter! Now sit down or we'll make it a full week of them" Snape spat back.

"I am going to get Professor McGonagall" Harry said, and he started to leave the classroom once again.

"You leave me with no choice" Snape said, and went for his wand.

"You're a teacher!" Hermione said, "You shouldn't go for Harry... he hasn't done anything to you. You're just picking on me and him" she added.

"I've had enough of you – bloody insufferable know-it-all Mudblood!" Snape snapped and he pointed his wand at Hermione and muttered something. The spell shot from his wand and the girl went flying out of the classroom and slammed into the stone wall in the corridor outside. Harry turned in time to see a screaming Hermione slam against it, and he rushed to her side.

"You bastard!" Dean swore, and he and Seamus vaulted over the desk and floored Snape. The Slytherins tried to come to their Head of House's defence, but every other Gryffindor first year's wand came to bear on the snakes. What was also noted by the Gryffindors was that Tracy and Astoria stood with them. Parvati and Lavender went over to Hermione as Harry held her in his arms.

"Get off" Snape said, and he threw Dean and Seamus off him with a repulsing shield charm. The greasy haired teacher looked as if he was going to curse them, and he was accordingly hit with the leg locking curse and then bound and gagged by tying him up with scarves. The sound of tiny footsteps rushing made Harry look up to see Flitwick coming towards him.

"What is the meaning of all of this?" he asked.

"Professor Snape ignored everything that the Slytherins did to Harry and Hermione, sir" Lavender said.

"I can not believe it" Flitwick said.

"It's true, Professor" Harry said, and then explained that Hermione had been blasted out of the classroom.

"I'm going to have a word with Professor Snape" Flitwick said, and he went in the classroom to see all the Slytherins up against a wall and being held at wandpoint by the Gryffindors, Tracy and Astoria. The wands sat in a large pile on top of a desk. As for Snape, he was tied to his chair and still gagged. The whole scene looked liked something from a BDSM magazine more then anything.

"What is happening?" Flitwick demanded of them all.

"Professor Snape attacked Hermione after Harry went to report him to McGonagall" Dean said. "He insulted her after Pansy Parkinson messed around with the potion that she and Harry was working on" the boy added. Flitwick looked behind himself to see that Hermione wasn't moving.

"I want someone to get Madam Pomfrey here at once" the tiny wizard said, and Seamus nodded and ran from the room – smiling at the permission that Flitwick gave him to run through the corridors.

"It's not true!" Pansy wailed from the side of the classroom.

"BE SILENT!" Flitwick said shrilly, and Pansy was quiet. "All I see is Miss Granger in the corridor, and she isn't moving. I see a group of very angry Gryffindors pointing wands at disarmed Slytherins... now you tell me, Miss Parkinson, what your version is" Flitwick said.

"I dropped some batwings by accident in to Granger's cauldron" Pansy said, and the other Slytherins nodded agreement.

"And what did Professor Snape do?" Flitwick enquired.

"Granger made up lies about me, and Professor Snape took points away for it" Pansy said, and the Slytherins nodded again.

"I do not understand what has been going on here, not do I pretend to" Flitwick said, "But I want you all to calm down and I want you to

lower your wands” and it was with reluctance that the instruction was complied with. Running footsteps announced the arrival of Pomfrey and Seamus with McGonagall bringing up the rear. Pomfrey set to work as McGonagall was informed about what was going on. The Slytherins protested loudly that it was all a set up, and Harry felt there was only one other way.

“Professor McGonagall? I demand that I be administered truth serum to prove that Professor Snape attacked Hermione” and McGonagall saw that he was serious.

“I’m afraid that I can not allow that” she said, but Harry looked her right in the eyes.

“Hermione’s honour has been breached and slurped upon... I demand it as is my right as a member of her family” and Harry’s eyes blazed so much that McGonagall took a step backwards away from him.

“Very well” she said at last, and Harry sat on the nearest seat and a short while later was administered the potion. His eyes glazed over, and McGonagall began the questions.

#

Harry was administered the antidote, and McGonagall was as white as a sheet. Although Harry had not seen Snape cast the spell it was clear that Hermione had been attacked, and this didn’t take into account that all the Gryffindors plus both Tracy and Astoria stated that they were willing to undergo what Harry had done. Neville also told McGonagall that he would not go to another Potions lesson if Snape was teaching – a sentiment shared by almost all the class.

“I’m taking Miss Granger to the Hospital Wing” Pomfrey said, and Harry followed her without asking McGonagall’s permission. The headmistress sighed, and then flicked her wand at Snape whose bindings came undone.

“Severus... I am afraid that I can not tolerate your behaviour towards students anymore, and so I am going to have to ask for your resignation” and Snape’s face dropped almost through the floor.

"I must protest!" he spluttered, "Professor Dumbledore..."

"ALBUS DUMBLDORE IS NOT IN CHARGE HERE ANYMORE!" McGonagall yelled at him. She turned to look at her college. "Filius, would please escort Severus to his rooms and ensure that he leaves the castle?" and the tiny wizard jumped to the task.

"What will we do?" asked Seamus to McGonagall.

"First of all, every Slytherin First Year is suspended for the rest of the day" McGonagall said, and one by one they left the classroom – including Tracy and Astoria. "Not you two" she pointed to them, you may stay with the Gryffindors from now on" and both girls thanked her. "As for you all.. I think you have some news to deliver" and the Gryffindors and the two friendly Slytherins left to spread the good news.

#

If Snape had been expecting a quiet exit, then he was very badly mistaken. Almost all the students threw food and other stuff at him as he left the castle, and Peeves even slapped a wet fish into his head. The icing on the cake came when the Gryffindor, Hufflepuff and Ravenclaw Quidditch teams flew in line astern formation and dropped home made bombs of shampoo onto the ex-Professor's head. Several of the teachers could be heard awarding points to the three houses for "Impressive Flying Skills". This day would be going down in the legends of Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry and recounted many times over the years.

A/N:

A happy chapter for you all.

Today is the first birthday of "Harry Potter True friends" HAPPY 1ST BIRTHDAY!!!!!! I expect you all to send cards and congratulation notes. I realised that it was today (7th September 2009), and so I have spent a total of 18 hours with only one break of five minutes to

get the feeling back in my legs. I hope you like this as I spent all day in one seat... I now have very bad looking sores on my posterior!

As you can tell... I did do something to keep this in the story line, and that's the Fred/George/Molly sequence. Apart from that, this is a complete and total funny chapter... and there is a reference to one of my top hobbies – clue: Snape.

Snape's been sacked, and Tracy and Astoria will now live with Hermione, Parvati and Lavender, once again, Gryffindor comes to Hermione's defence.

Thirdly... I can not be bloody asked to do any more A/N for this chapter, so I hope to see lots of birthday messages sent to me and "Harry Potter True Friends" – of which there is a reference to it in this chapter – spot the bugger. How you send the birthday messages is up to you...

Reviews and Comments in the normal manner

Regards

Pixel

Winner of the Most Tired Backside Award – 2009

I know it isn't my custom to do a note up here, but I wanted to warn you that a scene or two of a disturbing nature appears in this chapter. I just wanted you all to know that before reading this chapter.

Easter Holiday And The Horrifying Incident

The Easter holidays came sooner than Harry and Hermione expected, and both of them decided to tell their parents about the change of their relationship. Harry was worried that David and Jane would send him back to a home, and ban him from ever seeing Hermione again. Hermione kept telling him that he was being silly and that their parents would be understanding about it all. The two of them got picked up at Kings Cross and taken back home, and Harry was remarkably quiet the whole trip – though he was often quiet during the trips anyway. That evening Hermione was on Harry's bed talking to her brother, and trying to give him help.

"What happens if they take this the wrong way?" asked Harry.

"They might" Hermione said, "Or they might not" she added. "They've always supported us in whatever we do, so I wouldn't worry too much" and Harry gave a weak smile.

"You're right" he said, "I guess that we should go and tell them" and he and Hermione went downstairs and into the living room – sitting on the sofa next to each other.

"We've got something to say" Hermione told their parents.

"If it's about the incidents at the school, then we already know" Jane smiled.

"It isn't that" Harry said, and he took a deep breath as Hermione slipped her hand into his for support.

"What is it?" David asked, and Harry launched into what he was going to say before his mind stopped him.

“Hermione and I like each other more than just brother and sister. We’ve talked about it and we’ve decided to become Boyfriend and Girlfriend” Harry said, and he waited for the explosion to occur.

“Well... that wasn’t what I was expecting” Jane said, and turned to look at David before going back to the pair.

“We haven’t done anything naughty” Hermione said, hoping that would earn them a brownie point.

“I guess that that is something” David said.

“I’ll go pack my stuff” Harry said, and Jane told him to sit back down.

“We knew you would say something like this” she explained, But it is still a shock anyway” Jane added. They talked into the night, and agreed that the two could remain as they were as long as their parents didn’t find them in inappropriate positions in the mornings, and it helped in calming Harry a great deal. The two kids went to bed that night in their separate rooms – just to reassure their parents that nothing untoward was occurring. Harry slept soundly dreaming of flying in a Quidditch game or simply flying, while Hermione’s dreams were filled with images of the greatest wedding that would ever be seen. The holidays went by with Harry and Hermione following each other and sometimes sneaking a kiss on the other’s cheek. On the last night that they spent at their house, Hermione spent the time in Harry’s bed – nothing happened though except that Harry was used as a very large oversized pillow for Hermione’s head. As he fell asleep, Harry felt at peace with the world, and felt that nothing could stop him. What Harry did not know, was that an incident at Hogwarts would turn things blacker than the blackest black. Although Hogwarts had seen many terrible things, this was well over the red line.

#

Lessons went on, and so did the Quidditch games... Slytherin losing by a clear 150 points to Hufflepuff in the first game afterwards. Potions was the last lesson of the morning (other teachers covering until a new potions teacher could be found), and Hermione said that she was going to get something from her dorm room that she wanted

to go over with during lunch. Harry kissed her on the cheek and promised to save her a seat next to him. The two split, and Hermione walked happily off towards the Gryffindor common room, taking a shortcut that would save time. She had not yet reached the end of the little used corridor when the girl saw Goyle blocking her path. She spun round to see Crabbe behind her. No matter what Hermione did, she couldn't escape from the two beefy Slytherins.

"We've been waiting for you" said Goyle, snickering loudly.

"We spent time planning this" Crabbe added.

"How... Er... What do you want?" asked a fearful Hermione.

"We got a letter from Draco saying that we would be paid lots of money and granted free get out, if we stopped you from doing anything that upsets Mr Malfoys plans" Goyle said.

"We was promised you" Crabbe added, and the two pinned her to the floor and began to remove her robes. Hermione struggled with all her might and did scream a little, but one of them simply punched her in the jaw and Hermione fell silent and tears ran from her face as she went completely numb from pure and abject terror. In her mind she called out to Harry and hoped that he could hear her pleas. The two Slytherins seemed to be enjoying themselves, particularly when they began to remove the skirt and blouse Hermione wore under her robes. Meanwhile in the great hall...

#

Harry was wondering what was keeping Hermione, though he knew she wouldn't run through the corridors. The boy was just putting down his fork when his scar started to heat up, and Hermione's voice filled his head.

"What's the matter?" asked Neville, looking over at his friend.

"Hermione's in trouble" he said, and without another word he dashed from the hall. Harry went through the corridors and raced past students and staff alike – ending up at Snape's old potions room.

Harry went screaming past and hurtled right down the corridor and saw the two Slytherins assaulting Hermione. His mind took in the discarded clothes and the fact the two boys had their hands over Hermione's body. Harry's mind filled with rage and he charged Goyle and went at full speed ahead and tackled him to the ground. Harry used his wand to trip the other Slytherin before punching them both in the side of the head. He didn't care if he was going to be thrown out of school for this, but they had hurt his Hermione. He wouldn't let them get away with that.

"WHAT IS GOI..." said a voice that trailed off. McGonagall had come chasing after Harry and she saw him cradling his silently crying sister in his arms. One of the house ghosts was floating past, and she asked her to inform the nearest teacher that they where to call the Aurors at once. The ghost nodded and hurried off, leaving McGonagall to expel the two Slytherins on the spot. It didn't take a genius to work out that this was all planned. She also knew exactly who had ordered this, and she bound the two snakes in thick and heavy chains.

#

Hours later and Hermione was still in the hospital wing, and Harry was constantly at her side. Pomfrey had said that Hermione was in shock over what had happened, and that she would come out of it in her own time. The Aurors had arrested Crabbe and Goyle on the spot and taken them for trial – along with memories from Hermione. It was decided by the senior staff that Harry wouldn't be told as they all fully believed him capable of tearing Crabbe and Goyle limb from limb. Without being told to, Harry returned Hermione to her dorm room and ensured that she was well looked after. Once that was taken care off, he went to seek out Susan Bones and he asked her about rules concerning incidents like the one that just happened. Susan replied that Crabbe and Goyle would most likely go to Azkaban for a very long time indeed – or at least they would do if they were an adult. Seeing as they where children, the two former pupils would most likely be given suspended sentences and their parents fined – the money given to Hermione.

"I'm not having that" Harry said.

"There isn't anything we can do" Hannah said, sitting next to Susan.

"I am not going to let them bastards get away with it" Harry said, and he drew gasps from the two girls.

"Harry!" exclaimed Susan, "It's a good thing a teacher didn't hear you" but the boy shook his head.

"I'm a Yorkshire man, and I speak as I find" he told them. "I need some help to make a case to nail them two bits of scum, and I need your help in doing it. Your auntie is a lawyer of sorts, so you must know something about Wizarding law" Harry said, and Susan nodded.

"But I only know what I overheard" she told him.

"That'll be enough" Harry promised her, "They hurt my Hermione, and now they will pay for what they did" and the two girls believed him. There was silence while they sat and thought, and then Hannah suddenly had an idea form in her mind.

"You've got no family left" Hannah said to Harry.

"Not any Potters left" Harry said.

"Then you can become the head of your family house" Hannah said, and Susan knew where she was going with that.

"If he can declare himself the head of the Potter family, then he can demand justice as head of the family" the red head informed Harry.

"How?" he asked the girls.

"All you have to do..." they said, and Harry listened to every word before returning to Gryffindor tower and see Hermione. He also had to write several urgent letters to London which got sent using Hedwig – Parvati taking them to the Owlry for him.

Hermione was curled up into a ball and was fast asleep under the covers. Neither Parvati nor Lavender seemingly minded Harry being

in their dorm, and the rest of Gryffindor was being very quiet about it. The Weasley twins had done some creative magic and had a dummy of Harry placed into his bed – charmed to respond like Harry would. Harry didn't do anything except to remove his robe and undo the top button on his shirt which he wore underneath. All through the night he remained awake in case Hermione should suddenly wake and want something. The only time that Harry left her bedside was to make use of the small toilet attached to the first year girls dorm – charming the door to keep the sound of the toilet flushing inside itself. Harry kept watch on Hermione all through the night until dawn broke over the castle, and Harry rubbed his bloodshot eyes and stretched his legs. An hour or so later, and Lavender was the first up, and she promised to keep watch over Hermione while Harry went for a shower and a change of clothes. When he got back to the dorm, Hermione was fast asleep, and all of his friends convinced him that he would do well to get something inside him and that was why he was sitting at the Gryffindor tables. Harry rubbed his eyes again before addressing the table.

"Coffee. Black. No sugar" and a cup of steaming hot coffee appeared in front of him. Harry took it in two large gulps, and then ordered several more before heading back. Hermione was up and about and had packed both hers and his things for that day's lessons.

"I was wondering when you'd be here" she said brightly. "I just hope that I've got everything correct for Professor Flitwick" Hermione added.

"Are you alright?" Harry asked her.

"Well it all depends on how you classify that remark" Hermione retorted, "I've just been molested by two boys... so I'm not all that peachy at the moment" and she fell silent. "I'm sorry" Hermione apologised.

"There is nothing for you to be sorry about" Harry assured her, pulling her into a hug. They went to Charms and completed the lesson before moving on to Transfiguration, and McGonagall could see the redness that remained in his eyes. Sighing, she told the pair to have the rest of the lesson off.

“But I never have a day off” Hermione protested, “The world ends when that happens” and as if on cue, several Gryffindors plus Tracy and Tori started to dive for cover under the desks. McGonagall threatened Hermione with detention before the girl left the class room. When they got to the Gryffindor common room, several letters awaited Harry, and he picked them up and started to read them.

Dear Mr Potter

You are quite correct in stating that you have not been made the head of your house. I have taken the appropriate steps and all you need do is to sign this paperwork. After being made the head of your family, you will be able to take part in votes concerning Wizarding law, and other important issues. I have sent a separate guide concerning rules with regards to the Wizendgamot.

Griphook

Harry found the other letter from the Goblin, and he put it into his pocket.

Dear Mr Potter

With regards to the papers filled by Gringotts, you have now been made head of the Potter family.

Ivanna Trump

Hermione decided that she would read a book, so she took a seat in front of the fireplace and started to read. Harry asked her if she minded him going away for a moment. She nodded and then turned to her book leaving Harry to seek out Susan Bones and the Patil twins. He located them in the library and he told them about the letters, and even showed them to the girls. Susan said that as Harry and Hermione were together, he could say that it was possible to say that the two had an understanding to be married.

“That will make all the difference” Susan explained.

"I do not see how" Harry admitted.

"I'm not a lawyer, but I can remember things my Auntie spoke of while I was around" Susan said, "In the magical world, we consider boyfriend/girlfriend relationships to have a deeper meaning than in the muggle world. According to our laws, it could be said that you and Hermione are engaged" and Harry's jaw dropped.

"What?" he asked.

"And by those same laws, it could be argued that Crabbe and Goyle attacked the Potter family" Susan said, and Harry understood precisely what she meant. He took some time to talk with the girls, and then returned to Gryffindor tower and Hermione gave him a letter to read – she held an identical letter herself.

Dear Mr Potter

You are requested to attend the trial of Vincent Crabbe and Gregory Goyle. The trial will begin tomorrow at 9.30 am. Professor McGonagall has been informed and told you are asked to attend. Please arrive at least half an hour before the trial to be given timings and also to be informed of any changes.

A Bones

Harry leaned over and kissed the top of Hermione's head before pulling her into a hug. He was determined to make them two evil pieces of work pay for what they had done.

#

The trial was long and arduous, and many people standing up for Crabbe and Goyle. Harry and Hermione both submitted their testimony, along with Pensive memories. These got dismissed by the defence lawyer as being fake. Somehow this was accepted and Harry went red with fury. It also looked like the two boys would get away with the attack on his sister. He took a deep breath and then stood up – Hermione insisting that he sit down again.

“These two have insulted Hermione, and have interfered and attacked the house of Potter” Harry said, addressing the court as he spoke. “Hermione is not just my sister, but she is also my girlfriend. Under wizarding law that means that Mr Crabbe and Mr Goyle attacked a person under the protection of the Potter family” and people talked over other people.

“I think that perhaps we should have a quick discussion about this in chambers” said Madam Bones. She was taking charge of this case to make a point that crimes would be punished fairly.

“I did some research on this matter, Madam Bones, and with the help of your niece, Susan, I have discovered that it is my right to ask for the sentence” and Madam Bones looked at Harry before speaking.

“What do you ask for, Mr Potter?” she asked.

“I ask for the Death Penalty, Ma’am” and he sat down to hear the crowd react to his demand.

“What did you ask for that?” Hermione hissed in his ear.

“I’m not really going to press for that” Harry told her, “I’m going to make them think that they have convinced me to accept a lower sentence” and Hermione knew he had this planned all along.

A/N:

I did not get the chapter back from the person I sent it to, so I decided to do it myself...

So the two of them have told Mr and Mrs Granger about their relationship and something terrible has happened to Hermione. Harry is not of the “Lets kill them” party, but rather he wants them to think that he is in it.

The next chapter will skip a number of years and show them getting married – so there is your warning.

I'm thinking of doing a new fic, but with a difference. This new one will show "missing" scenes from all of my Harry Potter fics. So if you wished you could have seen something that did not occur, then tell me in your reviews please.

Regards

Pixel

What Goes Around, Comes Around

The crowd had to be called to order several times before they went silent.

"Mr Potter" Amelia Bones said, "Is there anyway for you to accept a lower sentence?" she asked.

"Such as?" Harry enquired.

"We could imprison them" Bones suggested, "For a long time" she added taking into account Harry's look.

"A number of years" Harry said, more as a statement then as a question.

"Of course" Bones said, panic slowly leaving her. Harry looked over at Hermione and winked at his sister before turning back to Madam Bones.

"Pick a number between 30 and 40" Harry said.

"37" Madam Bones replied instantly.

"That's funny" Harry said to the court room at large, "I was just saying to Hermione that that might be the correct number of years to sentence them both".

"I was going to sentence them myself to that" Bones said, and she sentenced and convicted Vincent Crabbe and Gregory Goyle to 37 years in Azkaban. She also issued an arrest warrant for Lucius Malfoy on aiding and abetting in the crimes, as well as conspiracy to commit the rape of a child. An identical warrant was issued for Draco. For good measure they did one for Narcissia as well. Things did not look promising for the Malfoy family at all. The court broke up and Harry and Hermione returned to Hogwarts where they sat next to the lake and discussed what had happened. Hermione knew that Harry had done this to ensure she felt safe, and he had just said as much.

"I'm always going to be safe with you around" she told him, kissing Harry on the cheek. At the end of the court case, it had been announced that Harry would not be prosecuted for assaulting Crabbe and Goyle as he had only been defending Hermione.

"So what do we do now?" Harry asked her.

"We can get on with our lives and then get married" Hermione said matter of factly.

"I love you" Harry said.

"Really?" Hermione asked.

"Of course I do" Harry said, and Hermione giggled.

"The day you don't is the day I am in trouble" she told him. Together they walked to the Floo and returned to Hogwarts and went back to the Gryffindor common room.

"Do you think that things will be easier now?" Harry asked.

"I guess so" Hermione replied. News came that evening of the arrests of the entire Malfoy family. Evidence of their wrong doing was provided by a house elf by the name of Dobby, and the Malfoys were questioned under Veritaserum. Transcripts of all three questioning sessions appeared in the next morning's Daily Prophet. It made for some rather interesting reading, and Harry and Hermione started to read them from the beginning.

#

KEY: Draco Malfoy – DM... Questioning Auror – QA

Transcript of the Questioning of Draco Malfoy

QA: Did you have any cause to attack Mr Harry Potter? By that, I mean did he provoke you?

DM: Yes! He insulted my family, and insisted on bringing a Mudblood to Hogwarts. He deserved everything that he got.

QA: To what do you refer to?

DM: Almost killing him. His whole family where blood traitors and deserved to die. My father told me that if Potter died, then he would make sure that I would get all of Potter's stuff.

QA: Did you have any involvement in the attack on Hermione Granger?

DM: I planned it. I wanted that Mudblood bitch for myself when I was older. After I was suspended, I got Crabbe and Goyle to trap the bitch and molest her. That way she would drop all the charges against me, and do whatever I wanted her to do.

(SEVERAL SECONDS PAUSE)

QA: Would this have included raping Miss Granger? Or at least forcing her into having sexual intercourse with you at a later date.

DM: Yes. I would have made her give me either a blow or hand job until a later date.

QA: Why?

DM: Because the muggle born slag should not have any rights in this world. I only regret that she couldn't have been my plaything.

#

Harry was red in the face with fury – this time he would demand much severer sentencing then 37 years in jail. No matter how hard Hermione and other tried, Harry left the tower and flew off into the air after getting his broom from the shed

"I swear that if I ever meet him again, I will rip his body into the world's most complex jigsaw puzzle" he said to the light breeze that had whipped up around the grounds.

"I don't doubt it" Hermione agreed, and they turned to look at the other papers.

KEY: Lucious Malfoy – LM... Questioning Auror – QA

Transcript of the Questioning of Lucious Malfoy

QA: Mr Malfoy. Are you in anyway involved with the attack on Miss Hermione Granger?

LM: Yes.

QA: In what way?

LM: I told my son that he could have the girl as a plaything. I suggested that he used Crabbe and Goyle as he himself was banned from attending Hogwarts.

QA: Did you make any mention of how Miss Granger was to be assaulted?

LM: I suggested that she be assaulted sexually, though I left the mechanics of the operation to Draco.

QA: Are you now, or have you ever been a member of the group known as Death Eaters?

LM: Yes. And I am still a member of the glorious band.

QA: How many crimes have you committed as an active member during the Dark War?

LM: What do you mean?

QA: Murders, rapes, attacks on muggles... that sort of thing.

LM: 1988 crimes myself. I witnessed at least ten times that number.

QA: Do you know that, by your own words, your actions are punishable by being executed?

LM: I am.

QA: Do you know that your wife is also to be executed.

LM: We both knew it was likely.

QA: What do you think about Draco?

LM: He will be here when the dark lord arises from his lair. The Malfoys will serve him once again.

QA: Do you have anything to say in your defence?

LM: I did my duty to my lord and master. I may die soon, but I know he will return and reward my family with riches and honours galore!

The transcript of Narcissia was barely worth reading, and Harry gave an evil smile at the turn of events. He had discovered that rape was not very likely to be punished if the victim was muggle born, and so Harry had demanded that everyone involved got punished to be certain a message went out to the entire Wizarding establishment – Do bad, and you will be punished!

#

“They wouldn’t even hear you?” Hermione asked.

“Had better things to do” Harry said bitterly, slamming into an armchair.

“Plan B?” enquired his sister.

“Plan B” Harry replied.

“I’ll get the twins” Hermione said, and she vanished out the common room in search of Fred and George.

#

"I just hope that we can get away without being seen" Harry said, but that hope was dashed almost at once by the sound of the headmistress.

"What are you four doing out here at this time of night?" asked McGonagall.

"A midnight walk" Fred offered.

"If I had a sickle..." McGonagall said to herself. "I assume that this is to do with Sirius Black?" and the children all nodded.

"He hasn't done anything wrong, and he wasn't even given a trial" Hermione said.

"I know, but what are you going to do?" the older witch asked, "Fly to Azkaban, blow a hole into it's walls and slip Black out?" she laughed as she asked the question.

"More or less, Professor" Harry said, "More or less" and McGonagall could see he was being perfectly true. She thought long and hard about it, and asked them how they planned to get to Azkaban. The children replied that they had made a Portkey which should take them there and back, and McGonagall came to a decision.

"I can not allow this to happen" and the faces of the children fell, "Unless you allow me to come" and they cheered right back up again, "Besides I can mark this up for extra credit and award some points later" the woman added, and with a little cheer from the kids, the five of them moved to the grounds and then vanished from sight.

Azkaban was on a rock in the North Sea, and guarded by many nearly dark creatures, whose tasks it was to guard the inmates. Although it was cold on that god forsaken place, the sight of the dementors made them all chill down to the bone. Harry and Hermione watched the dementors for several minutes, and counted how long a gap appeared for. When one large enough came, the five dashed towards the prison walls, where Harry, Fred and George produced

shrunk brooms. Once re-sized, they managed to all mount them and fly up to where McGonagall knew Sirius was being held.

“Now I hope I remember this correctly” the headmistress said, and she made her wand make deep knocks that would travel through the wall and into the cell on the other side. She backed off as Fred and George produced shield charms which they and Harry and Hermione took cover behind. “BOMBARDA!” McGonagall cried out, and a whole suddenly appeared in the wall in a flurry of flying pieces of stone. Dust swirled around the new opening, and a shadowy figure could be seen shuffling through.

“What the hell...” it said in a male voice.

“What are you standing around for? Do you not know a jailbreak when you see one?” McGonagall asked, in full Scottish burr, and shoved one of the brooms into the man’s hands. They reached the ground again, but could hear the various alarms going off. They knew they only had a few seconds left before they got captured by the small detachment of Aurors stationed on the island. Was was to come when Hermione discovered that Portkey had accidentally wiped out by the wards protecting Azkaban.

“WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO?” she cried, and Harry shouted for everyone to hold onto it anyway. “What are you doing?” Hermione said desperately thinking of ways to escape. Could flying be the trick?

“The thing is useless” Harry said, giving the Portkey a quick check over, “Just one more trip and this is done for” and he was silent for a moment before telling everyone again to grab hold.

“What are you doing, Harry?” asked the twins at the same time.

“Watch” he said, and then he started tapping the top of the portkey – an Enid Blyton book he owned – and spoke rapidly. “1123 6536 5321” and he paused for a split second. “JUMP” and the six of them vanished before the Aurors could reach them.

#

It was a full scale kissing babies miracle that they appeared at the entrance to Hogwarts, and they stepped inside its protective wards once again. Not only did they break in and out of Azkaban, but Hogwarts now held a wanted and supposedly dangerous man – Sirius Orion Black.

A/N:

THE MOMENT YOU HAVE AL BEEN WAITING FOR! My Birthday present to you all (my Birthday today! Woo hoo). To celebrate, I finished this chapter, and then added the prison break sequence for you. In the last bit, there are two references to sci-fi. 1st one is Star Trek V, the 2nd being the final episode of Battlestar Galactica... see if you can spot them!

If you liked it then please review. If you did not, then please review. IF YOU HAVE *YET* TO REVIEW "The Great Road trip" THEN DO SO BEFORE I SET A LOAD OF PISSED OFF DEMENTORS AT YOU.

Regards

Pixel

The Sirius Trial Of Serious Black

Once inside the castle, McGonagall had the Weasley twins take Sirius to the Prefect's bathroom so he could have a very long soak. Harry and Hermione couldn't do anything else, so they returned to Gryffindor in order to catch up on sleep. Harry was excited because he could now talk to somebody about his parents. Remus Lupin had vanished after the meeting after the Ministry battle the previous summer – and had not been seen since.

#

It was a secret that Sirius was being hidden at the school. So the entire castle knew by half past nine the following morning. As for the man in question, he was in talks with McGonagall about what he could and couldn't do.

"You understand that I can not give you a wand?" McGonagall asked.

"I understand completely, Minerva" he said, nodding his understanding.

"You can not leave the grounds either, the Aurors would get you the minute you stepped outside anyway" McGonagall added.

"I do not care except that I am out of that stinking hellhole" Sirius said, "But I do make one small request" he added.

"Which is...?"

"I would like to take one of the school's brooms to fly around the pitch" Sirius said.

"And risk you being seen from the outside?" McGonagall said, and Sirius closed his eyes, shook his head and sighed. Looking up again he addressed McGonagall.

"Minerva. For over 11 years, I've been inside Azkaban prison. The only exercise I got was that from moving around my cell. I'm a Quidditch player and I belong in the air. I should be soaring through

the air and cheating death, not stuck on the ground like a lame duck. If Fudge and his cronies come to take me back and I resist, then they will kill me. I would rather go out with guns blazing then go back to that hell. The only thing that kept me going all that time was the thought of looking after Harry – though I know that he is looked after by the Grangers now. I have to fulfil a promise I made to James and Lily and be ready to help Harry in his times of need” and Sirius’s pleas touched McGonagall’s heart.

“The password to the broom cupboard is Papa Smurf” she told him, and Sirius kissed McGonagall’s hand which made her blush a brilliant shade of red.

#

The next day, the papers all carried news of Sirius’s escape. They all mentioned that he was a dangerous criminal and that he would most likely be out to kill people to get to slaughter Harry Potter. A few days passed before Hedwig delivered a package to each of the wizarding newspapers. It was a transcript of Sirius’s questioning and it showed that he had not been given a proper trial. Even those who believed him to be one in with Voldemort, said he should be handed a fair chance to get off the charges. A few days later and the secret was out when one of the Slytherins took a picture of Sirius as he flew above the Quidditch pitch. Alarms started to ring around the Ministry, and several people decided to give Sirius his long awaited trial. The trial was held in Courtroom 1 – reserved only for the most important cases. Sirius came to the ministry a full two hours before the case was to begin.

“I would like to speak to the Department head” he said, the secretary not knowing that it was Sirius Black who stood in front of her. At first, the rest of Harry’s house had been taken aback by his appearance amongst them. When they had got over the shock, the Gryffindors – working on the “Any friend of Harry’s...” principle – helped to tidy up his whole appearance. Actually it was just the Gryffindor girls along with the displaced Slytherins of Tracy and Astoria. A few moments later, and Sirius was sitting front of Amelia Bones.

“Can I help you?” she asked, and Sirius took a deep breath before answering.

“Madam, my name is Sirius Orion Black. I am sick and tired of being cooped up in one prison or another. Whatever the outcome, I want to stop being afraid and therefore I have come to you alone. I assure you that I have no wand nor am I armed in any other way except for the cheese sandwich in my left robe pocket” and Sirius went through the trouble of showing her that he had nothing except the aforementioned Sandwich.

“Thank you for your honesty” Madam Bones said, “I’m going to have to place Aurors in a waiting room with you, but I will give them direct orders not to attack you. This display of trust on your part will go a great deal towards the trial” she finished. Aurors came to escort Sirius to the waiting room, and he was almost out the door when he stopped and turned back to face her again.

“Is there any chance of getting a copy of this morning’s Daily Prophet? Only I’m 11 years out of date with the Quidditch tables” he requested, and Bones promised that he would get a copy before the trial began. As he and the escort left her office, Madam Bones wondered about Sirius. Perhaps he was innocent after all, and if he was, then she would make it up to him in a big way.

#

Hermione was sitting in her seat and was feeling very worried about Harry. Everyone required to give evidence was sitting down – plus many other interested people, and Sirius was sat at the defence table along with Catharine Smith who Harry had hired as Sirius’s lawyer. The Wizendgamot came in and sat down along with Albus Dumbledore, and Hermione felt anger as she saw him enter the courtroom.

“What is he doing here?” she hissed.

“Someone pointed out an obscure law that prevented him from being prosecuted” Susan whispered, “It was put into law by some very greedy old Chief Warlocks to stop themselves from being prosecuted

after bad financial deals. My Auntie says that he had to be released” and Hermione wisely kept her temper under control.

“I call this session of the Wizendgamot to order” Dumbledore said. “The case we are here to try is one of Sirius Orion Black. Mr Black claims that he was not given a fair trial, and we ask that he submit this evidence now. We also appoint Cyrus Greengrass for the prosecution at this time” and Smith looked at Sirius who simply nodded twice and the lawyer stood up and addressed the entire room. Hermione was happy as Cyrus Greengrass was Astoria’s father, and the man had sent her, Harry and the rest of Gryffindor letters expressing his thanks in making them welcome in their house – even if they did remain sorted to Slytherin.

“I would like to submit that my client was wrongly put into jail for a crime he didn’t commit” she began her defence of Sirius’s character. “To prove this, I would like the courts permission to read out the full transcript of Mr Black’s questioning” and Dumbledore glanced at the various members of the Wizendgamot before turning back to face Smith.

“Proceed” he instructed.

“This is the full transcript of my client’s questioning...” Smith repeated, and she retrieved a piece of parchment from the table and started to read from it.

Black: What the bloody hell!?

Crouch: The defendant will be silent!”

Black: Defendant!?! What! WHY? HOW??

Crouch: I will ask the questions! You will answer! You are accused of the murder of thirteen Muggles plus one Wizard! Your plea!

Black: That’s absurd!

Crouch: Guilty? Yes or No!

Black: Not guilty!

Crouch: Better. Were you at the site of said murders?

Black: Yes, but---

Crouch: Did you use your wand in the presence of Muggles?

Black: To stop---

Crouch: Yes or No!

Black: Yes

Crouch: Then you are guilty of violating the Secrecy Statutes. So noted

.

Black: Don't I get an attorney!?

Crouch: There was another Wizard present, correct?

Black: Peter Pettigrew. I want an attorney!

Crouch: Where is Pettigrew now?

Black: He should be dead! He sold Lily and James to Voldemort!!

Crouch: So you were after him. So noted. Where is Pettigrew now?

Black: He turned himself into a rat and vanished into the sewer.

Crouch: There is no record of Pettigrew being an Animagus. That statement is stricken.

Black: Where's my attorney?

Crouch: If you cannot produce Pettigrew or inform the court of his whereabouts you risk summary conviction.

Black: I ain't saying another word without a top notch lawyer here!
NOW!

Crouch: Aurors the accused is becoming violent! Subdue him!

Black: ALBUS!

Auror stuns Black

Crouch: The accused...having refused to answer...is hereby found guilty of fourteen murders. Out of consideration for the Noble House of Black, the death sentence is commuted. Life in Azkaban! No possibility of Parole! Next case!

"As you can see" Smith finished, "My client was not even allowed a lawyer present. How lucky I am that we live in enlightened times" and a few people chuckled here and there.

"Those were uncertain times" Cyrus Greengrass said, "Many terrible injustices took place" and Smith nodded.

"Exactly my point. One would have assumed that 11 years was long enough for the error to be discovered, but nobody did or if they did then it was covered up rather quickly" and Smith looked directly at Dumbledore who shifted in his throne like chair.

"What is your next point?" he asked.

"That all depends on my learned colleague" Smith said, turning to Mr Greengrass.

"Chief Warlock, the prosecution is willing to make any reasonable accommodation." Mr. Greengrass said "I would assume that Miss Smith has a suggestion in mind. Admittedly, we do not always agree. But I don't think anyone would question her ability."

Dumbledore didn't look especially pleased, but could only say "Madam?"

"Your Honour, I propose to question Mr. Black under Veritaserum." she answered.

Dumbledore looked at the prosecutor and prompted "Cyrus?"

"I have always been opposed to the use of the truth potion in a trial." The prosecutor said, thoughtfully. "However, no law prohibits it...As long as I may cross-examine...Justice should be satisfied". Sirius was given a dose of the truth serum and then sat in the witness box.

"Mr. Black, what is your relationship to Harry Potter?" asked Smith.

Sirius slurred out "I his Godfather."

"Potters and Blacks rarely mixed." She said "How do you explain that?" Sirius' head slumped

"Goo'ole 'ames me bestest mate." He said sadly

"You are referring to James Potter, I assume?" she asked.

"Yeth." Sirius replied, nodding.

"There were, in fact, four of you...best friends through Hogwarts...is that correct?" she asked.

Sirius nodded "Yup! Me, Remus, James and Pettigrew." The last name was spat out like a curse.

"Let's move forward." Smith commented "About August 1981, Lily and James Potter went into hiding. Were you the Potters' Secret Keeper?"

Sirius shook his head "Uh-uh!" he denied "Was too obvi-obvi...uhh...easy. They pik-ted Pettigrew. TRAITOR!"

"So, Peter Pettigrew betrayed the Potters to Voldemort?" she asked.

Sirius nodded "Yeth!"

“And what did you do when you learned of the Potters’ murder?” asked Smith.

“Evr-one party!” the witness spat angrily “Jus’ wanted to kill da RAT-BASSSTARD!!”

Following up, she asked “But, you didn’t. Did you?”

“Rat frame-ded me!” Sirius snarled “Woked up looking at Crouch’s ugly mug!” A little ripple of laughter travelled through the courtroom.

“No further questions” Smith said.

“Cyrus?” Dumbledore said.

“Although I know what I said before, I have no questions except one: Is there anyway of finding Mr Pettigrew?” Mr Greengrass asked, and there was only silence.

“I can not see any reason why Mr Black should be released” Dumbledore said, “Case is dismiss...” he was cut off by the sound of the courtroom doors opening and in burst Harry, Fred and George followed by a group of Aurors.

“I apologise to the bench, but somebody ordered that the doors be locked. They must have forgotten that it is illegal to lock the doors to a court of law. As for a certain someone, Mr Pettigrew is right here” Harry said, waving a small and thin rat by its tail.

“That could be any rat” Dumbledore countered.

“We wish to call an expert witness” Harry said, “PROFESSOR MINERVA MCGONAGALL” and in walked the headmistress herself, nodding to Hermione as she went past her on her way to the stand. As she walked up, Dumbledore took the time to glance at Harry and he was surprised by what he saw. Harry was wearing full Gryffindor robes with Godric Gryffindor’s sword inside its scabbard and fastened onto his belt. Fred and George had their wands out and held by their sides, and all this made Dumbledore uneasy. He had only just escaped from Azkaban and got everything owed to him back – minus

the head position at Hogwarts. He hoped that he could find something to help him get Harry under his control, but then again the boy had survived a direct assault from Death Eaters and not to mention the coma he had been placed in.

"Professor McGonagall" Smith said, going on a track pre-arranged by Harry, "My learned colleague has just informed the court that you are an expert on Animagus forms" and McGonagall nodded.

"Yes" she replied, "As an expert teacher of transfiguration, I am sometimes called in to testify on cases" and Smith went on to press McGonagall on a few other points – finishing on two vital questions.

"Can you please tell the court what you think is in my left hand?" the lawyer asked.

"Certainly" McGonagall replied, "A piece of parchment" and Smith looked down in surprise.

"Oh yeah... What is in my right hand?" and the answer could be heard through out the courtroom.

"It appears to be one of two rats" McGonagall said, pretending to examine the rat in Smith's hand.

"Two? Who is the second?" Smith asked, and all hung on her next word.

"The presiding judge" and people snickered as Dumbledore went possible shade of green.

"Just this one" Smith indicated.

"Peter Pettigrew!" McGonagall said calmly, and Dumbledore had to bang his gavel several times to get silence.

"I assume that you can prove this...?" enquired Smith, and the headmistress nodded with one of the biggest smiles Harry or Hermione had ever seen her wear.

“Why certainly, seeing as you asked so nicely” and McGonagall waved her wand at the rat hanging from Smith’s right hand. The rat twisted and turned into a hunched over man, dirty and unkempt. People gasped in horror and Madam Bones, who was on the bench rose to her feet.

“ARREST THAT MAN!” she thundered over the commotion. Dumbledore made a rapid backtrack after seeing Pettigrew appear.

“Mr Black is free to leave... court session over” Dumbledore said, and Susan whispered to Hermione and Harry, she and Hermione having walked down to stand next to Harry, Sirius and Smith.

“You wait to see what happens next” she grinned, and they looked at her with a questioning look.

“I do not feel very well at all” Amelia said, “I am going to take some time off and appoint Sirius Black as my cover” and people looked at Sirius in complete amazement. Susan whispered some very quick words into the astounded man’s ears, and Sirius rose to his feet and stared at Dumbledore.

“Aurors? Place Albus Percival Wulfric Brian Dumbledore under arrest for treason” and the room chilled suddenly.

“You have no right to do that” Dumbledore said, face showing that he was fully confident in his statement.

“This is going to be fun” Harry said to his sister, and Hermione nodded.

“Oh I do” Sirius said, “And for one simple reason. When I was sent to Azkaban all those years ago, I was never sacked from the Auror Corps. Therefore my service time has been clocking up all the time, and I am the senior Auror. As such, I am placing you under arrest for high treason. I also order the arrest of Cornelius Fudge on the same charges, and the arrest of Bartimus Crouch on charges of Conspiracy to Pervert the Course of Justice” and every single one of the remaining Aurors in the room saluted Sirius and then surged to grab hold of Dumbledore – helpfully assisted by members of the bench,

Professor McGonagall, the Weasley twins and Catharine Smith. As Dumbledore was dragged out of the room, silence reigned – broken only by Madam Bones.

“I suddenly feel much better. In fact I will get back to work” and as she passed the still surprised faces of Sirius, Harry and Hermione, her eye twitched slightly.

“Madam?” Sirius said, turning to address Smith, “I would take it as a very great honour if you were to dine with me this evening” and Smith accepted the dinner date at once. Harry shook his head before taking Hermione’s hand and leaving his newly freed Godparent to be interviewed by the waiting press.

“So what do we do now?” asked Hermione.

“Well...” Harry said, “We have the rest of the day off, a Debit card and the whole of London” he looked at her, “Which bookshop do you want to visit first?” and Hermione kissed him full on the lips before running off to the nearest bookshop.

A/N:

First things first, credit for part of this chapter goes to JoemJackson for allowing me to use part of one of his fics in this chapter.

Two references here: one is Papa Smurf and the other is from the book version of “The Wild Geese 2” – the part where Hess sits at the Israeli Ambassador’s desk before speaking his name and giving his reasons why he is there in the first place – fitting for Sirius.

One thing to people who don’t know:- What Harry says is quite correct. It is against UK law to lock the doors to a court of law. The judge can order a closed session, but he or she can not order them locked – simply so that someone with evidence to clear or convict a person or persons. Then again, it isn’t the biggest of Dumbledork’s problems is it?

Oh and I know the title is wrong, just my sense of humour!

If you spot anything you like, then tell me in your reviews

Regards

Pixel

Order of Merlin First Class

All Round Good Egg

Attempted Murder

After Sirius's acquittal, he met with the Grangers who took an instant like to him. This may have had something to do with how he greeted Hermione and Harry's mother. After exchanging names, Sirius went into a bow and kissed Mrs Granger's hand. After a meeting which lasted some two hours, Sirius left to return to London where he met with the Goblins at Gringotts. As for Harry and Hermione, after buying several more books the pair returned to Hogwarts where they caught a late dinner. They returned to Gryffindor tower where they kissed the other goodnight and then went to bed in separate dorms. Hermione went into a sleep which was filled with dreams of Harry and herself on their wedding day. Harry was dreaming of flying through the air on a broomstick, when he woke up with his scar in fire. Neville, Dean and Seamus also woke up and they looked at each other.

"I think someone is in trouble" Harry said, rubbing at the rapidly fading pain in his forehead.

"Do you know who?" asked Dean. They had no problem with believing Harry – they had all seen the results of a 'Harry Warning' before and had survived because of it. Harry frowned and concentrated for a moment before looking up at the others.

"It's Tori and Tracy" he said. Seamus's eyes went wide at the news, and he looked over to Dean who nodded.

"I think so" he said in reply to the unasked question.

"Right then!" Seamus said loudly, "Up off your arses and lets get going" and the Irish boy jumped out of bed and dressed rapidly. The other boys followed him in quick order and left the dorm. Once outside the Common room, Harry looked at the Marauder's Map and noted that the dots labelled 'Astoria Greengrass' and 'Tracy Davis' sat parked in the Slytherin common room along with a number of other Slytherins. Without thinking about meeting up with the prefects or teachers, the four ran along the corridors and towards the entrance to the Slytherin common room.

"Anyone know the password?" asked Neville hesitantly.

“Yes” Harry said, “It’s BOMBARDA!” and the blasting hex took out the portrait and some of the surrounding stonework. Nobody seemed to have heard the noise and the four first years crept down the passageway and looked into the Slytherin common room. A large number of students stood in the middle and took turns in hitting, punching and kicking Tori and Tracy.

“Bastards” Dean said, and he went for his wand which he had picked up.

“Wands out” Seamus said, and the four jumped out of the passageway and entered the common room.

“Good Evening” Harry said loudly and clearly, “Gryffindor House at your service. Back away from those two or we will be forced to open fire on you” and several Slytherins charged them.

“STUPIDFY” said the five lions, and they took down the encroaching snakes.

“Anyone else?” Neville asked. He had got a lot of confidence since he had become friends with Harry. He pointed his wand at the largest group and simply shifted them out the way. Harry could see Tori and Tracy with large cuts over most of their bodies, torn robes and possibly several broken bones each. At that exact moment, Peeves came drifting through the wall and Harry turned to him.

“Peeves! I need you to get Professor McGonagall here at once, and tell her that Tori and Tracy have been attacked. Then get Pomfrey here on the double” Harry said urgently. Peeves was about to object when he saw the two girls on the floor.

“Right” he said simply, and the poltergeist quickly went away. Dean, Seamus and Neville bravely covered the other Slytherins while Harry went to examine Tori and Tracy. When he looked at them closely, Harry was almost sick with disgust. From the way the clothes the girls had been wearing had been torn, an attempt to assault them indecently had been made and Harry was tempted to execute the entire house on the spot. He made blankets appear from thin air, and

covered the pair until help could arrive. After ascertaining Tracy's condition, he moved over to Tori. Not only was she in the same state as Tracy, but Astoria also had what appeared to be some of her skull loose. Harry was no brain surgeon, but he knew that this was serious. He created a fire in the fireplace, and put more blankets over the girls in order to get their body temperatures going back up – both were as cold as ice. When McGonagall and Pomfrey came running in, after seeing the damage Harry had done to the common room entrance, they went apocalyptic at the sight before them.

"WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO THEM?" she asked, her voice was full of fury.

"They belong in Slytherin" said the voice of Pansy Parkinson. She had pushed her way to the front of the group still covered by Neville, Dean and Seamus. "We simply brought them back here and gave them a punishment for leave their sorted house" and it was all that McGonagall could do to not hex Parkinson on the spot.

"They wouldn't have left this house if it was not for you all bullying them" McGonagall said.

"I need to get them both to the hospital wing" Pomfrey said urgently interrupting.

"Can you manage on your own?" McGonagall asked, and Pomfrey nodded.

"I'll have word sent to you when I examine them further" and the school nurse floated Tori and Tracy out the common room and towards the Hospital Wing. Harry stood from where he had been kneeling next to the two girls, and he looked at McGonagall. Before he could say anything, Professors Flitwick and Sprout as well as Madam Hooch came running in. It took repeated appeals from all the staff members present to have Dean, Neville and Seamus to lower their wands – resorting to the issuing detentions in the end.

"Now what in the name of Merlin happened here?" McGonagall asked Harry – knowing that he was somehow linked highly.

"I woke up with my scar hurting" Harry began, "I kept getting images of people getting hurt and after a moment I found out it was Tori and Tracy. From the images I saw, they were getting beaten up pretty badly, and I knew there wasn't time to find a teacher. Dean, Neville and Seamus came with me of their own accord to back me up, and I'm glad they did. After getting the bullies away from the girls, I did what I could for them until you arrived" and that was all that Harry was going to say.

"Is this true?" McGonagall asked the Slytherins.

"They deserted us" Pansy said, and other students behind her murmured in agreement. "Professor Snape would never have allowed them to lea..."

"PROFESSOR SNAPE IS NO LONGER TEACHING HERE! I AM DISGUSTED WITH YOUR BEHAVIOUR TONIGHT" McGonagall shouted so loud that several portraits rattled on their hooks.

"May I speak, Professor?" Harry said politely.

"What is it?" the headmistress replied.

"Those girls were under the protection of the Potter family, and as Head of the Potter family, I demand the immediate exclusion of the individuals who have nearly murdered Astoria and Tracy" and McGonagall looked at him oddly.

"That I can not do on just your say so, Potter" McGonagall said. "Decisions like this are not made by 11 year olds" and she was right.

"I understand that, Professor" Harry said, carefully choosing his next words. "However there is one small fact. I hold a seat on the Board of Governors, and also a seat on the Wizengamot. Sirius gave up his place on the board to Hermione, and I am sure that she will back me up when I tell her later. Albus Dumbledore allowed things to get out of hand when he was here, and that was because he wanted to get at me. He is gone now, but people still follow his policies. I appeal to your sense of honour that you punish the people involved by excluding them until a proper investigation can be established.

Bullying of any sort can not be tolerated again like this. Please” Harry begged ,”Do the right thing. You can not be afraid of what the powerful pureblood families think or do.” and tears ran down his eyes as his mind wondered about Tori and Tracy. If they both died, then he would be seeking life terms in Azkaban for those who had attacked them.

“Miss Parkinson’s family are very rich and powerful. They will lobby people to have her put back in the school by the end of the week – if not dinner time this evening” McGonagall said.

“And my father will make you pay for any accusations that you make against me. That mudblood deserved it, and the muggle lover long with her” Parkinson sneered, and Harry went over to her and raised one of his hands. He stared her down before looking away.

“I can’t hit a girl” he said.

“Allow me” Sprout said, and she slapped Pansy so hard on the face that Harry would have sworn that the girl’s eyes spun round a couple of times. Dean, Neville and Seamus just looked on in amazement that a teacher had slapped Pansy – though she had deserved it anyway.

“My father will here of this” she screamed, a bright red mark over her right cheek. Harry went bright red at the sheer evil that was in

“I suggest that you remain silent” McGonagall said, “Or else I might leave you alone in a room with Mr Potter. I have no doubt that what was left of you would fit into nothing more then a matchbox” she added.

“But Professor...” Pansy started again.

“But Professor nothing” McGonagall shot back. “You are in very serious trouble as it is, and I must wait until Miss Greengrass and Miss Davis are awake to take memories of the events. As it is, you are excluded from Hogwarts pending an investigation. Professor Flitwick will take you home as soon as you have packed your things” and McGonagall looked at Harry. “Did you see anyone not taking part in the attack?” she enquired. Harry thought about it and then nodded.

He pointed out several of the Slytherins whom he had seen trying to pull their housemates off and try to prevent the attack.

“They tried to stop it” he explained quickly.

“That’s right” said Dean, Seamus and Neville. The trio speaking reminded McGonagall that they had remained in the common room.

“You three are to return to Gryffindor at once, and do not say a word about this to anyone – not even yourselves” she ordered, and the three left quickly. Pansy Parkinson came back from her dorm with Sprout where Flitwick took her to her house. “The rest of you are to serve detentions for a week, or until I decide otherwise. I want you to go bed now and then go about lessons as normal” and the Slytherins rapidly vanished to dorms. One still remained in the common room, and Zabini Blaise came forward to McGonagall.

“I want to say something” the girl said.

“What is it, my dear?” McGonagall was now using a much less harsh tone of voice.

“I was involved with the kidnapping of Tori and Tracy. I was going to say something, but Pansy threatened to curse and hex me if I didn’t do what she said” and Harry said the girl was about to cry. “I’m ashamed to have been involved... I deserve to be expelled” and she sunk to the floor. To the surprise of McGonagall and Sprout, Harry knelt beside her and hugged her to him.

“You admitted what you did was wrong, and you were brave enough to not attack Tori and Tracy when they got here” he said soothingly to her.

“I thank you for your honesty, Miss Blaise, but you must still be punished” McGonagall said.

“As the protector of Tori and Tracy, I want to say that I have no trouble with Zabini. She risked being excluded or expelled because of what she did, and I don’t think she should be punished as badly as the others” and Harry’s kindness reminded her of his father.

“Your punishment will be to catalogue all of the potions ingredients without the use of magic in the hospital wing” McGonagall said after a while.

“Yes, Ma’am” Zabini said, then got to her feet. “They’re going to hate me for confessing” the girl added sadly. “My dorm mates are in league with Pansy’s family up to their necks. I don’t hold with my family’s views on muggleborns. But then again, I have nowhere else to go” and she turned to go to her dorm. Harry rushed over and grabbed her arm.

“Are you kidding?” he said to her, grinning to put her at ease, “For this you can stay at my place. I’m sure that we can find you a place in the first year girl’s form in Gryffindor Tower” and before another word could be said, he dragged her out of the Slytherin common room.

“That boy has a heart of gold, he does” Sprout said.

“Who can blame him?” McGonagall said in reply. She sighed as the two professors left after repairing the entrance way. “And Potter was right. I have to stand up to Pansy Parkinson’s family, and all those like them. Dumbledore nearly ruined this place, and almost destroyed its reputation. I have to turn it back” and Sprout chuckled.

“You really think you can do it?” she asked.

“If I can stay in the same room as an angry Harry Potter and come out alive, then I could arm wrestle a Troll” Minerva McGonagall said, and the two went to see Pomfrey in the Hospital Wing. There they received good news from the healer, and McGonagall felt a little bit more braver and more confident about dealing with the upcoming storm.

A/N:

Well another chapter, and Harry forgives a Slytherin and makes them his friend. There is a reference to the first episode of Stargate SG-1 somewhere, and I want to know who can spot it first, as well as identify who said it originally in the show.

Sorry for the delay in posting another chapter, but I have been busy with "The Great Road Trip" as well as "Leaving Hogwarts".

Note: I've made one Slytherin into a girl, and also flipped the names around. Simply said, it is a case of my fic - my rules. If you have a problem with this chapter, then please click the back button. it is located at the top left of your screen

Reviews from all but Mirage are welcome

Regards

Pixel

Damage Control

The news that something had happened overnight in the Slytherin Common Room was of course secret. The entire School knew most of the details by 9am. Hermione comforted Harry who had told her he feared for the lives of Tori and Tracy who still not come round from their injuries – though this was to be expected after all.

“Madam Pomfrey can do wonders” Hermione assured him, “I mean she fixed all of our injuries pretty quickly” and her brother had to admit his sister was correct.

“But Tori had part of skull flapping like some damned bloody scrap of paper in the wind” Harry countered. “Even I wasn’t that bad when Ron punched me” he added.

“True” Hermione said, and then she managed to get Harry’s attention on to the Charms homework they had still to complete. Harry did so with a heavy heart. After several days, both girls woke up, and Tracy was able to return to Gryffindor tower. When she saw Zabini, the other Slytherin said she forgave her. But it was McGonagall who gave Harry the bad news about Astoria.

#

“I’m glad I managed to catch you, Harry” said the headmistress, “No doubt you’ve seen Miss Davis up and about. I only wish that better news was to come for Miss Greengrass” and Harry looked at her from his seat.

“What do you mean, Professor?” he asked.

“Madam Pomfrey has informed me that, while Miss Greengrass is awake and talking, I’m afraid that she has lost parts of her memory. She can speak, and speak well enough, the problem lies with the fact she can not read or write. She also did not know where she was, but Madam Pomfrey believes that little part will pass shortly. As for the reading and writing... I fear that she will never regain that. And as for her parents, her whole family have disowned her, and she is now

without a home.” and she watched as Harry jumped to his feet, the action sent the seat spinning into a wall.

“Excuse me” he said, and went to the door.

“Where are you going?” asked McGonagall, hurrying after him.

“Out” Harry said, and he stormed out the office and returned to Gryffindor.

#

The entrance to the common room swung open and Harry came steaming in. People looked away in horror when they saw Harry’s face. It was a very good thing that Pansy Parkinson was not in the school right now or else Harry might well have murdered her on sight. Hermione went after him and into his dorm except to find he had vanished, and she hoped he wasn’t going to do anything foolish. She looked at his trunk which had the hidden money bag and his Nimbus 2000 and noted both were missing. The girl darted over to the window in time to see Harry fly to the school gates. Leaving the room, Hermione rushed to find the nearest teacher and tell them Harry had done a runner.

#

The Knight Bus went and dropped Harry off outside Diagon Alley, and Harry popped into the Leaky Cauldron and asked Tom to look after his broom until he returned. Once that was over with, Harry went into Muggle London and went to purchase books of a special kind. Knowing that Tori had lost her entire knowledge of the English language, and that she couldn’t write either, Harry got books that were meant for nursery children. He was going to help Astoria get better again if it was the last thing that he ever did. He returned several times with bags full of books to the pub, until he caught the Knight Bus back to Hogwarts. He was glad that he had learned the featherweight charm as he could carry all the books at once – casting the spell the minute he was inside Hogwarts grounds. Slotting the handle of his broom through the handles of the carrier bags, Harry gently kicked off the ground and flew silently to the Hospital Wing.

#

"I wonder if they will expel him?" Hermione worried. "You don't suppose that he'll try to kill Pansy do you?" she added fearful that it was what he was doing.

"I'm sure that he wou... hello" Fred stopped speaking. Harry's name had just appeared on the map and he saw it moving at a speed reached only by brooms. Hermione saw the same thing, and noted that he was heading towards the hospital wing.

"Tell Flitwick I'll be late" she called, as she raced from Gryffindor tower, and towards where her brother was.

"NO RUNNING IN THE CORRIDORS!" yelled Filch and he brandished a large broom to block her.

"Oh for heavens sake, will you fuck off?" she swore, and Hermione slammed into the caretaker, and just kept on going until she stopped when she saw some professors standing at the entrance to the hospital wing. "What is he doing?" she asked in wonder.

"We found him like this" McGonagall said, voice hushed a little. "He's come with dozens of muggle books that are supposed to help little children to read. He's decided to undertake the re-education of Miss Greengrass himself" and Hermione shook her head at her brother.

"He feels it is his responsibility to help her get better" she said after a while. "The same as he tried to fight Ron Weasley and Draco Malfoy after they insulted me" and McGonagall looked down at Hermione.

"It's his loyalty streak" the headmistress said. "His Gryffindor mind takes over until he is satisfied that a person is alright" and she, Hermione, Flitwick (sat on Sprout's shoulders) and Sprout looked as Harry did his best to undo the damage that had been sustained.

#

"Try again" Harry urged her.

"Alright" said Tori, and she looked at the book again. "Arghple... appelle... apple" she said at last, and Harry smiled as Tori's face lit up as she got the word correct.

"That's good progress" Harry said, "This is going better than I ever could have thought" he assured her. It sickened him and twisted at his insides to have to talk to her like this, but he knew he was doing the right thing.

"It's nice that you want to spend time with me, even if I couldn't remember your name at first" Tori said.

"I told you before that you are one of my friends, and that friend's stick together" Harry told her.

"You say that I have a family?" Tori asked, pushing herself up to a better sitting up position. Harry's smile fell a little and that told Tori something. "What?" she pushed at him. Harry didn't know what to say to her, so he started by explaining the whole situation concerning Purebloods, half bloods and muggleborns.

"So in the end they decided that they would much rather disown you, and they've cast you out of the family" Harry finished. Tori burst into tears and started crying. Harry wished that the fleas of a thousand Arab camels infested the pubic regions of the Greengrass family. Tori was still crying, so Harry sat on the bed next to her and held her to his chest until she was exhausted. Once she was fast asleep, Harry wiped the tears from her eyes and cheeks, tucked her into bed quietly and put the books away into the little cabinet that sat next to the bed. Harry stood up and looked down at the sleeping and peaceful face of Astoria Greengrass and promised that he would take care of her – just like he promised to take care of Hermione.

"200 points to Gryffindor" McGonagall said to him when he stood in front of her. She, the other teachers and Hermione had watched him single handedly take on the re-education of Tori and it touched her heart as well as those of the others.

"Thank you, Professor. I am sorry I was very rude to you this morning" Harry apologised.

"I am sure you was under a great deal of worry" McGonagall said dismissively. "I take it that you told her about her parents and family wanting nothing to do with her?" and Harry nodded.

"She would have found out sooner or later. Better for her to cry in here then if out in corridors or a classroom" Harry said, and everyone agreed. Harry ran a hand through his hair and undid the top button of the shirt he was wearing under his robes. "Tori is getting there, but I know it is going to be a long and difficult recovery for her" and Hermione went over and hugged him tightly.

"I'm going to be there for you, and so are our friends. We'll make sure that Tori is alright" she said, and Harry knew she was telling the truth.

"What will happen to Tori now?" he asked McGonagall, and the Professor hesitated before answering.

"Subject to our laws, she will all traces of our world wiped from her mind, her magic bound for all time and sent to live as a muggle" and Hermione shivered while Harry's tired face morphed into one of total fury.

"I'd like to see them try that" he growled, his voice full of anger. "Is there anything that we can do?" Harry asked.

"Only that we keep Miss Greengrass comfortable until Aurors come to do the procedure" Flitwick spoke sadly.

"What if someone was to take Tori in? I mean something like foster care or maybe even adoption" Harry suggested, and McGonagall conceded the point.

"It is of course entirely possible, but it requires a Head of House" she said.

"What about my parents? I'm sure that they wouldn't mind until something came up for Tori" Hermione said, but McGonagall had to say no.

"It has to be a magical family" she told them, "Undersecretary Umbridge drafted those laws in, and Fudge approved them. Until the case is sorted out, nothing can happen except for low level rules and laws" and Hermione felt upset and sad for Tori.

"Well it just so happens that I'm a head of house" Harry said, "Is there any restrictions on how old someone has to be?" he asked.

"None whatsoever" the older witch said. "I believe you know the way to London" and Harry thanked her, and dragged a puzzled Hermione away with him.

#

"Good Afternoon" Harry said to the witch, "My name is Harry Potter, I'm 5ft 8, student at Hogwarts, I'm very hungry and completely ticked at the Ministry. May I see your boss please?" he finished sweetly.

"I'm afraid that Madam Bones is not in at the moment" replied the witch in the front office. She was about to send for a couple of Aurors when Harry and Hermione vanished abruptly out the office.

"She's in there" Harry said, and Hermione nodded

"Let's do it your way" she gave in.

"Thank you" Harry said, and give his sister a quick kiss on the lips. They went back into the office with black as thunder looks upon their faces. "I want to see your boss in under a minute. If not, then I'm going to blow that door off it's hinges. Would you care to watch?" and the secretary saw who she had been rude to.

"I'm screwed" she said, and waved them into the office behind her.

“Mr Potter! Miss Granger!” said Madam Bones with surprise. “What are you doing here?” she asked as the pair sat down in the large leather armchairs.

“Do you know about Astoria Greengrass?” asked Hermione, and Madam Bones nodded sadly.

“I was about to sign the papers for her magic to be bound” she said, “I wouldn’t do it myself but it is the law” and Harry for some reason she couldn’t quite figure out suddenly smiled.

“I know someone who is willing to take her in and foster her – if not outright adopt her” he told her, and the quill she was using was put back on the table.

“Who did you find?” asked Madam Bones.

“He is sitting right in front of you” Hermione beamed. Madam Bones was not expecting that at all, and she had to let her mind process that information before replying.

“But you are only 11 years old” she told him, “You can’t make decisions like this until you have a family of your own” and Harry actually nodded at that.

“I understand that, and Hermione helped me look over the Wizarding laws before coming over. But I have been declared the head of my family, such as it is, and therefore can make decisions concerning the Potter family” Harry explained his position, and madam Bones listened to everything.

‘This boy is going to grow up to be a very great person. He even forgives people who attacked his friends. I’ll do what I can to help... the least I can do after making friends with my niece’.

“I’ll get the papers myself” she promised, “Just wait here until...” she was cut off by McGonagall suddenly coming through the door.

“She’s gone” she panted; Harry immediately got up and gave her his seat.

“Who has gone, professor?” asked Hermione.

“A squad of four Aurors came and removed Astoria Greengrass from the hospital wing” McGonagall said.

“Who issued the order?” Madam Bones said, “I certainly didn’t – these two stopped me from doing it” she added, indicating Hermione and Harry.

“The order was signed by Delores Umbridge” McGonagall said, “I couldn’t do a bloody thing to stop them” and Harry leant down to Hermione’s head and started to whisper. The two adults didn’t pay them attention as they discussed what to do next.

“It’s worth a try” Hermione said, “You are the head of the Potter family after all” she pointed out. Harry flashed her a brilliant smile before turning to the talking adults.

“Astoria Greengrass was under the protection of the Potter family, and therefore was already being looked after me. She should not have been taken without my consent and I would not have given it anyway” and Madam Bones and McGonagall both turned to look at him. It was odd to find an 11 year old speaking like this, but it was how Harry and Hermione had been brought up.

“But that isn’t the problem, Mr Potter” McGonagall said.

“No. And it’s not going to be a problem in about ten minutes” Harry said.

“Would you explain, Mr Potter?” asked Madam Bones, “I can not see where you are going with this” and he nodded before he stopped leaning on the chair Hermione was sat on. Harry decided that he better be standing upright for his request – better to be looking formal and unafraid even if he was slightly nervous.

“I request the use of Aurors in order to rescue Astoria Greengrass – a child under my protection. I request them urgently as I believe her to be in mortal danger” Harry said. “I also wish to have Delores Umbridge

arrested on charges of kidnapping” Harry said. Madam Bones could well have refused a request from Harry Potter. What she couldn’t do was refuse a request from the head of the Potter family.

“I do not suppose that you have anyone in mind?” Bones asked him.

“I request the aid of Aurors Black and Tonks plus anyone who you completely trust” Harry said.

“There are one or two others I trust very well” Bones replied, and she left the room for a short time and came back with Sirius, Tonks and two Aurors Harry knew only by sight.

“Hi Harry” Sirius said, “What is going on then?” he asked.

“It’s a kidnapping” said Hermione. “Some woman called Umbridge has taken one of our friends to St Mungos in order for them to have their memories wiped of our world” and Harry nodded.

“Private room then” Tonks mused. “This isn’t just something you want doing is it?” she asked.

“I made the request as head of the Potter family” Harry told her.

“Well that makes all the difference” Sirius said and then looked to the other two Aurors. “I know Umbridge, and she is a right evil bit...”

“Sirius!” Madam Bones cut in, “Not in front of the children” and Harry and Hermione chuckled.

“We’ve heard worse” they said at the same time.

“I suggest that we return to Hogwarts and await the arrival of Miss Greengrass” McGonagall said, getting up from her chair.

“I can’t do that, Professor” Harry said, “Can’t really explain why, but this is something that I need to be there for” and Hermione slipped her hand into his.

“My place is with Harry” she said determinedly. “We’re both going. It’ll prove to people that we do not hate Slytherins as a whole” and Harry said that he agreed with that.

“We better hurry” Madam Bones said, “We might not have much time to stop Umbridge from doing what she is planning” and Harry suddenly was alarmed.

“We’re not going to have time to get down to the right department for me to sign the papers” he said quickly, but Bones replied that they could use the Floo to go to the right department, collect and sign the papers, and then head to St Mungos to save Tori.

#

The group simply bypassed the welcome desk, and took a lift to the private rooms. They found a pair of Aurors guarding a single room.

“I have orders for no one to enter” said the one in charge.

“I’m the head of the DMLE” Bones said, “Let me pass” but the Auror shook his head.

“I’m not allowed to let anyone in” he said.

“Is Umbridge inside?” Harry asked.

“She is just about to perform the spells along with the healers” said the second Auror – a woman. At that exact moment, there was the very loud scream of a young girl in extreme pain.

“If you don’t get out of my way, then I am personally going to allow Harry to use every hex and curse he knows” Bones said, but the Aurors stood their ground.

“We are not letting you pass” they both said.

“Fine” Sirius said, “You win” and he, Tonks and the two Aurors turned away. Suddenly they turned right back again and blasted their

colleagues with multiple spells and charms before they could go for their wands.

"Nice" McGonagall said, "Very nice indeed" and Harry simply blasted the door off the hinges with Hermione's help.

"EVERYONE STAND STILL!" Bones bellowed. "Healers are to stand aside. This girl has been adopted by the Potter family, and can not be forced from our world" Bones said, and Umbridge turned. She was still the same evil toad looking woman that Harry had seen when he had gone to the Ministry for the various trials he had to be at.

"She is too dangerous to be allowed any magic" Umbridge said, "I have to complete the spell" and she turned and raised her wand. "Memoriam Vani..." she was cut off by a combined effort of Harry and Hermione.

"BANZAI!" they yelled, and jumped on her back and tried to snatch her wand but she through them off. None of the others could fire spells for fear of hitting Tori. Hermione fell to the floor, but Harry was thrown over the bed his Slytherin friend was in – just catching a heavy blow on her head. Tori's eyes closed for a minute and then opened wide and looked around.

"HARRY!" she yelled, "I've got my memory back!" and then shifted so a spell didn't hit her.

"Here" Harry said, and threw her his wand. "Expelliarmus" he told her. Tori caught it, and aimed at Umbridge – just catching her left armpit.

"Expelliarmus" she said, and though it was Harry's wand, it did the job good enough. Umbridge was sent flying through the air and landed in a heap on the floor. At that instant, six different wands issued ropes and bound her like a mummy. Sirius leant out the doorway and did the same for the two opposing Aurors.

"That's done it" he said with a smile, then looked at the sight of a crying Tori being hugged by Harry and Hermione.

"I thought that I wasn't going to see you again" she sobbed.

“Well the good news is that you don’t have to leave Hogwarts” Hermione said.

“I don’t?” sniffed the girl.

“Nope” Harry grinned, “Because I adopted you” and Astoria looked at him in surprise.

“You what?” she asked.

“I did it to stop you having our magic bound, and your memories of our world wiped from your brain” and Harry hugged her tightly. “I told you before – friends help friends out when in trouble” and Tori kissed him on the cheek.

“You’re sweet” she told him, and Harry blushed deeply.

“Everything is going to be alright” Hermione said, “All your friends at Hogwarts have been waiting for news on your recovery. Dean volunteered to help save you from the Slytherin common room” and Tori blinked.

“He... he was?” she asked, going a very nice shade of crimson. Everyone in the room suspected that Tori had a crush on Dean – it was well known about the one shared between Seamus and Tracy.

“He said that he didn’t want any harm to come to you” Harry said, and he helped Tori off the bed and to stand upright.

“Oh that will never do” McGonagall said, and she flicked her wand at the pyjamas that the girl was wearing. They changed into a full set of Hogwarts robes with one tiny little difference to Tori’s regular set. Where the Slytherin patch was, now sat the red and gold shield with a lion on the front – the symbol of Gryffindor. “I think you will find that you are not the only other ones to change houses today” McGonagall said, and Tori gasped.

“Tracy too?” she asked, and McGonagall only hummed to herself.

“Come on, Tori” Harry said, “Let’s go home” and they headed back to Hogwarts. Once there, it was discovered that Tracy as well as Zabini had also changed houses. When she saw Tori, Zabini said that she was sorry that she had harmed her, and that she would do anything to prove her worth to Tori and Tracy. Tori’s reply was to say that if Zabini was willing to give evidence against all those who had conspired to hurt herself and Tracy, then it would be even.

#

In the end, it made for a rather nice lot of suspects – Harry ensured that the Daily Prophet printed the list in full. This was achieved by Sirius and Tonks taking a squad of trainees out to the offices of the paper on a field trip.

DEFENDANTS TO BE TRIED IN ONE CASE.

We publish a full list of those people who are to be tried in the cases of assault on Astoria Greengrass and Tracy Davis.

Lucius Malfoy

Draco Malfoy

Pansy Parkinson

Delores Umbridge

Auror Stu Pid Mirage

Auror Dumbs Hit Dragon

Zabini Blaise has been given immunity in exchange for naming the people who ordered her to attack the two girls.

Everyone at the Prophet wishes Miss Greengrass and Miss Davis a speedy recovery, and hope to see them continue at Hogwarts – and who knows what next?...

“Amazing what a squad of 50 Aurors can get you” Harry said, as he put up his feet on the coffee table in the Gryffindor common room.

“I hope that my parents don’t do anything because I went against the Slytherins” Zabini said.

“If they kick you out, then I’ll simply adopt you as well. I’m already a daddy” Harry said, glancing at Tori. For this, Harry was rewarded with half a dozen cushions intersecting on his head.

“I just want to know where we are going to live” Hermione said.

“I know we only have a three bedroom house” Harry said, “but we could always move into one of the houses that I own in London” and Hermione made a note to ask their parents about it next chance she could.

A/N:

Sooooooooooooooooooooo Tracy and Tori are alright, though it was nearly touch and go with Tori for a minute there! Well I hope you liked what Harry did to help her, and it is true about what Hermione said. Harry puts others first before thinking of himself.

Only two references here – both in the list of people on trial, and I suggest that you read the Aurors names very fast.

If you liked the chapter, then please review. If you had problems with the chapter, then please review. If you are called Mirage, then please tell me what your real name is – or else your review will get deleted. If your name is Trax – STOP GOING ON ABOUT MY GRAMMER! This is my fanfiction story, and ergo it is my rules.

Regards

Pixel

The best Harry Potter fanfic author that you could ever hope to meet.

Surprises at Courtroom Number One

(Dedicated to Miz636)

Tori took a few days off to regain her strength before she went back to lessons, this time as a Gryffindor student. A letter arrived the same day mentioning that the trials of both Pansy Parkinson and of Deloris Umbridge would be held one after the other on the following Tuesday. Harry spoke to McGonagall and asked permission for himself, Hermione, Astoria, Tracy and Zabini to leave school after lessons and go to one of Harry's houses that he owned in London. McGonagall agreed to his request, saying that she could send Dean, Seamus and Neville to the Ministry by Floo if one or all was needed to give evidence. The headmistress even did charms that allowed the Grangers to enter Number 2 Stephanie Way – the house Harry was thinking of. After lessons they packed some overnight things and then used the floo to travel to the house.

"Next time I'm taking the bus" Harry complained as he brushed the soot off his clothes.

"Never mind" Hermione said giggling, "At least you landed safely" and Harry agreed.

"I see you got here safely" said Mrs Granger as she and David watched them pick up bags. The two of them helped the children to their rooms, before heading down to start the dinner. Jane was looking forward to the fact that she didn't have to do the dishes – the kids could do it with magic. Hermione had said how Harry had Griphook arrange for some people to cast undetectable charms on the house so the Ministry would not detect underage magic. This allowed the Grangers to see what the children learned at Hogwarts – impossible when at the Grangers' own home.

"Is there some kind of spell that won't let some burn or cook badly?" asked Jane suddenly.

"Yes, Mrs Granger" said Tracy, "It is pretty easy to do, and Hermione taught us it – not that we have much call for it anyway" she added.

“Good” Jane replied, “Then I am going to make the world’s most perfect soufflé” and Harry and Hermione rolled their eyes as they knew of Jane’s desire to get it right.

“What is for dinner, Mr Granger?” asked Zabini, who was very respectful towards the adults.

“Beef Casserole” he replied, “Followed up with Apple Pie and Custard and finishing off with Rhubarb Crumble and Custard” and the faces of all five lit up with delight. Dinner was great, and they settled in front of the fireplace which crackled gently while they watched some TV before the Granger adults told them to go to bed so they would be up early in the morning for the trial. The adults took the master room, Tori and Tracy bunked together as did Hermione and Zabini, and Harry was left with a room to himself. He didn’t sleep right away and he got out of bed to look up at the stars – something that he liked to do often. One thing that bothered Harry was the fact he was attending court again, and he wondered what people would think of him turning up so many times.

#

“BRING IN THE PRISONER!” said the judge, and a door to one side opened and two hooded Aurors escorted Pansy Parkinson in. nobody else came through as Harry had been told that the other accused people’s families had paid large amounts of compensation. Harry, Astoria and Tracy had let the matter drop as all three of them thought that enough trouble was being caused. What none of them knew was that the Malfoys had been tried, convicted and sentenced already. It had been decided by those in charge that it was better to keep it quiet, and then just simply read out what happened to them. Tracy had attempted to give most of her share of the money to Astoria, but the other girl had refused saying that it was her money and rightly so. What Tori had done with her money was to put it in her own – brand new – Gringotts account, as well as invest in some stock. Griphook had helped her to choose which ones to go in – mainly the same ones that Harry also had shares in. The Aurors pulled Pansy to a chair in the middle of the courtroom and she was made to sit in it.

"I almost feel sorry for her" Harry heard Hermione mutter. Pansy had her hands and ankles chained together tightly, and Harry could see from his seat that it was rubbing them raw. Despite the fact that she had nearly killed both Tracy and Tori, there was still some pity for Pansy inside Harry. He let go of Hermione's hand and stood up for all to see and spoke.

"I protest the treatment of Miss Parkinson" he said loudly. The judge looked at him with a mixture of surprise and shock crossing her face.

"Explain yourself, Mr Potter" said Madam Bones.

"Pansy is in a room full of highly trained Aurors, as well as witches and wizards. I highly doubt that she would be able to escape" Harry said.

"I don't follow" Madam Bones said.

"Pansy might well be rather nasty and evil, but she shouldn't be chained up like a common criminal!" Harry said, "Take the chains off her hands and ankles and let her have some dignity for god's sake" he added.

"You must understand that Miss Parkinson is classed as a very dangerous person" Madam Bones replied, rubbing the bridge of her nose in thought. "It would be running a risk to let her freedom of her limbs" she added. Even though he hated Pansy for what she had done, he wouldn't stand for this.

"Then I must inform you that it is my intention to file charges of Child Abuse against the Ministry of Magic" Harry said, and people looked at him in surprise.

"And if there needs to be a second, then I support those charges" Tori said, and this caused people to start talking loudly. Madam Bones had to bang the gavel many times before she could regain order.

"Very well, Mr Potter" she said, and nodded at the Aurors who banished the chains in a moment.

"I withdraw the charges" Harry and Tori said at the same time, and they sat back down without another word. Madam Bones was flustered for a moment but then she started to read out the charges against Pansy.

"You are hereby charged with the fact that you knowingly and willingly attacked and assaulted Miss Tracy Davis and Miss Astoria Greengrass. You are also charged with the attempted murder of Miss Davis and Miss Greengrass. It has been noted by the court that you have forgone any legal council, but please know that this will not be held against you. Do you understand the charges against you?" Madam Bones asked Pansy.

"I do" said Pansy Parkinson quietly.

"How do you plead?" asked the most senior magical law enforcement officer.

"Guilty" Pansy replied, and this grew whispers from the watching public.

"So noted" Madam Bones said, and then she looked at the Prosecutor. "You may begin" she told him.

"Thank you" said the tall dark haired man – but Harry didn't recognise him at all. "I call my first witness – Miss Tracy Davis" and Tracy got up from her seat and stood in the witness box. "Tell us in your own words what exactly you can remember of the attack" the man said. Tracy nodded meekly, and then started to describe in full the attack. It was enough to make people go pale as they heard the full details of the attack. By the end of her account, Tracy was visibly shaking.

"Do you wish to cross examine?" asked Madam Bones to Pansy.

"No Ma'am" she replied, and Harry frowned at her from behind.

"What is she doing?" he said to Hermione.

"I don't know" she replied. The girl was expecting Pansy to have answered 'Not Guilty' but she had done otherwise. She had now just

discarded her chance to question Tracy. "She has to be up to something" Hermione muttered to Harry, and her brother agreed.

"You may call your next witness" a puzzled Madam Bones said to the Prosecutor.

"I call Miss Astoria Greengrass" he said, and Tori got up and went to stand where Tracy had just been. "Can you recall what happened during the attack on yourself?" and Tori nodded slowly. "Tell us in your own words please" and Tori took a deep breath before starting her testimony.

"I was walking down the corridor while talking to Tracy" Tori started, "We had just been in the library and we were heading for the Gryffindor common room when we felt lots of hands dragging and pulling us from behind. Then something was put in my face and everything went black, and the next thing I knew was that I was in the Slytherin common room, with people standing round and kicking us. I saw Pansy Parkinson directing some of the efforts to hurt us, and she also kicked me more than Tracy" and Tori had to pause for a moment. Harry looked down at Pansy who was staring straight down at the stone floor as if in deep thought.

"Something is very, very wrong" Harry whispered to Hermione and Tracy. The two girls agreed very much with Harry.

"Do you think that you will be able to continue, my dear?" asked the Prosecutor gently, and Tori wiped her eyes before continuing.

"Pansy said that Draco Malfoy and his father had told her they could do anything as long as we both died. She even told the older male students that they could.... could... that" Tori's voice nearly broke down, but the girl found the strength to finish. "She said they had told her that the older male students could have their way with us" and Tori broke down and had to be led away to calm down.

"Do you wish to challenge these claims?" Madam Bones asked.

"No, Ma'am" Pansy replied, briefly looking up to gaze at Amelia Bones before returning her eyes to the floor.

"What is going on?" asked Hermione, and Harry noticed a slight shaking in Pansy's shoulders.

"I'm beginning to think she was under the influence of something" Harry said, "And now she is off it, Pansy thinks that she is to blame" and the two girls either side of him stared at the chair containing Pansy in a mixture of shock and horror. "I think" Harry finished, "She thinks the only way to pay for what she did was for her to be sent to Azkaban. In other words, she is committing virtual suicide" and Harry was horrified at the thought. However before either Harry or Hermione could give evidence, Pansy looked up and asked to be sentenced there and then. Bones looked surprised at the request, but it was within Pansy's rights to make such a request.

"Very well" Amelia Bones said. "You are aware of course that minor evidence has been heard already by the court before this session. Do you wish to make a protest?" she asked Pansy.

"No Ma'am" Pansy replied, bringing her head up to look at imposing figure.

"So noted" Madam Bones said, and turned to the jury which had sat as quiet as church mice – though they had been discussing things under a modified shield charm. They could hear what was being said, but no one on the outside could hear them. "How do you find the defendant? Guilty or not guilty?" she asked, and there was the passing of different colour pieces of parchment to one person designated the foreperson of the jury. The little witch – Harry thought a female version of Flitwick – stood up and spoke in a loud, clear and crisp voice.

"After taking in the evidence, we find Miss Pansy Parkinson guilty on all charges" and the witch stood down.

"I thank the jury" Madam Bones said, and then turned to face Pansy once again. Before she spoke another word, Pansy got slowly up onto her feet to face her punishment.

"I don't like this" Harry said gravely, "I don't like it one bit" and he started thinking of what could be wrong with Pansy. His thoughts were interrupted by Amelia Bones speaking once again.

"Pansy Parkinson – you have been found guilty on all the charges. It is my decision that you have committed a number of serious crimes, but for someone your age – I am not going to give you life imprisonment. What I am going to do instead is to sentence you to fifty years in Azkaban. After twenty years time you might apply for parole. I hope that you use this time to reflect on your actions" Madam Bones said, and banged her gavel three times. As the Aurors moved to replace the chains around Pansy's hands and just at the same time as Madam Bones putting down her gavel, a jet of green energy sailed across the courtroom and hit Madam Amelia Bones in the chest. The woman had enough time to see it before it sent her tumbling backwards – dead.

"In the name of our Lord, some of you are going to die!" laughed a cruel voice, and hooded figures came through the doors as the caster of the killing curse killed the Aurors surrounding Pansy. All this took less than five seconds and Harry, Hermione, Tori, Tracy and Zabini whipped out their wands and started to return fire. Most of them sent chairs flying at them, but Harry being more powerful was able to send a stunner at two before the figures shoot the killing curse at them. The once sombre and solemn courtroom was turned into a fire fight as witches and wizards fought for their very lives, but many fell to the hooded people.

"DEATH EATERS!" someone yelled – cut off by them getting killed by a total of five killing curses.

"We know" Harry said bitterly. No Aurors came to attack, save those in the courtroom already, and so Harry assumed the Death eaters had already killed those on duty or had somehow blocked them from getting here for some time.

"What are we going to do?" asked Tori, glancing around at the unfolding chaos.

"Find a way out of here and raise the alarm" Harry replied.

"But they are in the only exit" Hermione pointed out.

"One moment" Harry said, and he ran out into the melee, went to Pansy Parkinson who was cowering under the large chair she had been sat in, put his hand under her robe collar, and dragged her back towards where he had been. While he did so, he picked up a fallen witch's wand.

"Potter?" was all that a confused Pansy could get out. Harry looked at the girl and handed her the wand.

"I'm not going to regret this am I?" he asked her, and Pansy stared at him before taking the wand and sending curses and hexes at the Death Eaters.

"That do you?" she replied with her own question. The others looked at her.

"I'll tell you later" Harry replied, and he started to send more curses and hexes at the hooded attackers, and managed to force them to take over themselves. The problem was that they still couldn't get to the exit. Harry slumped along the wooden partition that separated his row of seats from the one behind, and looked at the rear wall of the courtroom. A thought passed over his face, but Hermione wondered if he had been hit.

"Harry?" she asked with a panic, grabbing his arm with a vice like grip.

"There's another courtroom on the other side of that wall" Harry said, "If we can blast a hole through it, we can get out that way and send for help" and several of the closest adults heard him and understood what he meant. They turned to the rear wall and blasted a large hole in it.

"Great idea, Harry" said one of them, and Harry gave a grim nod, and then cupped his hands around his mouth.

“ALL RIGHT PEOPLE. WE’RE GOING TO EVACUTE THROUGH THE REAR WALL. WOUNDED FIRST THEN THE UNIJURED” and above all the noise of the battle, people started to fall back towards the back wall of the courtroom. The injured went through first while the uninjured provided covering fire for their escape. Harry turned to the girls he was with and spoke quickly. “I want you to get Hermione and take her out of her” he said.

“But what about you?” she asked him.

“I’ll stay to provide cover and then I’m out” Harry promised.

“Oh oh” Pansy said, and Harry peeped over the partition to see what Pansy was concerned about. Lord Voldemort had arrived.

“Things just got worse” Tori said.

“I thought he was dead?” Tracy said.

“I’ve been dead before” Hermione pointed out. Just as she finished, Voldemort’s cruel and evil sounding voice could be heard over the noise of people fighting.

“HARRY POTTER! I KNEW YOU WOULD COME HERE, AND SO YOU HAVE. PEOPLE BELIEVED THAT I WAS DEAD, BUT MY MOST LOYAL SERVENTS KNEW OTHERWISE. NOW I HAVE COME TO FINISH WHAT I FINISHED 11 YEARS AGO!” and he used his wand to cut down a trio of wizards who had gotten close to him.

“What are we going to do?” asked Hermione frantically.

“I have no idea” Harry said, “I’m not surrendering that’s for sure. I want to know how Star Trek TNG finishes” he added, and Hermione rolled her eyes.

“So what?” asked Tori.

“I’m going to fight” and Harry bounded over the partition and started sending curses and jinxes at all the hooded figures he could see. He

was close to Voldemort when the shadow of Tom Riddle sent him flying into a stone wall, and Harry's back erupted in pain.

"A brave effort – much like your parents did" Voldemort said. "A pity really that I have to kill you, but then again I don't suppose that you would have followed and served me, would you?" he asked, and Harry despite the pain, managed to pull himself up to a sitting position.

"You can go to hell!" Harry told him, and Voldemort laughed in his face.

"Last words? Well I'm not going to kill you outright, I think I'll let you bleed to death – much more fun to see suffering of a mudblood" and he sent a curse flying towards him. Harry looked at it, and saw it coming towards him, and watched as it hit Pansy. The Slytherin had launched herself into the path of the deadly spell and she fell to the ground heavily. Harry took the chance to stand up and face his parents' killer, and he spoke with all the strength he could.

"This is between you and me – leave these people out of this" but at the same time, the door to the courtroom burst open and in rode a dozen or so centaurs with wizards and witches on their backs. Harry had a brief thought of muggle cavalry charges. His hopes went high when he saw Sirius leading the attack of the Aurors.

"HARRY!" yelled Hermione, and threw something long and shiny at him. It sailed through the air and Harry caught the sword of Godric Gryffindor by the handle, and it was rapidly followed by Hermione, Tori and Tracy themselves. They saw the prone figure of Pansy, and Tori and Tracy went over to help her as best they could. Voldemort was staring at the sword with disbelief.

"It can't be" he said, "it just can't be" and Harry smiled a grin worthy of Griphook.

"Oh it is" he replied, "This is your death" and Harry James Potter lifted it to Voldemort's chest level and plunged it in up to the hilt. It was strong the push that it came out his back. Voldemort started twitching after getting impaled on it and Harry let go and moved out the way. Death Eater's screamed and clutched their arms as they all died right

around the country – and it saved a trial for Malfoy Snr which was just as well. As what was left of Voldemort looked at the metal going through his body, fifty cutting spells intersected on him and blasted him to pieces – Voldemort was gone this time and gone for good. Silence reigned as people tried to make sense of what had just happened – the fight had only lasted around ten minutes or so. Harry looked behind him to see Pansy propped up in Tori's arms.

"MEDIC!" Hermione yelled, and the two rushed over to her side. A healer heard them and came rushing over to them, but after a moment she shook her head.

"There's nothing I can do" she said to Pansy. The girl tried hard to keep the tears in but she knew her time was nearly up, and so she let them fall.

"I haven't got much time left, so listen to me" she was coughing up blood. "I was under potions the whole time – Malfoy gave them to me one night. I was under his control. That's why I wanted to go to Azkaban because I felt I should have been stronger in fighting him" and Pansy started a spluttering fit, and Harry knew that she had moments to live.

"Accio Madam Bones" he yelled, putting his magic into the spell. The woman came rushing over.

"You need me?" she asked, looking at the sight before her eyes. Harry simply shoved the memory into her mind as there was little time.

"I want you to clear Pansy" Harry told her, "It doesn't mean much, but at least she can die with her mind set at ease" and Madam Bone nodded.

"After new evidence" she said looking at Pansy, "Cleared of all charges" and then picked up a fallen piece of wood, and turned it into a medal. "And you've been awarded the Order of Merlin First Class" and she passed it over to Pansy.

"Thank you" she said, looking at it with tears in her eyes, and then let off another fit of coughing. Pansy then looked up and gazed over

Harry's shoulder, and they all turned but saw nobody. Harry turned to see Pansy frowning at mid air. "Fliss?" and then Pansy Parkinson gave a little shudder, and with a feint smile on her lips – died.

"What have I done?" asked Harry – looking at Pansy's body. He went completely white and seemed to tune out everything and everyone. Madam Bones had Aurors take Harry to St Mungos for a check up before returning him to where the Grangers had been expecting him after the trial. Madam Bones told the adults everything that happened, and knew that it would take some time for Harry to heal emotionally. It was like he had gone onto Auto-Pilot, and Hermione was worried enough to spend the night in his room. It was not for anything other for there to be someone in the room when the nightmares happened.

A/N:

Well I don't care what you say; I couldn't be mean to Pansy like that. Now I could have given her the option of doing the prison time, but she wanted to redeem herself and her name – and so sacrificed her life to save Harry.

So that is the latest update for this fic, and I am going to give you advanced warning – an upcoming chapter will be why we have an "M" rating for this tale! What will be next though is the aftermath of what happened. My next update for this will be in a few weeks time, as I want to concentrate on "The Great Road Trip" finale and also to do more on "Escape To A New World" which still need to get its teeth.

One reference – Star Trek 6. The clue is a line Hermione says during the fight.

I would like to give a special mention to someone: Miz636. This lady has quietly awaited the latest chapter to be completed, and though she has not got a X00 series review, Just like to say that I appreciate the help from one of my loyalist reviewers. This one is dedicated to you Miz!

Well that's it.....

Reviews and Pm's in the normal manner

Regards

Pixel

Rescue

Harry managed to slip out of his dorm without waking the sleeping Hermione – she was in a chair – and went down to the common room. The fire was still lit and Harry tapped a certain stone which came out to reveal some Floo powder. Harry used it to travel to the Ministry and went to meet with Madam Bones.

“A little bit late,” she said, as Harry sat down in his chair.

“Maybe,” Harry admitted, “but after what happened earlier, I’m running on fumes from the liquor locker.” Madam Bones smiled gently at that. “How did you survive that Killing Curse?” he asked.

“I suddenly thought that it wasn’t a killing curse,” she replied, “just the same coloured spellwork effect. I put up a shield and then pretended to be dead,” Amelia added. “Now what can I do for you?” she asked him. Harry sighed and took a deep breath before speaking further.

“I want Pansy’s name clearing in the papers, all of the Death Eaters you managed to capture are to be found guilty and punished to the fullest extent of the law, and I also want Draco Malfoy executed at once,” he said, and Madam Bones was shocked at how he sounded.

“Executing Draco Malfoy? He is too young to be put through the veil, but I can make sure that he doesn’t get out for a very long time” she informed Harry, “and the other things are already been taken care of.” Harry seemed to relax slightly.

“Good” was all that he said, as he fell back into the deep and inviting padding of the leather armchair.

“If there isn’t anything else, may I suggest that you return to Hogwarts?” Madam Bones suggested. “You need to get some rest” she added, and Harry nodded before using her own fireplace to return to the Gryffindor common room. Harry lay on the large sofa and closed his eyes as the events replayed in his mind. He felt terrible that Pansy had died – knowing now that she was innocent of

what she had done. He could still see her body in his mind's eye, and replayed the memory of her final moments in his mind.

"Thank you," she said, looking at it with tears in her eyes, and then let off another fit of coughing. Pansy then looked up and gazed over Harry's shoulder, and they all turned but saw nobody. Harry turned to see Pansy frowning at mid air. "Fliss?" and then Pansy Parkinson gave a little shudder, and with a faint smile on her lips – died.

One thing went over and over in Harry's mind. Who was Fliss? He couldn't remember when he fell asleep, but he was woken by Hermione later that morning.

"I guess that you went off in the middle of the night again?" she asked, and Harry mutely nodded a reply. "Well," his sister continued, "we have a lot of work to do today. More questions for the Ministry and all the while doing our lessons. What our marks will be for this week will be I have no idea." Harry didn't reply for a moment – the whole thing was still fresh in his mind.

"I'm not going," he said at last. "I'm off to the library and looking for a Fliss Parkinson in the copies of the Prophet." Hermione was surprised.

"Why?" she asked.

"It has been bugging me since Pansy said it. I just can not get what she meant" Harry said, heading back up to the first year boys' dorm.

"Pansy was dying, Harry," Hermione said, following him up the steps. "I'll wager that she didn't know what she was saying then." Harry disagreed with her on this.

"I don't buy that for a moment, Mione," he said. He used the shower before changing into fresh robes.

"Nobody was there, and no-one was under an Invisibility Cloak" Hermione said, picking up the conversation up from where it had stopped.

“True,” he agreed, “but something went on there. I wasn’t allowed to see it, but Pansy saw somebody – I’m sure of it. I owe it to her to find out.”

“Is anything I say going to stop you?” Hermione asked, already knowing the answer and ready to give in.

“No,” was all he replied.

“Okay then,” Hermione sighed, “let’s go.”

“You’re coming too?” Harry asked, quite surprised that his sister would be willing to help him instead of doing school work.

“Of course,” she replied, smiling. “I’m not going to let you do this alone.”

At that, they both ran down the stairs, out of the common room, and down to the library. After asking Madam Pince where the old copies of the Prophet were, they took out a pile of them from six, seven, and eight years earlier and sat at a table to read them. Hermione took the larger pile, which contained the papers from seven and eight years before, while Harry took the rest. A silence set between them as they read the articles, only being interrupted when one of them moved a paper.

Harry made the first sound between them almost two hours later, “I found her!”

“You did?” Hermione asked, her head flashing up to see Harry holding an article from the paper.

“Yeah, listen to this. ‘It was reported that two nights ago, Tuesday September 9th, Fliss Parkinson, age two, was found dead in the Parkinson’s backyard after doing a large amount of accidental magic. The accidental magic left a crater in the yard and ended up killing her. Their eldest daughter Pansy, age five, found her sister, and devastated by it, did her own round of accidental magic, breaking the

windows of her house. They are now preparing for the funeral of Fliss, after which they will be going on a trip out of the country to get over their loss. We here at the Prophet off our condolences to the family.'

"That's where the article ends, but we have our information."

"Harry," Hermione started after a pause, "Fliss is dead. The article even says it. Pansy must have been seeing things."

"No, she wasn't," Harry stated so matter-of-factly that Hermione couldn't reply. "I think she really saw something that we weren't allowed to see. I have a feeling her sister might be alive."

"Harry, it's impossible!" Hermione exclaimed, his last statement shaking her out of her surprise at his tone before.

"Hermione, have you read anything that talks about kids dying from using accidental magic?" Hermione couldn't reply because she hadn't. "I think something else happened that day. She might have created the crater, we can't know for sure, but she probably didn't die from it."

"It's possible that she's alive, I guess..." Hermione admitted slowly. "We need to tell someone, though."

"Not yet." Harry put up his hand to stop Hermione's reply. "The Ministry needs a bit of time to get running again after that attack. We can tell them in a week or so, maybe, when they can actually deal with it. Keep it between you and me until then."

"What about Tori, Tracy, and Zabini? Those three should know."

"We can tell the girls before we tell the Ministry because they'll want to do something with this information and we shouldn't do anything without the Ministry there to back us up and the Ministry is a mess right now. Not yet, at least. Until then, we can concentrate on our classes and doing things with the Ministry, like asking and answering questions."

“Fine,” Hermione sighed, packing up the papers to put back into their section. Harry helped her and then they headed back to the common room to grab their bags for Charms.

XXX

“Calm down class!” Professor Flitwick called above the talking. “Quiet down please!” The class quieted down and faced the small professor at the front of the room. “Thank you. Today we’re going to learn a new charm – the colour changing charm.

“This charm takes the target and changes it into any colour you are thinking of. In the beginning, only think of one colour as multiple colours is next lesson. Just think of one color as you do the wand movement and say the spell, and you’ll succeed.

“The wand movement is a 90 degree, counter-clockwise turn, like so.” He moved his wand in a counter-clockwise circle for a fourth of a circle. “Now, let’s all practice the wand movement for a few minutes. I’ll walk around and help those who need it.”

The class took out their wands and started to practice their wand movement in silence for the first half of a minute. The only voice was Professor Flitwick’s while he corrected some of the Ravenclaws’ wand movements. After a few tries, everyone started to talk to their friends, most about the attack in the courtroom the day before. Many people were turning to look at the back of the room where Harry and his friends were working, whispering to their friends and some pointing at him. He was the talk of the school again because of his defeat of Voldemort and whispers had been following him everywhere; he was ignoring the all. In fact, he and his friends were talking about Pansy and Harry’s meeting with Madam Bones.

“She said that they were already punished to the extent of the law, that Pansy’s name was cleared and it was published in the papers, and that Malfoy couldn’t be killed but he’s going to be in Azkaban for a very long time,” Harry told Hermione, Tracy, and Tori in a hushed whisper while practicing the movement.

“Everything but Malfoy is fair,” Tori said just as quietly, “but Malfoy should be executed. Azkaban is too nice for him.”

“I agree, Tori, but Madam Bones said that Malfoy’s too young so he can’t be executed. It doesn’t matter what the crime is when you’re so young.”

“I can’t agree with Madam Bones on this,” Tracy said slowly. “It just isn’t right to let him live after all he’s done, young or not.”

Harry was about to reply that he didn’t like it either when Professor Flitwick for to their group and corrected everyone’s wand movement but Hermione’s, who was yet again perfect. They couldn’t talk after that because Flitwick was at the front of the classroom again and ready to continue.

“Very good all of you. Now we’re going to practice the incantation. First we practice it as a group, and then I give you your targets for you to practice on. The spell is ‘Colourus Changus.’ Now, it’s an easy spell to say, so you shouldn’t have problems like you did with Wingardium Leviosa. Now then, let’s all say it together: Colourus Changus.” The class said it with him. “Very good, very good. You all know the spell and the wand movement, so let’s get you your targets so you can begin.”

Professor Flitwick waved his wand and a plain white goblet appeared in front of each student. “Turn these into any one colour you wish.” He then left the students to it, preparing himself to walk around the room and help others, though many were just restarting their conversations.

“I agree with you both,” Harry said, just picking up from where they left off. “I don’t think that he should be kept in Azkaban, but I’m not going to fight right now; the Ministry is a mess right now without me meddling in its problems.”

“That might be true Harry,” Hermione said, “but at least try to talk to her when everything’s calmed down. He should at least get a Dementor’s Kiss.”

“Fine,” He said, a bit peeved at how the girls were all after him, “I’ll talk to her in a couple of weeks.”

“Good,” Tori said. “Anyway, on to a slightly different topic: Pansy. What do you think she meant when she said Fliss before she died? It was very random as she seemed to be looking at nothing.”

“I have no idea,” Tracy replied, neither of them noticing Harry giving Hermione a pointed look. “I wonder who Fliss is, as it was a bit obvious Fliss is a person. Any ideas Hermione?”

“None, sorry you two. I looked a little in the library and came up with nothing. Harry?”

“Nothing that I know of, but I didn’t bother to check, so I’m not really sure.”

One of the girls looked like they were going to say something about Harry’s slightly distracted look on his face when Professor Flitwick came over to their group and asked to see them try the spell. When Tori tried, half of her goblet turned yellow while the rest stayed white; Tracy’s went two-thirds of the way pink; Harry’s turned completely red like he wanted; and Hermione’s turned a light blue in seconds, unlike Harry’s whose goblet took a little to change. Harry and Hermione got fifteen points each, Tracy got ten, and Tori got five.

Professor Flitwick went back around the room again to help some more and this time, the group started to practice the spell instead of talking. With Hermione guiding them, Tori and Tracy slowly got more of their goblets to change color. Harry got his to change faster and after a few more tries, it was changing as fast as Hermione’s. Harry, having no one to talk to since Hermione was helping Tori and Tracy, decided to try next week’s lesson a bit early.

“Colourus Changus,” He said while thinking of red and gold and doing the wand movement. He watched his goblet as half of it quickly turned red and the other half turned gold a little bit slower than the red.

“Very good, Mr. Potter,” Professor Flitwick said from behind Harry, which was where he had been when Harry had started the spell. “Even though I said not to try more than one color yet, you did two very well for a first try. Ten points to Gryffindor.” He went to go help Tori and Tracy, allowing Hermione to talk with Harry.

“How did you do that and why did you even try it yet, Harry?” she asked. “You heard the professor telling us not to try more than a single color this week.

“I know, but I just let the two colors take over my mind and it worked,” he replied.

“Fine, but I don’t like lying to our friends Harry. You’re forcing me to lie to them about Fliss because you don’t want them to know yet, and I respect that, but they’re our friends and they won’t do anything.”

“Hermione, I know they won’t, but they’ll want to go to the Ministry now and not wait, so just keep it to yourself for a week, please. The Ministry isn’t up for this sort of thing yet as they’re still dealing with the aftereffects of the attack as well as the problem of unmarked supporters being in their ranks.”

Hermione would have replied but by then, Tori and Tracy had gotten the spell and the professor was back at the front of the room, so she couldn’t say anything. Looking at the two girls’ goblets for a second before looking up front, she saw a yellow and a pink goblet next to her blue one and Harry’s Gryffindor coloured one.

“Very well done for all of you. For homework, practice the spell. If we’re to do two colors next week,” the group could see Professor Flitwick looking right at Harry, “then you need to be able to do some color right. Take the goblets with you so you can practice with them. Just remember that these are the only one’s you’re getting, so don’t break or lose them. Drinking from them is perfectly fine. Class dismissed.”

Everyone packed up their bags, goblets in them, and went out of the room and into the hallway where everyone started to look at Harry and whisper to friends and point at him. He just ignored everyone but his friends as they headed down to Transfiguration, knowing that the next few weeks or so would be exactly the same and not really caring about it anymore.

XXX

Over the next few days, Madam Bones did a lot of investigating of the Ministry, wanting to be sure none of her workers were unmarked Death Eaters. Much to her disappointment, her thorough search of the Auror Corps showed that a third of them were supporters of Lord Voldemort, but as they were undercover spies for him, they couldn't be allowed the Dark Mark. More importantly, many of those found guilty were ones who guarded Azkaban, which caused quite a stir among those who knew. Madam Bones was waiting until she was done with all of her investigations, which included no actual talking to the Ministry workers as that would tell them that she was searching, and the courtroom was fixed to arrest them, so very few people knew who was found. She was just keeping an eye on them until it was time to arrest them.

Harry, Hermione, Tori, Tracy, and Zabini were helping her make decisions when not in class, so they were in and out of the school a lot. Harry was acting in his capacity of head of the Potter Family – one of the oldest and respected families there was. They were also among the few to know about the investigations and Auror Corps, and they were all outraged by it. Harry actually wanted to arrest them all right then and there when he heard, but the other managed to make him realize that it would warn the others, allowing them to escape. He calmed down after that and agreed to have the most trustworthy Aurors, the ones who had been known for a long time and who were proven innocent, keep an eye on them.

Madam Bones held a press conference five days after the attack, telling the reporters that the Ministry was doing all they could, but it was still a bit hard because of how messed up the Ministry had been after Fudge was pulled from office. She didn't talk about the investigations, but when asked about Death Eaters and other

followers, she told them that measures were being taken to find any not already dead or in prison. She also reported what happened during the attack, except for how she survived the killing curse. When asked about her surviving the killing curse, she told them that she just survived and said nothing else, waiting for more general questions from them.

Over the couple of days after that, the investigations of the Unspeakables proved to unveil a handful of them were supporters without Marks. Another handful of other, unimportant Ministry workers, or what seemed like a handful compared to the number checked in this group. All of the highly placed, important Ministry employees who were supporters were either Marked, making them dead, or had been cause before – though they were still searched high up the ranks where no others were found.

At the end of the week-long investigation, those who knew the results were devastated, horrified, and amazed by the fact that over one hundred and fifty people would support Voldemort, his ways, and his cause from their Ministry. None were Marked, but all had passed on information willingly to Lord Voldemort and his Death Eaters, knowing what they were doing. When the courtroom, days from being fixed, was finished, they would all be arrested and tried using the evidence Madam Bones herself had found to prove their guilt.

For Madam Bones, those trials would be the last of the supporters gone, allowing her the chance to relax slightly when it came to Voldemort's rein, and to rebuild the Ministry. She just wanted them out of the way so that she wouldn't have to deal with that sort of thing for a while. The problem was, those sorts of things always find Harry Potter, and he always called on her...

XXX

"No Harry, you promised we'd tell them in a week and it's been a week," said an annoyed and stubborn Hermione to Harry while she stood in front of him, hands on her hips, blocking the only exit from the boys' dormitory. Harry briefly considered flying out of the window on his broomstick, but he decided against it.

“Fine,” Harry sighed, tired of dealing with his sister, “we’ll find them and tell them.” They went off to find the others. It took some doing as Zabini was in lessons at that time, so Harry waited for her outside the classroom, perched on a windowsill reading a magazine. Once she came out of her class, Harry took her down to the library where the others were waiting, their books open and homework out.

Harry and Hermione started to whisper for a few moments, confusing Tori, Tracy, and Zabini, before Hermione sighed and turned to the three girls. “Harry’s too afraid to tell that we found out who Fliss Parkinson is a week ago because of when we found out.”

“I am not afraid!” Harry told Hermione, not looking at the other three girls.

“Then why didn’t you want to tell them?”

“I – I...” Harry couldn’t reply.

“I thought so,” Hermione said while nodding. “Anyway, we went looking through old copies of the Prophet before Charms the day after the attack and Harry found her,” Hermione told the three surprised girls.

“Wait,” Tori said, “that means you two lied to us in Charms that day.”

“I made her do it,” Harry said before Hermione could reply. “I didn’t want you to know until the Ministry was a bit more ready to handle everything.”

Tracy asked the one thing that summed up the thoughts of all three girls, “Why?”

“Fliss is her sister. She’s supposedly dead from accidental magic, but from the way Pansy said her name, I don’t think she’s dead. If she isn’t, she’s got to be at the Parkinson house.”

“I get why you want to check,” Zabini said, “but why not tell us? We would have waited for them to be more organized again.”

“Harry didn’t think you would be able to,” Hermione said quickly, knowing Harry didn’t have an answer. “He thought it would also be better to give you one less thing to think about. You dropped the idea of Fliss after Charms, and we didn’t want to worry you.”

“Fine,” Tracy sighed. “What are we going to do now, though?”

“Talk to Madam Bones?” Tori asked, uncertain.

Harry nodded. “Talk to Madam Bones and see what we can do.”

The group packed up their stuff and headed to their normal Floo in Professor McGonagall’s office where they just grabbed some Floo powder and went to Madam Bones’ office. When they were done dusting themselves off, they went to the desk where Madam Bones was watching them from. She could tell by the way the group was walking that they had something to tell her.

After they were all sitting, Madam Bones spoke. “Well, I thought we had covered everything last night when I told you the final results of the investigation, so what do I get to talk about today?”

“Fliss Parkinson,” Zabini stated bluntly.

“We know who she is and her story,” Tori continued the story.

“We also know that Pansy said her name just before she died as if Fliss was alive,” said Tracy.

“Now, why would someone dying look at nothing and say a name as if the person was alive?” Hermione questioned.

“Just when people die” Madam Bones said, “They often are delirious and think they see things” and Hermione nodded an understanding.

“Is it possible that Fliss Parkinson is alive and hidden from everyone?” Harry finished the idea with the main question.

“Hidden you mean?” Madam Bones mused, “There was no body found at the time. Well, when you put it that way... I guess it’s possible,” Madam Bones admitted. “I’m guessing that you all wish to go to the Parkinson house and find out?” They all nodded. If she was not careful, then Madam Bones expected Harry Potter to be running the entire Ministry by the start of summer. “Very well then. I guess I can find you all a squad of Aurors. The Ministry would be very glad to help you all in your search.”

“Thank you,” Harry told her.

“Would you like to go now?” Harry nodded. “I’ll just go find Auror Miz then, as she’ll be the one with the highest rank of the squad I’m planning to send in with you. I’ll be right back.” Madam Bones left the room to find Auror Miz and the others started to talk again.

“We’re going to need a valid reason for searching their house you know, Harry,” Hermione said.

“Good point, but what would be a good reason?” he questioned the girls, hoping one of them would have an idea.

“Well...” Zabini said hesitantly, “you could claim that you believe they’re supporters of Lord Voldemort, and as they aren’t in the Ministry, their house can be searched for evidence to support what’s been seen about them. I mean, we used to see Pansy acting like a Death Eater while she followed Malfoy around, so I’m guessing she grew up around them.”

“Good point, Zabini,” Tori said. “Tracy and I got tired of her always acting like a Death Eater in the dorm, so it was a relief to get out of there for that reason alone – but I know she was doing that because of the potions”

“Yeah,” Tracy said, “I agree. I can also see her family being Death Eaters.”

“Well, you lot get thinking fast,” Madam Bones said as she walked back into the room, a brown-haired woman following her. “It’s also a very good story as I’ve always been suspicious of that family.

“Harry, girls, this is Auror Miriam Miz. Auror Miriam Miz, I believe you know of Harry, Hermione, Tracy, Tori, and Zabini.” They all exchanged greetings. “Now, to business. Auror Miz, these five believe that Fliss Parkinson, sister to the late Pansy Parkinson, may be in the Parkinson house. They wish to search the house, so I’ve offered a squad of Aurors to accompany them.”

“You’d like me to lead them, Madam Bones?” Auror Miz asked, already knowing the answer.

“Yes and no. I think we’re going to do it so that Harry, Hermione, and I are leading it, with you as next in charge. I also have a few more ideas for what to do, but we can discuss those when we get there. Until then, we’ll need twenty-four more Aurors, not including you, ready within the hour. Can you please get that together?”

“Of course, Madam Bones.” Auror Miz left the room to go and gather the group of Aurors for the assignment, leaving the rest in the office.

“I believe you said you had a few other ideas, Madam Bones?” Harry asked, turning back to her to discuss upcoming events.

XXX

A group of twenty-five Aurors, five students, and the acting Minister of Magic stood outside the Parkinson house, doing last minute preparations. Ten Aurors were with Tori, Tracy, and Zabini, ready to be backup; fifteen Aurors were getting into three lines of five, Auror Miz in the middle of the first one; Harry and Hermione were on either side of Madam Bones, all three in front of the fifteen Aurors and ready to go inside the house.

Madam Bones gestured to the Aurors to start moving behind them, but just before they moved, Harry waved his wand and Imperial

March started to play above the house, warning the occupants that something was about to happen and giving the Aurors something to march inside the house with. Harry just smiled when everyone looked at him curiously, so they left it alone and went inside the house, marching perfectly in their lines, barging down the door.

“This is an official search by the Ministry of Magic on the bounds that you’re supporters, even followers, of the late Lord Voldemort!” Madam Bones called out as the Aurors started to split into groups of three and search the house.

Harry and Hermione ran up the stairs and started looking in the rooms. They saw a study, a couple of bedrooms, and a bathroom, all green and silver, before coming to a staircase leading up. They decided to check up there and followed the stairs up, their shoes taking away dust from the stairs and leaving footprints as there was a thick layer of dust on the stairs. When they got to the top and found a door, it was locked. They tried Alohamora, and the door opened to reveal a most dust-free, green and silver bedroom with not much in it other than a bed, dresser, table, and a bookshelf with books. On the table there were papers that looked like what they’d normally be doing for homework at school.

Looking around, they saw a door leading off to the side and decided to go and check it out. Just before Harry was about to grab the handle, it turned and the door opened to reveal a young blond girl who looked to be around the age of eight, exactly how old Fliss should be according to the article they had read. She looked surprised and a bit scared to see them, and her eyes widened in surprise at the two of them but she didn’t go running back into the room, which they could now see was a bathroom. Instead, she walked around them, went to her bed, and sat down on it before looking at them again.

“What do we do now?” Hermione asked Harry. Harry thought for a moment before moving towards the bed with his hands by his sides to show he meant no harm to her. The girl started to shake a little bit which worried the two somewhat.

“Fliss?” Harry asked with a kind tone. Fliss just nodded her head, not speaking. “I’m Harry and this is Hermione. We’re here to help you. Do you want to leave this place for good?”

“Yes please,” she said, her voice quiet and rough, as if she hadn’t used it much.

“Come with us and we’ll take you from here,” Hermione said, holding out her hand, which Fliss stood up to take. “We promise to never let you come back to this place again” she added, and Harry said the same thing. Fliss was wearing simple clothes but a loose blouse, and this was what made Harry want to start killing the Parkinsons. Harry saw the bruises and scars on her arm, and he assumed that if someone was to look, then they would find more on her body.

The three left the room, going back down the dusty staircase and onto the landing below. Leading her towards the other staircase, Harry and Hermione led Fliss down to the first landing where most of the Aurors were still searching the house as they had found her quickly. Madam Bones, seeing them with Fliss, smiled and started to head towards them from where she had been talking to Mr. and Mrs. Parkinson. The two Parkinsons looked to see what had made her walk back into the hall from in their living room and saw Fliss, one hand in Hermione’s hand and the other in Harry’s.

“I want to file charges of child abuse against them” Harry said. “Fliss looks as if she has been battered and beaten more than once” and Madam Bones spoke with Auror Miz who took Fliss into another room.

“You have to stay here” Miz told Hermione who was still holding Fliss’s hand.

“Make me” Hermione said – eyes full of fire. Miz gave up and she closed the door while she checked over the newly freed girl. Several minutes later they came back into the room and Miz spoke to Madam Bones.

“It is true Madam Bones. The poor girl has been beaten up at least thirty or forty times”, and Hermione simply nodded confirmation. The male Aurors didn’t use wands; they simply turned and floored Mr Parkinson with fists. Though most of them had used the Killing Curse once or twice, they couldn’t stand a defenseless girl attacked by somebody. The male Aurors had to be restrained by their female colleagues in order to save Mr Parkinson from being murdered where he stood. One had to be stunned as he was throttling him to death.

“What do you have to say for yourselves?” Madam Bones asked coldly.

“We only created her so that our master would have something to do. After the Malfoys, we were his most loyal family, and he asked us to give him a plaything. Someone to cater to his every whim and desire. All we had to do was to educate her, but not to let her learn magic. He said we could abuse her all we wanted – so long as we healed her again” Mrs Parkinson said, speaking for the first time since Harry and Hermione had entered. Harry noticed the pure fury in Mr. Parkinson’s eyes just before he noticed the quick flash of a wand as he took out his wand to attack his own daughter. Before anyone could help save her, Mr. Parkinson used a spell, which he whispered so no one knew what it was, and it hit Fliss that took the full force of the spell.

Her feet left the ground and only the fact that her hands were in Harry and Hermione’s kept her from flying into the wall as the two of them held on to her. Aurors took out their wands, pointing them at Mr. and Mrs. Parkinson while Madam Bones rushed over to the three children. The backup team rushed into the house, Tori, Tracy, and Zabini rushing to the huddle around Fliss. The back up force combined with the first group and they took the adult Parkinsons away to the Ministry. Touching her neck to check for a pulse, Auror Miz, the only Auror by Fliss, nodded in relief for a moment to show that she was alive before her face showed pure shock and sadness. Seeing this, Madam Bones asked what was wrong.

“I’m sorry Madam Bones, you five, but Fliss Parkinson’s heart is slowing down” Miz said.

“What’s that mean?” Harry and Hermione asked quickly.

“She’s dying.”

“Get her to St Mungos at once” Madam Bones said, “Then contact the Ministry and have someone trustworthy stand guard outside her room” the acting Minister ordered. Miz nodded and then, scooping Fliss into her arms Apparated on the spot.

A/N:

There you go, another exciting chapter for you to all read – but a cliffhanger for you to read.

This is the first chapter EVER by me, to not be completely written by me. I received help from Miz636 in completing this as my memory stick has sadly passed away. She wrote it for me while I gave my yay or nay on her ideas. The memory stick had completed chapters for Leaving Hogwarts and The Great Road Trip. These now have to be re-written from memory. Miz636 appears as the Auror who helps lead in the Aurors in arresting the Parkinsons and rescuing Fliss. Now you all know who she is!

In answer to the reviewer who questioned my sanity over Sirius and Aurors charging in on the backs of Centaurs – why not? Its what I wanted to do, so I put it in. You’ll find that I do very random things in my chapters – anyone remember the airplane chapter in Harry Potter True Friends? Or for that matter, Harry attending the Ministry dressed as a womble?

12 out of 25 reviewers for chapter 22 said that Madam Bones died, but was still alive at the end of the chapter. Didn’t you think that I planned that?

One reference here, see if you can spot it

Pixel is off now to try and save a 99 ton Class 60 diesel locomotive -
BYE

Regards

Pixel

Now part of the Pixel-Miz Fanfic writing corporation.

A New Life For Fliss

Harry hoped that Fliss would be alright, though this was something he didn't think could be survived by anyone. He and the girls watched as the Parkinsons were taken away by Aurors before Madam Bones created a Portkey to return the children to Hogwarts. McGonagall was upset that they had left without asking her permission, but she knew she couldn't stop Harry at least. She took Harry aside as the others went off to Gryffindor Tower.

"I would've appreciated it if you had asked me first before leaving the castle" McGonagall said.

"Yes, Professor" Harry said, "Sorry, Professor" he added. "It is just that we needed to tell someone quickly, and you wasn't in your office when we got there" admitting that he had technically broken down the door.

"I know as the head of the Potter family you will need to leave with very little notice, but try to at least leave a note next time. I had the entire staff faculty looking round the castle for you" McGonagall said, and then looked at how sorry Harry looked.

"Sorry" he muttered, looking down at the stone floor.

"It was for a good reason though, Minerva" Madam Bones said.

"I understand that" McGonagall said, "But even if Harry could leave, he should not have let the others go with him" she looked at Harry. "20 points from Gryffindor and detention with me tonight" and Harry nodded.

"Perhaps we should send Harry to Gryffindor Tower?" Madam Bones suggested.

"Yes" McGonagall agreed, "You better go back to Gryffindor" Harry turned round and was a little away from them before McGonagall called out to him. "Mr Potter!" Harry froze, "I would have done the same thing" and she swore Harry was smiling – even though she was

looking from behind him. McGonagall and Madam Bones watched and waited until Harry was gone.

“Don’t be too hard on him, Minerva” Madam Bones said, “He was doing the right thing by tell us what was going on” and McGonagall nodded.

“I know” she agreed, “But he needs to learn that he can’t just run off and do things when he wants”.

“I know of a lot of people in the Wizendgamot who say and think the same thing” Madam Bones said. She rubbed the sides of her head before continuing. “I’d better be going back to the Ministry and sorting this whole mess out. I hope that little girl makes it. I’ve seen Harry Potter when he is mad, and it is not something I want to see or face for a long time” and Madam Bones bid McGonagall farewell and then left Hogwarts using the Floo.

#

“What did Professor McGonagall want?” Hermione asked when Harry came in.

“Gave me detention for leaving school without telling anyone” he replied. “I am not bothered what happens as long as I have done the right thing” and Hermione smiled at her brother’s thoughtfulness.

“I know Fliss was in big trouble, but we’ve seen Madam Pomfrey do wonders. I’m sure an entire hospital can make her better again” she said, and Harry looked at her with a face”.

“Maybe. But what will happen if her parents get sent to prison? Prison is no place for a little girl” Harry said, and he flopped into a chair. Rumours of Harry’s latest adventure already started round the school. Harry was not entirely sure how, but he suspected Hannah Abbott and Susan Bones for a start. Harry spent the rest of the day thinking about Fliss, and wondering if she would survive.

#

“How is she?” asked the woman.

“Her heartbeat is so slow, it is barely keeping her alive” replied the Healer. “We’ve done some spells to stop it going any slower, but it is all up to her. If she gets through the next 24 hours, then she might, and I say might, have a chance of pulling through” the Healer finished.

“I want reports on her condition sent to me every hour” Madam Bones said.

“What about her parents?” asked the Healer, closing the door to the room Fliss was in.

“In half an hour that won’t be a problem” Madam Bones said, and she left for the trial she had set up. Some people had argued that it was too soon to have a proper case, but Amelia Bones did not care. She was going to show that she dispensed justice swiftly – unlike Fudge. The deposed Minister was still awaiting trial on charges of high treason along with Dumbledore and several others. Once everything was sorted with the Death Eaters, then she would begin the trials before starting elections for a new Minister for Magic.

#

“Wake up!” said a feminine voice. Harry woke up from the armchair that he had been napping in. he blinked before fixing his gaze on the Patil twins.

“What’s going on?” he asked them.

“ Susan Bones’s Aunt did a trial of the Parkinsons, and she sentenced them to death!” said one of the twins.

“What?” he exclaimed.

“Its true, Harry” said Hermione, coming closer now that Harry was awake. “They knew it was all over for them, and asked for sentencing

just after the start of the trial” she told him. Harry was surprised by that as he expected them to put up some kind of defence, but it seemed as if they had not.

“What is going to happen to them?” he asked.

“Pushed through the Veil” Hermione said, “But I feel sorry for Fliss though” she added quietly.

“Why?” he asked.

“Because she has nobody left as family” Zabini said, and Harry turned his head to look at her.

“So what will happen to her?” he asked sadly.

“She’ll be cured and then sent to Magical Children’s home until somebody wants her” Tracy said.

“She is not a homeless animal” Harry said angrily, and he got up and headed towards the common room door. He stopped when a small creature appeared in front of him. It had bat like ears, a long drooping nose and saucer like eyes.

“Which one of you is Harry Potter?” it asked in a male voice.

“I am” Harry said, indicating himself.

“I am called Dooley. I am one of the schools house elves. There is a message for you” the creature said, and the elf handed over a folded piece of parchment to him. Harry read it and then let out a small moan.

“Oh no” he said.

“Harry?” – it was Tori who spoke. “What is it?” asked his friend.

“Madam Bones says that Fliss is dying because she has lost too much blood. She has already had more blood replenishers than they dare give a normal person” Harry said. “If only there was another way of giving her some. A pity that I couldn’t give...” Harry suddenly stopped speaking. When he didn’t start speak again, Hermione went over to him.

“They’ve done all they could” she assured him, “At least we got her out of that place” Hermione said, but Harry’s face suddenly lit up with a bright grin.

“I know how they can give her more blood!” Harry said loudly, and then raced off in search of Professor McGonagall. He found her sorting out assignments from 4th years.

“Can I help you?” she asked.

“I’d like to leave the school” Harry said, and he handed over the note that Madam Bones had sent to him.

“But there isn’t anything that you can do” she said, thinking that Harry was slightly insane.

“They said about potions or something, Professor” Harry said quickly, “But what if they was to give Fliss blood directly from somebody?” he asked, and McGonagall put the piles of parchment to one side, and rubbed the bridge of her nose for a moment.

“I’m afraid that I don’t follow you, Mr Potter” she said, and Harry knew that he had very little time.

“In the muggle world, there is a method of giving a person someone else’s blood. It’s called a blood donor. Muggle hospitals all over the world have them for operations and accidents and stuff” he said.

“And you think they might be able to take your blood, and give it to the girl you saved?” McGonagall said.

“According to Madam Pomfrey, I can heal at an amazing rate because of the blood protection magic my real mother did when she was killed by Voldemort. If I give Fliss even a little bit of that, it should help her to last the night – maybe even save her life” Harry said. “Besides” he added, going over to the fireplace and taking an amount of Floo powder, “You only said I had to tell a teacher where I was going” he threw the powder into the fireplace. “St Mungos!” he cried, jumped in and then vanished.

“That was not what I meant” protested McGonagall to an empty fireplace.

#

“You want us to take your blood and put it in Miss Parkinson?” said the healer. “Are you entirely sane? You don’t even have the same blood group” she added.

“This is magic we’re taking about” Harry protested.

“It’s nothing we can do” said the healer after a moment’s thought.

“Can you alter the blood so it is the right type?” Harry asked, looking at the small girl lying on a hospital bed.

“It has never...” the healer stopped. “Transfiguration. We transfigure the blood but keep the special properties” and the healer called for several items. “My apologies, Mr Potter” she said, and Harry shrugged it off.

“If this works, buy me a case of butterbeer” Harry said to her, and went over to the chair beside Fliss’s bed.

“If this works, then I’ll buy you the whole bloody factory” the Healer replied, and then when everything was ready, she set to work. Other people watched as the Healer walked calmly and collectively. She cut Harry’s arm where it would bleed quite badly, and the blood poured out before she healed the wound. She placed her wand over the bowl

the blood was in, and started to mutter words, but Harry was sure she was thinking the magic in her head for the most part.

“Lets try” Harry said, and the Healer nodded – the other watching Healers, Madam Bones, plus the guard on Fliss’s room all watched as the healer forced the now brown coloured blood down the girl’s throat and they all hoped it would work. Harry was the first to notice a colour coming back to her pale cheeks, and after another hour, Fliss opened her eyes. She sat up quickly and put her back to the top of the bed and looked around.

“Where am I?” she asked – voice still quiet and rough like the last time she spoke.

“You are in a hospital for magical people” Harry said, hopping onto the bed, “You... had a little accident and they brought you here” and to his not too big surprise, Fliss started to cry.

“He tried to kill me” she said, sounding as if she was putting a bit off effort into speaking.

“Can’t you do something about that?” asked Harry, and the Healer nodded before giving Fliss a potion to drink. She looked suspiciously at it as if it might contain poison. Harry took another bottle off the trolley – identical to Fliss’s own – and drank from it. He suddenly start to smile and grin broadly. After seeing it did nothing bad, Fliss drank deeply, and Harry put his placebo potion on the trolley again – winking at the Healers for the portion of butterbeer he had just drank.

“That was nice” Fliss sounded more clear and sure then before – traces of roughness gone. “I can talk!” she said, and she started to cry even more and then flung her arms around Harry.

“I’m so glad you’re better” he said, patting Fliss’s back gently, and hugging her at the same time. Over the next few hours, they questioned Fliss about everything that had happened to her, and then broke the news that her parents no longer existed.

“Do I have to go live in a home now?” she asked Madam Bones, but looking to Harry for confirmation.

“I’m afraid so” Madam Bones said sadly. “It will be safe until we have all of the Death Eaters in custody. Then we can sort something out for you” and Harry turned his head to look round at her.

“Why can’t she stay at Hogwarts with me and Hermione?” he asked.

“Because we still do not exactly know who is a Death Eater in important places” Madam Bones said. “It is better that we keep her there for the time being” and Harry’s face dropped from polite to coldness.

“The Dursleys did that to me for over 5 years!” he said loudly, “I will not allow that to happen just because of a few mouldy snakes. Fliss is coming with me back to Hogwarts” and Madam Bones looked at Harry with an unreadable face on her features.

“You are only 11 years old” she told him, “You do not know enough defensive spells – even if you have used spells meant for older people than yourself. Miss Parkinson will have to come with us” and Harry smiled, and hug Fliss to him with one arm while he fished in his pocket with the other.

“I don’t think so” Harry said.

“What are you doing?” asked Madam Bones. She wondered if Harry was going to attack them all, and she would not put it past him at all. “Stop whatever you are thinking of” she commanded, and started for her wand.

“I have just woken up from a sleep, given blood to a dying girl, and on top of that I have not yet had my dinner. Please don’t upset me” Harry said, and removed his hand from his right robe pocket.

“Damn” Madam Bones said.

“You forgot to ask me to give it back to you” Harry said, and he held Fliss tightly to him. “Goodnight, Madam Bones. And thank you Healer for all that you have done. Activate” and the Portkey took himself and Fliss from the room and off to the gates of Hogwarts.

“Are you going to get into trouble?” asked Fliss.

“I’m the one who is supposed to defeat the evil that is in this world” Harry replied, “I think that I can deal with this” he smiled at Fliss. “Let’s go and find Professor McGonagall. She’ll help me” and Harry put Fliss on his shoulders and then they went into the castle and once inside, they managed to get to McGonagall’s office. They waited there until she returned from dinner and she was surprised to see Harry sitting with a little girl on his lap.

“You must be Fliss Parkinson” she said, and Fliss nodded. “I’ve heard about what happened, and I’m sorry for it. Now what can I do for you?” asked McGonagall to Harry.

“First I’d like to apologise for what I did earlier. That was a bit naughty of me. What I wanted to speak to you about was the fact that as I’ve been made head of my family, I read that I can have my own rooms due to my status” Harry said, and McGonagall nodded.

“Yes I hear that you can do that, and I would be more than happy to grant you that request, but I do not know what this has to do with your friend here” McGonagall said.

“Fliss has no family left at all, and she was going to be sent to a children’s home. I don’t want that to happen to Fliss. So I am putting her under my protection” Harry said, and there was a brief flash of golden light before he continued. “As her guardian, I can decide where she lives and who sees her for medical attention. On where she lives, I was hoping that she could live with me in my suite. And I trust Madam Pomfrey to take care of her. With many unmarked Death Eaters out there, I bet some work in St Mungos. Pomfrey is the person I trust the most with regards to medical matters in the magical world” and McGonagall sighed.

“I grant all that you request” she said, “But some people might accuse you of doing bad things – even at your age” the headmistress added. Harry went through being surprised, hurt, shocked and amused before replying.

“That is why I was going to ask if Hermione could come and live with me and Fliss. That way Fliss has a girl she can talk to if she doesn’t want to tell me anything” Harry explained his plan. It made sense to McGonagall, and Harry was granted everything that he wanted.

“Tell me something, Harry” McGonagall said, and noted the headmistress was using his first name, “Why do you do things like adopting Miss Parkinson like you did with Miss Greengrass?” she asked. Harry closed his eyes for several moments before answering – and McGonagall heard him being older and wiser than his 11 years. Fliss of course looked on with confusion at the talk between the elder two of the three people in the office.

“When the Grangers took me in after the Dursleys dumped me at the Children’s Home, I promised myself that I wouldn’t let anyone else go through what I went through. My life with my relatives was hell on earth and nearly killed me” Harry replied. “I know that I don’t know as much about magic or magical law and stuff, but my parents left me all that money in their wills. If I can spend just a little of that in helping others to have a better life, then I have made the world a little bit nicer in which to live in” Harry finished. McGonagall had to get up and enter a little storeroom as she didn’t want Harry or Fliss to see her crying. When she came back, it was with a smile on her face.

“There is a suite that is used by married couples or betrothed couples” McGonagall said, “I don’t see any harm in letting you have that to live in. Of course you’d be responsible for Miss Parkinson’s behaviour inside the castle” and Harry nodded.

“I’ll be good” Fliss promised McGonagall quickly, “I’ll be a good girl” and Harry would have sworn on the Bible, Torah, and Koran that McGonagall was a hair’s breadth from breaking out into a laugh. At

that moment, an Owl flew inside, and landed on her desk – going away after McGonagall took the message off its leg.

“What is it, Professor?” asked Harry, and McGonagall passed Harry the note. Fliss tried to read it, but couldn’t read several of the bigger words.

Dear Mr Potter

Your guardianship of Miss Fliss Parkinson has been noted. Please be aware that you may be called upon at anytime to prove you have enough funds to take care of the girl.

Signed

Ineeda Pee

“Where do people get these funny names?” asked Harry as he read the signature.

“I promise you that she is a real person” McGonagall said.

“You can not be serious” Harry said, looking up from the note.

“Oh you must be mistaken, Mr Potter. I’m Minerva” McGonagall said, tapping her chest with a smile.

“Right” Harry said with a wink. “I’ll explain later” Harry said to Fliss who apart from promising to be a good girl had been quiet the whole time. A moment later, and the three of them left the office and Harry and Fliss followed McGonagall as she took them to their new rooms. She had word sent with the ghosts, and Harry saw Hermione waiting for them outside.

“I can guess what happened” Hermione said when she saw Harry with his companion. “Hello Fliss” she said to the girl.

“Hello” Fliss said back, and rushed over to hug the older girl. “Thank you for what you did” she said. Hermione patted her on the back

before McGonagall opened the door to their new home. It had a sitting room that strongly resembled the Gryffindor Common room in that it had a large sofa facing the fire, a big wooden table along one side, and several armchairs dotted around a large rug. There were a couple of wooden shelves set into one recess which contained books. Harry was slightly pleased to see that he knew some of the titles: A Year Without, Goodbye Old Friend, True Friends, I'm Not Going, Leaving, Never Assume The Worst, Remembrance, The Great Road Trip as well as a number of textbooks for Harry and Hermione's various lessons. There was a door that Harry assumed led to a toilet or bathroom of some kind, and a flight of stone steps led upstairs.

"Welcome to your new home" McGonagall said. "The stairs lead to the bedrooms. I will leave it up to you to decide who gets which room. There is a security charm on the door and I'll show you how to activate it and how to change the password should you wish to do so" she added.

"Thank you, Professor" said Harry and Hermione at the same time.

"You may have friends over if that is what you want, but please make sure that you have them leave before curfew. Otherwise they will have to spend the night here with you" McGonagall said, then smiled in her mind as she saw Fliss staying very close to Harry as he walked around the sitting room. Harry and Hermione had a quick talk before Harry took Fliss over to look at the armchairs more closely.

"Fliss had a lot of her stuff in that place we got her out from, Professor" Hermione said, "Is it possible that you could get someone to get her stuff and bring it here?" she asked.

"I think I can sort something out" the headmistress said, and then looked at Fliss and Harry. "I'll have some food sent up from the kitchens for Harry and Miss Parkinson" she added. Hermione smiled and thanked the older witch, and then with a wave to Fliss and a goodbye to Harry she left.

"Now what are we going to do with you tonight?" Harry said as the three of them went upstairs to look at the bedrooms.

“Me?” asked Fliss with a trembling bottom lip.

“Aurors are going over the entire house before they say it is safe” Hermione explained, “And you only have the clothes you are standing in, so we need to work out what clothes you need right now” and Fliss understood what she meant.

“I reckon some skirts, a few blouses and underwear should do for now” Harry said, and Hermione agreed. Fliss wouldn’t leave Harry’s side, so Hermione went back to Gryffindor tower and asked the twins to conjure some clothes for Fliss. She did not say who it was for however, but told the Weasley twins she wanted blouses, skirts and girls underwear small enough for an 8 year old. They complied with the request, and then wondered what Hermione was up to. Neville had said that Harry’s things had vanished from their dorm, and Lavender had come down minutes later to say that the same had happened for Hermione’s belongings. As for Harry and Fliss, Harry was showing Fliss some simple magic tricks and spells, and Fliss gasped at everything he did – upto and including levitating her several feet above the floor. When Hermione returned with the clothes, she and Harry choose the rooms each person would be sleeping in. the two girls took the larger of the two rooms as they needed the bigger space. Harry didn’t mind having the smaller room of the lot at all, and he shifted his stuff up the stairs before giving Hermione a hand with her own stuff.

“Wow” came a gasp from downstairs, and Harry and Hermione came rushing down to see that dinner for two had been sent to them – Hermione already having eaten hers while Harry was at St Mungos.

“I’ve got our beds ready” Hermione said. She had dealt with the bed making while Fliss and Harry demolished the platters of food. From the way that Fliss ate everything, it was clear that she had been underfed a lot. This made Harry furious as he thought about the Dursleys and how they had done the same to him.

“Thanks” Harry said, and then looked thoughtful for a moment.

“Something wrong?” asked Hermione concernedly.

“I was thinking that we’ll have to tell mum and dad about all of this” he said.

“That’s two daughters you have already” Hermione pointed out, but Harry shook his head.

“I talked to some people while waiting for Fliss to come round, and I handed guardianship of Tori over to Tracy’s parents. I think she would be happier there” he said, and Hermione hugged her kind and thoughtful brother. After a moment, the two broke apart and looked at Fliss who was just finishing the last piece of food on the platters.

“It’s almost seven o’clock” Hermione said, and Harry looked at a very large grandfather clock that stood in one corner of the sitting room. He motioned to Hermione to move away from Fliss who was looking around her new room, and the two went over to one of the large windows.

“I was thinking that we should take her to see Madam Pomfrey. I want her to see if the Healers at St Mungos did their jobs right, or if one of them is an undercover Death Eater” Harry said, and Hermione frowned as she considered his idea.

“That might be a good idea” she admitted, “But where do I come in? She seems more attached to you then to me, even though we rescued her at the same time” and Harry could see her point.

“I’ll tell you about it later” he promised, “But for now, can you take Fliss into the bathroom and give her bath please? I’ll get some clean clothes for her and slip them inside the door” Harry said, and Hermione nodded.

“Come on, Fliss” she called over to the little girl. “Let’s get you a bath, shall we? Then after that we’re going off to see somebody who is going to make sure the Healers did a good job” Hermione said, and Fliss slipped her hand into Hermione’s bigger one and the two girls went into the bathroom. Harry put some clothes just inside the

doorway while Hermione was giving Fliss a bath, and then he went to the window and thought about Hedwig. Soon enough his pet owl came sweeping into view and landed on the open windowsill.

“Hi girl” Harry said, and ruffled the Owl’s feathers before asking her if she would take a message to somebody. Hedwig didn’t seem to mind, and she waited until Harry had finished the message.

Dear Madam Pomfrey

I was wondering if I could come and see you in about half an hour’s time on a medical matter of some importance?

Hedwig will wait for you to send back a reply.

Signed

Harry Potter

Harry tied the note to Hedwig’s leg and then the Owl hooted softly before taking to the air and heading towards the Hospital Wing. Fifteen minutes later, and the door to the bathroom opened and out came a cleaned up Fliss.

“Bet you feel better” he said to her, and the girl nodded.

“Much better” she assured him, “I had my own bath at my old home, but that only gave cold water. It was very hard to have a bath” and Harry kept his rage in check before he exploded.

“Well now we’re going to go on a little trip to see a really nice lady” Harry said, and Fliss put a hand in one of both Harry and Hermione’s before they left the suite, and Harry closed the door and felt it click. He remembered the password that McGonagall had left for them so that they could get back in later on. They didn’t meet anyone until they reached the Hospital Wing and Harry picked up Fliss and perched her on a bed while Hermione went over to Pomfrey’s office to get the Medi-Witch.

“You said you wanted to... ah” Pomfrey finished her sentence as she looked at Fliss sitting on the bed and swinging her legs off the edge.

“Hi” said Fliss. “Harry said you can see if I am really better” she said brightly, and then as an after thought, “I’m Fliss” and gave the Medi-Witch a little wave that brought a smile to her face.

“I’m called Poppy, but you have call me Madam Pomfrey” and then the witch looked at Harry and Hermione. “Exactly what is it you wanted me to do?” she asked.

“I don’t doubt that Professor McGonagall told you what happened to Fliss” Harry said, and Pomfrey nodded, “Well the Healers at St Mungos managed to save her after I gave her some of my own blood which contained my mothers love. The Healers said that they gave Fliss a clean bill of health, but I was wondering if you could do the same checks on her as they would have please” and Pomfrey looked surprised.

“Why do you want a second opinion?” she asked them both, and Harry and Hermione looked at each other before nodding.

“Madam Bones is investigating Undercover Death Eaters – those who don’t have that dark mark or whatever. Harry suddenly thought that one or more of the Healers could be undercover spies as well” Hermione said, and Pomfrey knew what they meant. They wanted to see if any spells had been put on her while she was in the magical hospital.

“I think we can do that” she said, and looked at Fliss who had been listening to the whole exchange. “I’m going to examine you if that is alright, but I promise that it won’t hurt” Pomfrey added, and Fliss nodded her head before the Medi-Witch drew some curtains around the bed with Hermione staying for support. Harry sat on the next bed and thought about what had gone on over the last week again. Harry was pleased that they had found Fliss alive and well, but also sad that Pansy hadn’t been able to see her sister free. The body had been released by the Department of Magical Law Enforcement, and

Harry had given strict instructions that she was to be buried in a prominent place in a magical cemetery. Harry waited for some twenty minutes before the exam was over, and Pomfrey came outside the curtains to talk to him.

"What's the result?" asked Harry.

"I detected seven different charms ranging from mild pain ones, to those designed to kill her if certain circumstances were met" Pomfrey said, and Harry's face dropped. "All were done from a Healer's spell work, that much I can tell you" she added.

"How could a Healer do something like that?" he asked her, and Pomfrey shook her head.

"I am not sure" she told him, "but I will have to see Professor McGonagall and Madam Bones about this. When Miss Parkinson is finished dressing, you three can return to your private suite" and she saw Harry start at the mention of the suite. "Your sister thought it best that I know in case of emergencies. Oh be assured that I removed the spells over Miss Parkinson" and the Medi-Witch went off to her office to compose her report.

"All done" Hermione announced, and she and Fliss stepped out of the curtains.

"I think that we should all go back and get some sleep. It's been a long day for all of us and we need to rest" Harry said, and then on a moments whim, he told Hermione to put Fliss on his shoulders and together they went back to their private suite. When they got there, Harry first opened the door.

"You do remember it, don't you?" asked Hermione.

"Of course" said Harry indignantly. "GORDON'S ALIVE" and the door swung open. "I'll change the password to something that is better to remember" Harry said, and they went inside and into the sitting room. After putting Fliss down on the floor, Harry and Hermione went to one

side to have a talk. "She is going to have nightmares" Harry said to his sister.

"She seems alright" Hermione countered, "But i'll keep an eye on her tonight" and then she frowned in thought.

"Something wrong?" Harry asked.

"What are we going to do with Fliss tomorrow?" Hermione questioned, and Harry admitted she had a point.

"We take her with us to lessons" he said eventually. Hermione looked at him with a mixture of expressions passing over her face.

"Is that wise?" she asked him. "Taking Fliss with us to lessons? She could be hurt if something goes wrong? And what about the teachers? I think that they will notice an extra person in the lessons" and Harry nodded.

"That is why i'm getting up tomorrow early, and getting all of our friends back here so we can talk" he told her, and Hermione accepted the plan, but said she was sure that it wouldnt work. Harry smiled to put his sister at ease, and then went over to Fliss who was sat on one of the armchairs. "Time for bed" he said to her.

"Do I have to?" asked the little girl.

"Yes you do" Harry said, "But if you wake up early enough, then you'll get to meet some of my friends and we can all play a game of hide and seek" he added, and Fliss was slightly confused.

"Hide and Seek?" she said, "Whats that?" the girl questioned Harry.

"You'll find out tomorrow" said Harry as he picked her up and took her to her new bedroom. "Assuming that you wake up in time"

A/N:

Well I couldn't be mean to Fliss now could I?

So Fliss is safe, she now resides at Hogwarts with Harry and Hermione, and most of the school has no idea at all what is going on. The idea of Fliss having charms put on her makes sense when you think that Voldemort had to have had people everywhere in the government, and so he must have had one or more spies in St Mungos.

The other thing I had trouble over, was the fact that Harry seems to be getting away with everything he wants doing. Several of you mentioned this in reviews, and so that is why Madam Bones says that line which she says.

Several of you have also said that commas are in the wrong place and that maybe so. But this is FANFICTION – not a speech to Parliament or something! I'll write how I like to wrote, and you lot write how you lot want to write.

References: If you look closely, the names of all the books named are the same as my Harry Potter stories in order if you clicked Category on my homepage. I had to alter three of them for here, as they contained the names of Harry and Hogwarts. But they are also correct as some of you know in PM's, I drop the last word from the titles, so I thought I would make it harder for you.

There is also a Santa Claus: The Movie reference for you to spot concerning a speaking character. IT IS NOT THE TIM ALLEN VERSION EITHER!

.

So if any of you have any requests for thing you might want to see in the next chapter, then let me know in your reviews

Regarding the question I asked in "Leaving Hogwarts", A few of you have said yes. I am now starting work on the sequel to my biggest ever fic.

Update on my computer: I have a new mouse which has TWO mouse wheels! This has allowed me to speed up production time by 5 percent.

Regards

Pixel

The Day Of The Chickens

This Chapter Contains Scenes Of A Fowl Nature.

Harry woke early the next morning, before either Fliss or Hermione, and rose to use the shower. Once he was finished, he dressed in his Quidditch robes and came out and was surprised to see Fliss already awake and downstairs.

“Are you alright?” he asked her gently.

“I wanted to watch the sun come up” replied the girl. “In my tiny room, I only had a view sideways, so I never got to see the sunrise” and Harry felt sorry for her. Harry saw she was dressed in a pair of pink cotton pyjamas – no doubt something Hermione had thought of when she went to Gryffindor Tower the previous day. Harry decided that he wasn’t likely to get her to go to bed and so decided to let her stay until Hermione woke up. While Harry sat on the armchair, Fliss jumped into another one and looked at her pink covered arms for a long time.

“You want to tell me something?” asked Harry.

“No” Fliss replied, “But thank you for helping me” she added, and bolted over to Harry and hugged him.

“You’re welcome” Harry said, stroking her long blonde hair. “And now you can do what you want, as long as it isn’t anything bad” he told her, and she looked at him for a few moments.

“May I have some toys?” she asked him, and Harry nodded.

“I’ll get you whatever you want” he promised, and after a little while Hermione came downstairs. She chuckled to see that both of them had nodded off with heads touching the others. Hermione gently shook them awake, and then took Fliss upstairs to help get her dressed. While he waited, Harry made several decisions about Fliss. He decided that it would be better to let everyone see her. He wondered what the reaction of the students would be as he knew

McGonagall would have told the staff about their guest. When the girls returned, he informed them of his plans, and Hermione was all for it while Fliss wanted to see Harry's friends like he had said. She was just grateful to have escaped that prison that she called her former home.

"Ready?" asked Hermione.

"Are we going to meet you friends?" asked Fliss.

"Sort of" Harry replied, "But I thought we could go and get breakfast first" and her eyes lit up at the thought of food. "Come on" and he bent down to just below her level. "The 'Harry Express' is boarding on platform 1. No stops all the way to Breakfast" and Fliss giggled as she jumped onto Harry's back.

"You're funny" she told him.

"Am I?" Harry asked Hermione.

"Well I didn't want to say anything" his sister replied, and smiled as Harry mock frowned at her.

"Lets go and get breakfast" Harry said, and asked Fliss to hold on to his school bag – a little heavier then normal today. They managed to avoid meeting people until they arrived at a corridor leading off the entrance hall and the Great Hall.

"People are going to notice Fliss straight away" Hermione said, and Harry turned slowly to look at her.

"I know" he said, "But better this lot finds out then a bunch of Death Eaters" and Hermione nodded.

"I know what you mean" she told him, "We can always tell the press later on" and her brother nodded. He glanced to Great Hall entrance and then grimaced.

“Let’s go” he said, and the trio went inside the hall. They escaped notice for several seconds, as the hall was filled with lots of talking and eating Hufflepuffs, Ravenclaws, Slytherins and Gryffindors.

“Look at Potter” said a voice, and the noise dropped to a low whisper as the hall saw Harry, Hermione and an unknown little girl walk towards a space in the Gryffindor table. Harry stopped and bent down to let Fliss get off his back and then the three sat down for breakfast. People started talking to each other about the little girl whom most knew nothing about. A certain group however knew, and this group was increased in numbers when Susan Bones and Hannah Abbott came over to speak to them.

“Who are you?” asked Susan.

“I’m Fliss” replied Fliss. “What’s your name?” she asked.

“Susan”

“Hi Susan” Fliss said, and then Susan introduced her to her friend Hannah.

“A little young to start Hogwarts?” she smiled.

“I guess you managed to save her” Tori said, and Harry nodded.

“Did you get your post?” asked Hermione.

“Yeah” Tori said, “And thank you Harry for letting me stay with the Davis’s” and she hugged Harry. Fliss giggled at the two and then looked at the table which was filled with foods, and then realised that she wouldn’t be able to get anything.

“I can’t reach the cereal” she said, and Harry saw that it was true.

“Stand up” he told her, and Fliss stood up and Harry put his school bag on the seat and told Fliss to sit on it. The result was that Fliss could now reach the table properly, and she looked at the cereal. She

said which one she wanted, and Hermione put some in a bowl and put milk over them for her as the jug was too heavy for Fliss to lift.

“So can you tell us what exactly happened?” asked Parvati.

“It would take too long to explain” Harry said, “But you should get it in the copies of the Prophet” and true to form, that very moment heralded the arrival of the owls bringing in the post, parcels and newspapers. Most of them disregarded the letters and parcels and went straight for the papers and read about Fliss’s story.

SIX YEAR SECRET REVEALED

Little Girl Kept Prisoner In Own Home

By

San Mononoke

It was revealed last night that a girl was released after spending six years imprisoned in her own home after people had been told she had died in a freak accident. Fliss Parkinson (now 8) was believed to have died after doing accidental magic and killing herself creating a large smoking crater. This was proven to be false after a raid yesterday by Aurors on her home, and it was after the main search that they discovered Miss Parkinson. Her parents – Mr Beelzebub and Mrs Millicent Parkinson – had been discovered to be agents of the late Lord Voldemort. They had escaped notice before as they had not carried marks of membership of Lord Voldemort’s group of followers, known as Death Eaters. The source of the information on why the Parkinsons have been targeted by such a large number of Aurors has not been released, but an official close to the Auror force used, hinted that it might have been Mr Harry Potter. This has not been confirmed or denied by the Ministry – still rocking from the attack made over a week ago.

One other source has told us that Mr Potter participated in the raid, along with his sister, muggleborn Hermione Granger. The Prophet has learned that the house was searched primarily with regards to

arresting the Parkinsons with being Death Eaters and for possessing Dark Arts materials. Fliss Parkinson was discovered locked away in her bedroom and was released at once. When she was taken downstairs in order to be taken away to St Mungos for checks, her father attacked her with a spell which slowed down her heart. It is not known why Mr or Mrs Parkinson was allowed to keep their wands, but an investigation is ongoing, the Prophet understands. Miss Parkinson was taken by an Auror to St Mungos, and given treatment. She was alright until a second spell was detected and her blood started to vanish from her body – but not by cuts to her body. It is not known what exactly happened during this period, but she was eventually saved and was taken from St Mungos to a secret location.

Our sources tell us that Mr Potter was involved with saving her life, and took her away with him after she awoke. Although exact details are covered by healer – patient confidentiality, we understand that Miss Parkinson had been heavily abused over the years, and was within minutes of death before her recovery. Her parents were tried by an emergency court session, and they both pleaded guilty, and they themselves asked to be pushed through the Veil of Death. Although the trial was quick, a visiting member of the Prophet's staff, there on an unrelated matter, was allowed to sit in on the trial and he reports that it was carried out in a fair manner. We at the Prophet hope that Fliss Parkinson gets over her ordeal quickly – wherever she is. The Prophet promises to bring you the latest news in tonight's evening edition.

“That isn't what entirely happened” Hermione said, and Harry nodded.

“They said that they would publish more details later on” he said, and Hermione was left to ponder on that statement.

“Can you tell us the truth?” asked Susan. “I mean we've been out the loop for a bit on account of you spending time with these three” and she pointed to Tori, Tracy and Zabini.

“Not now” Harry said, “You don't know who might overhear us” and he saw that the Hufflepuff understood.

“When?” asked Neville?

“After lessons?” Hermione suggested to Harry.

“After lessons” Harry agreed. They talked about various things, and kept Fliss interested by telling some funny stories of their first days at Hogwarts. Towards the end of breakfast, McGonagall stood up and announced that it was time for lessons to begin. Harry lifted Fliss off his school bag and then told her to stay with Hermione while he went to talk with the Weasley twins.

“Nice thing you did for her” said Fred.

“Is there something we can do?” asked George. Harry opened his bag and pulled out the bundle he had tied up previously.

“Can you shrink these so that they fit her?” he asked them, and the twins nodded. Harry and Hermione’s first lesson involved them going right past their new suite, so it wouldn’t take too long to make a detour inside.

“That’s them all done” Fred said, and handed Harry the things back. Harry thanked the twins and asked if would like to come to their suite after lessons. The twins said yes, and then went off to their own lessons. Harry, Hermione and Fliss went back to their suite

“What did you talk to the twins about?” Hermione asked.

“I asked them to shrink these” and Harry started to pull out some clothing.

“What are you thinking of?” asked Hermione as she untangled them. Harry was about to answer her when he saw the grin break out over her face.

“Get her into those things and then we’ll have to get going” Harry said, and Hermione started to take off the jumper that Fliss was

wearing, and she told her to put them all on as quick as she could. Harry watched them as well as the large clock and then when everything was ready, they headed off for Professor Flitwick's lessons.

#

"Is everyone here?" asked the tiny charms wizard.

"Harry and Hermione are not here" said Neville, and Flitwick nodded his tiny head.

"I understand that they might be a little bit late" he said, and then he heard the door open, and turned to see Harry and Hermione come in with nice shiny clean robes. Fliss was holding on to Harry's hand, and Flitwick and the class suddenly burst into laughter. Fliss was wearing a full set of Gryffindor robes that had been shrunk for her smaller size. It was an exact match for everyone else's – except Fliss was sporting the formal pointed hat.

"Sorry we're late, Professor" Harry said, "But we got a little bit held up" and it took the class several moments to calm down.

"A little bit too young to be starting, Mr Potter?" Flitwick asked him, but it was Hermione who answered.

"Maybe, sir, But we wanted to be certain that Fliss was going to be alright today, so we thought of bringing her with us to lessons. With everything that has happened you never know if someone was going to try anything against her" Hermione finished.

"Logical and good thinking, you two" said the charms Professor. "I believe you will need this then" and he conjured a new table and bench for them to sit at. It was wider to accommodate three people – and the middle of the bench was raised higher and had a back to it so Fliss wouldn't slip off. Harry and Hermione sat down to start learning while Fliss was given a colouring book and some magical crayons which would make the finished picture flash different colours. The lesson was an easy one as they knew the levitation charm very well, but they still worked hard to practice a switching charm. Half the

lesson was gone when Harry and Hermione were able to do it several times, so Flitwick told them to make a start on doing the homework that he was going to set. As he and the class watched, Harry and Hermione would occasionally stop to talk to Fliss who was going through her colouring book with a smile. Flitwick thought that Harry would make a great husband and father after he graduated, and Hermione was lucky to have him – and vice versa.

“That was alright” Harry said to Hermione as they started to pack up.

“I think I got it started good enough” she said referring to the homework. As others had finished, they had also begun on the homework. Flitwick stood at the front of the classroom and spoke to all of them.

“Very good, very good” he squeaked slightly. “Now you all did very well so I think that I will award 20 points to each Gryffindor, award 20 points to each Slytherin and as for you” Flitwick continued, glancing at Fliss who was putting away her crayons, “I’m awarding you this bag of sugar quills for colouring so well” and he handed Fliss a small bag of sweets which Harry tucked away in his bag for her.

“Thank you” Fliss said.

“You’re welcome” Flitwick said. “Now you, Harry and Hermione may go first so that you avoid the rush in the corridors” and the three got up and left the classroom five minutes before the official end. They returned to their suite so that Harry and Hermione could change books before heading off for lunch. They waited for Fliss to visit the toilet and then they went for lunch. The story of Fliss wearing a full and correct school uniform had spread, but more was to come when Professor Minerva McGonagall was pranked by an 8 year old.

#

“Now that we have all transfigured our wooden blocks back again, I was wondering if anyone can think of something else to transfigure them into” McGonagall said. The first years looked at each other before Fliss unexpectedly stuck her hand up.

“Yes?” McGonagall said to her.

“I can change this wand” Fliss said.

“You have to come here before you learn transfiguration, my dear. I would say it is impossible” McGonagall said, though not in her normal stern tone.

“I can” Fliss insisted, and McGonagall looked at Harry and Hermione who shrugged.

“Let her have a chance, Professor” Harry said, and it was a sentiment shared by the rest of the first year Gryffindors.

“Nothing will happen, Mr Potter” McGonagall told him.

“But I can do it” Fliss insisted, and she looked as if she was going to burst into tears. The Headmistress suddenly decided that it would look good if she had reduced an 8 year old to tears.

“Lets see then. You can have a bag of sweets if you can make it change” McGonagall promised the girl, “And would you like your own block to change?” but Fliss shook her head before producing a wand of her own.

“I’m going to change this” and she put the wand on the table in front of her.

“Where did you get a wand from?” asked McGonagall in surprise.

“Harry got it for me” Fliss replied, and McGonagall was puzzled as she had not heard of Harry leaving the castle.

“Mr Potter?” she questioned Harry. Harry didn’t say anything as Fliss started to whisper in increasing volume.

“Hubble bubble boil and trouble. Caldron burn and cauldron bubble” Fliss said.

“Transfiguring a wand?” McGonagall suddenly looked alarmed, “That isn’t a very good idea” and at that time Fliss completed her spell.

“Marco Polo, Oracle, Ceefax, ORANGE!” and Fliss shouted the last word and jabbed the wand with her finger. It suddenly started to convulse, and McGonagall looked uneasy and moved to pick it up and get rid of it before it emitted a loud bang. Instead of the wand, there was a rubber chicken with the words Courtesy of the Weasley Twins imprinted on the side.

“Pranked!” McGonagall groaned, “Pranked by an 8 year old. I’m not going to live this down am I?” she asked the class.

“No, Professor McGonagall” they parroted at the same time.

“Oh I can’t stand it – class dismissed” and everyone left for the final lesson – which was potions. Fliss was told that she wasn’t to come with them, so Harry had arranged for someone to watch over her while he and Hermione was attending class. It turned out to be the Weasley twins who asked them for information on how well the joke had gone down. Harry and Hermione left Fliss in their good care and didn’t worry about her safety.

“Did you see the look on McGonagall’s face?” Harry said, laughing a bit.

“She seemed to find it funny though” Hermione said. “Glad the twins could help look after Fliss” and Harry nodded.

“I didn’t want her hurt by any accidental potion mishaps” he told Hermione who understood the thought. They went down to the dungeons which had been totally redecorated by the school after Severus Snape’s departure, and it now was a much nicer place to be in for lessons.

“You do know that we still have to tell Mum and Dad” Hermione said.

“I know” Harry told her.

“I’m surprised that they haven’t took us out” Hermione continued, and Harry looked at her. “With everything that has happened to us” she added.

“Maybe we should tell them everything that has happened” Harry agreed. “I’ll ask Professor McGonagall if we can use the Floo to get to the house in London” and Hermione said it was a good idea. After potions, the pair returned to their suite to find the Weasley twins teaching Fliss how to play snap.

“As good as gold” Fred promised Harry as the twins saw them enter.

“She even beat us at snap and fish” George semi complained to Hermione.

“Well we have to go for the weekend to speak to our parents” Harry said, “So we need to pack some stuff” and then he looked at the grandfather clock. A broad grin suddenly spread over Harry’s face, and Fred and George knew a prank forming when they saw the signs.

“What are you thinking of?” asked the twins at the same time.

“I was thinking of going for something to prank McGonagall – after everything that’s been going on, we need a good flipping joke” and then he told the twins, Hermione and Fliss exactly what they was going to do.

“I like it” Hermione said.

“That teacher lady is going to go crazy” predicted Fliss.

#

It was down to the Weasley twins who managed to get a message to all members of each of the four houses. This was going to be a big effort from all of the houses, and something that Harry knew would bring them together. It would unite them in a common goal, and they would succeed as they also gained the help of the teaching staff and Madam Pomfrey with assistance to the prank. At a certain time, Neville, Dean and Seamus belted into McGonagall's office and said that someone was in the hospital wing wanting to speak to them. The noise of three Weasley fireworks was the signal for everyone to get to the Great hall for dinner, and they did so and waited for McGonagall. She came a full fifteen minutes after the last student had sat down, and most managed to suppress grins as she walked past them and up to the staff table. As she did so she wondered on something.

"Why are they all wearing their formal school hats?" she thought to herself and then settled down to dinner. She looked at her fellow staff members and noticed they also wore hats. Was some kind of award going to be made to her? Halfway through the normal dinner time, and she heard a scuffling noise and looked down the rows of tables to see Harry standing up.

"Professor McGonagall?" he called.

"What is it?" she asked.

"We've been talking recently, and we heard about your accident this afternoon" Harry said, and McGonagall wondered what accident he was referring to. "So we came up with this as we thought it might make you better" and McGonagall was now confused.

"Exactly what do you have planned?" asked McGonagall. Would they all be doing a perfect rendition of Flower of Scotland for her? This theory was shot down several milliseconds later. All 1928 students, one little girl and all the staff started chanting the same words – shouting the final one out loud.

"Hubble bubble boil and trouble. Caldron burn and cauldron bubble. Marco Polo, Oracle, Ceefax, ORANGE!" and every formal school hat in the room – and Fliss's miniature one as well – convulsed and then

there was a flash of light before it faded to reveal 1945 large rubber chickens.

“What on earth have I done to deserve this?” she asked herself.

“Bur ber. Bur bur bur bur berrrrrrrrrr” and the hall erupted into many calls of chickens – even the staff members joined in. McGonagall looked to see the laughing faces of Harry, Hermione, Fliss and the Weasley twins. She wouldn’t put money on the castle standing by the end of the academic year.

A/N:

Well there concludes another exciting chapter at Hogwarts. I was halfway through doing this as a serious one, and then thought “Ah what the hell” and did this as a humorous chapter – something we need after everything that has happened recently!

First of all references from the last chapter. Well done to Voldemort is Dead who was the first to spot the Harry Potter references inside the references – the titles of my fics.

Special mention to scout-01 who saw the reference to my rather full bladder when I was writing the letter.

Now some people might, and most likely will, question the fact I have done this chapter the way I have. This is MY FANFIC STORY. Please do not ask me to change it just to suit you. It will not happen in a million years.

With regards to those people who read True Friends, and saw my appeal on the last chapter of Leaving Hogwarts The minimum number of five people has been met and acceded. One again my loyal band of reviewers from True Friends has rallied to my cause and have all said they want to see the sequel. The sequel will be released on December 25th 2009. This means that I have a full seven days to completely design a new fic. Pixel will now crank up for a maximum effort push – so there will be no updates of this fic or others.

What I will be doing is releasing SEVERAL of them at the same time as a Christmas present.

Tell me if you liked the warning at the beginning of the chapter, and what you thought when you saw the chapter name.

Here's for a all out maximum effort –

Regards

Pixel

Merry Christmas Everyone!

Or

Harry Does A Good Deed!

For several days afterwards, a large amount of chicken related jokes kept springing up whenever McGonagall came into a classroom. Fliss started receiving lessons from all of Harry's friends, and she started to settle down at Hogwarts – even if she was too young to attend yet. Madam Bones's investigations had uncovered that a large number of government, but non ministry – workers also carried membership of the Death Eaters. Harry spent a lot of his time training for the last Quidditch match of the school year, and Hermione made sure that a hot bath was waiting for him after his return to their suite. After he came out, he hugged Hermione and Fliss before sitting in an armchair to read the Prophet. He got to page seven before jumping up and running down the corridors and skidding into McGonagall's office.

“Can I help you?” she asked him. Harry slammed the paper on the desk and pointed to the article. One of the parts explained that several medi-witches and medi-wizards as well as healers had been arrested for being members of the Death Eater group. “I don't understand” McGonagall said as she finished reading the entire article.

“Some of those people are said to have been in charge of little kids” Harry said, “I want to find out what has happened to them” he added, and then finished with, “Maybe I can spend some of my money to help them” and McGonagall nodded in understanding. She knew that when Harry heard about child abuse, he would remember the part of his life spent with the Dursleys.

“The manager of the house is not a Death Eater” McGonagall said, but Harry shook his head.

“I want to help how I can” Harry said, “And it is a weekend so could I take some of my friends with me?” and McGonagall said no.

“I can not allow that” she informed him, “I can only just allow you out on account that you own this castle, have me over a barrel and are one of the most powerful people in magical Britain” and Harry sighed as he looked her in the eye.

“I have to help them. We have to help them. SOMEBODY has to help them” Harry said firmly, “If we, with all our magic, can’t help some children in need, then what in the name of hell do we have magic for?” he calmed down while McGonagall was stunned. Harry had never spoken to her before like this. “All I ask is that Hermione comes with me – I’ll be getting help from Sirius and Tonks. My lawyer can handle all of the legal mumbo jumbo” and then Harry paused before finishing in a whisper with, “I have to do this” and the Headmistress saw what he was going through, understood the issues he still thought about and nodded her head.

“Take who you need” she said, “And have them back before 8pm” and Harry actually hugged and kissed her before screaming out of the classroom and running back to the suite.

#

“Get your wand – we leave in a minute” Harry said, and Fliss looked hopeful until Harry’s look broke her smile. “You’ve got to stay here” he told her.

“Why?” asked the girl.

“Because of the fact that you might get hurt” Harry said, and then decided to change tracks. “Actually you might come in handy. Stick to me until I say” and Harry picked Fliss up before he and Hermione left the castle. They had to go past Gryffindor tower and discovered the Weasley twins as well as most of their friends waiting for them outside in the corridor.

“We read the paper” said Fred with a grim look.

“And we’ve been talking” added George.

“We knew what was happening” Hannah said.

“And we want to help you” finished Susan. The others gave noises to the same thing, and Harry wondered what to do before a thought hit him. McGonagall had said to take who he needed, and he might need all the help he could get.

“Lets get to the gates and get the Knight Bus” Harry said at last, and they all went out and headed to the gates. The buss appeared and Harry told the conductor to get to Gringotts at once. Once they had arrived, the group marched into the bank where Harry asked to see Griphook.

“Can I help you?” he asked after coming into his office.

“I want a new vault set up, though my lawyer will handle all of the legal stuff” Harry said.

“May I ask what is the matter?” enquired Griphook.

“I’ve found out that dozens of kids have been locked away at a magical kids home” Harry said. “I’m going to go over there, see what the conditions are like and then sort stuff out” and Griphook’s expression was a mixture of several emotions.

“I’ll deal with it myself” he assured Harry, and then set about dealing with the paperwork. The goblin told Harry that he would deal with contacting Catharine Smith, and then created a Portkey after asking Harry for the location of the home.

“Anybody want to back out?” Harry asked the group around him, and they grabbed hold of the large piece of rope that was the Portkey. “BATTLESTATIONS!” he cried, and everyone was transported magically to the outside of the home. It was a large and rundown house somewhere in Brixton Town, and Harry started to get really mad. He led the group to the door of the building and went inside. They stood in the entrance hall and took a good look around. The paint was peeling off the walls in many places, the heating clearly

was not working, and damp was in clear evidence - Harry noticed the carpets had seen better days.

“Who are you, and what are you...” the voice trailed off as a woman in some plain muggle looking clothes came towards them. She stopped speaking when she saw Harry standing with two dozen or so people of all ages – all of them facing her.

“I’m Harry Potter, this is Hermione Granger, Fliss Parkinson...” Harry named each and every one of the people in the group and then looked back at the woman staring at him. “I read about the arrests of the two healers detailed to look after this place – and I am shocked at the state of this place” and the woman began to apologise.

“If I had had warning of your coming, then I could have done something about this place. But my budget was controlled by those two... baskets that I wasn’t able to do much except to pay for food for the children and get some clothes. Cornelius Fudge would come, have pictures taken and then leave a few Galleons. That goes for most of the other high placed people in our world” the woman finished.

“We are here to help” Harry said, “I’ve got a rather large amount of money, and I intend to use it to help you out of this mess” and then several of the girls went over as the woman started sobbing as all of her prayers got answered.

“I never thought that I would never get help” she said.

“What’s your name?” Harry asked her.

“Rose. Rose Dawson” the woman said. She was led to a nearly broken seat that Fred fix in a moment. Harry’s first job was to deal with the children.

“Fred, Katie, Oliver” he addressed members of his Quidditch team, “Here is my card for Gringotts. Go to Diagon Alley or wherever and get as much food as you three can carry then come back here and put it in the kitchen.” and Rose pointed out a Floo fireplace and the trio vanished. “Hannah, Susan, both Patils, and Neville. Go and find

all of the kids here and bring them downstairs into the dining room” and they left.

“What can I do?” asked George, and the same was asked by all the remaining others. “Do what you can to fix this place up for the time being. George? I want you to make a fireplace, and get some heat into the dining room. I want a few others to get to the kitchen, clean it up and get ready to do some cooking” and nobody found it odd to take orders from Harry, and they set about the jobs. Harry, Hermione and Fliss went into what passed as an office. It had a little wooden desk, a small wooden chair, one little lamp, and a picture of a muggle aircraft carrier which was launching a plane and being fueled at the same time. Harry went to have a look at the little plaque which bore the name - USS Hancock - Essex Class. Yankee Station in the Gulf of Tonkin Harry shook his head at the picture being in a magical place, before turning back to the desk. Harry and Hermione looked for letters, while Fliss was told to pile all of the books that contained lots of numbers together. They had only been looking for five minutes when Harry blew his top.

A/N:

A few spelling mistakes, but there you go!

Special thing for Jim Red Hawk here.

Merry Christmas everyone!

Pixel

Creeping In My Soul

Harry's reaction of rage was caused by the fact he had been reading an account book. Things such as repairs to the building, clothing to the children and food were in very tiny figures, whilst the amount paid to each of the two Healers who were supposed to help run the place always amounted to the remainder of the money left at the end of each week. Some weeks even had the entries for food missing or not entered. Harry showed the book to Hermione who cursed the two healers in several languages – one of which was Klingonese.

"We better keep these to show to Madam Bones" Harry said.

"And Miss Smith" Hermione said, reminding Harry to show the books to his lawyer. She had become very friendly with Harry and Hermione after the trial before September and also Sirius's release. Harry suddenly thought of something and asked Angelina Johnson if she could duplicate the books. The girl nodded and then did the correct spell work and an identical pile of accounting books appeared next to the first set. Harry set them apart from the originals so he wouldn't get confused and then went to speak to Rose.

"We've just seen the books" he told her, "And they've got missing entries for them in several columns. Can you tell us why?" Harry asked gently, and Rose nodded. Somebody had been in the kitchen and made her a cup of tea as she held a cup in her hands.

"They would sometimes ask for more money then we had left, so they would take the money meant for food and clothing" Rose told Harry, and he and several others looked angry.

"How did you feed the children then?" asked Hermione – coming out from the office.

"On those weeks I would feed them from my own pocket and go without food for days. I would eat the scraps the children left on their plates" Rose replied.

"How long has this been going on?" Hermione asked.

“Four or five years” was the reply. The fireplace flared up and out came Fred Katie and Oliver.

“We got as much as we could carry” Oliver said.

“What did you get?” asked Harry.

“Diced pork, carrots, potatoes, peas, mushrooms, gravy powder and hot chocolate mix” Katie said.

“I could make a stew out of most of that” Hannah said as she joined the group. “I love to help cook when I am home” and several others also said they knew their way around a kitchen.

“Then you lot just got appointed chefs” Harry said, and they went into what was said to be a kitchen and started to prepare a stew.

“I managed to make a fireplace and do a fire” George said to Harry, “But this place needs a lot of work doing to it” he added, and Harry agreed.

“What do we do now?” asked Fliss – Harry and Hermione had forgot that she was with them.

“Why don’t you go and talk to the kids and see if they will tell you anything. Tell us if they say anything about being hit” Hermione said gently, and Fliss nodded before going away.

“I can’t believe that someone is here to help” rose said.

“Ma’am” Harry said addressing Rose, “I spent a number of years in an abusive home before moving to a care home. I was only there for a year before I was adopted by Hermione’s parents, and I swore to myself that I would always help children who needed help” and Rose looked up from the floor to him.

“You are a miracle” she said and then looked down at the floor. It seemed as if she couldn’t quite grasp what was going on around her. George pulled him to one side and out of close hearing range of Rose.

“I looked round the rooms after I did the fireplace and some bedrooms only have a mattress, pillow and blanket. Some of them seem to be ill and in pain. I think we should get a couple of healers in” and to his surprise Harry shook his head.

“Madam Bones might not have finished arresting all those who did not carry the Dark Mark” he said, and George saw his reasoning.

“We better get someone in then – those kids need medical attention” Hermione said, and Harry nodded.

“We’ll send for Madam Pomfrey” the boy said at last, “We know we can trust her after all” and a message was sent for Madam Pomfrey to get to the kids home as soon as she could. The message also went out for Sirius, Tonks and some Aurors to get over quickly so an investigation could start. “I’m going into the dining room” Harry said, “Take care of her” he said pointing to Rose and he and Hermione went into the dining room.

“Dear god...” Harry heard Hermione’s mutter and then his sister held him before she collapsed. All of the children had been brought downstairs and seated on beanbags near to the fire to get warm. All wore worn out clothing of varying degrees and all had a look of depression on their faces. Harry looked behind him to see several older boys – the Weasley twins and Oliver Wood – with tears silently running down their faces.

“How could anyone live or survive something like this?” asked Oliver.

“I survived far worse” Harry said darkly and then sat Hermione down on a rickety old chair so that he could go over to the kids. Some of them stared at Harry as if he was something of a mystery and then turned back and huddled closer to the fire in an effort to get warm.

“They’ve got to pay for what they did” said someone. Harry agreed and then felt a tug on his jeans which he wore under his robes. Harry looked down to see that a little girl – no older than Fliss it she seemed – was looking up at him.

“Is your name Harry?” she asked in a small voice.

“Yes” Harry said, and bent down to speak to her. “What is your name?” he asked.

“Serafina Pekkala” replied the girl.

“I’m pleased to meet you, Serafina” Harry said smiling at her. He noticed she had something rolled up in her hand. “What is that?” he asked, and pointed to the tube of parchment.

“Can you sign my poster?” Serafina asked timidly. She handed over the rolled up tube of parchment and Harry undid it to show a poster of Harry during his first Quidditch game. It was a little torn and creased, and Harry nodded and someone passed him quill and dink to sign it with before blowing on the signature to dry it off. Once it was rolled up again, he handed over to Sarafina who hugged him before going back to her beanbag near the fire. The smell of the stew was coming though and Harry went back towards the office and sat in the wooden chair that was inside.

“What are you going to do?” asked Fred as he stood by the doorway.

“I intend to press charges against the pair of them” Harry said in reply. “I’m going to spend some of my money to give these kids a better life. My first job will be to get them a bigger and better home to live in. The Ministry can deal with the rest later” and as he spoke, the fireplace flared again and out came Sirius, Tonks, several other Aurors, Madam Pomfrey, two other Healers Harry knew and Catharine Smith.

“McGonagall told use what was going on” Sirius said as he came in the office. “Poppy here came to the Ministry after going to St Mungos so she could get a few other Healers” and Harry was thankful.

“I came as soon as I could, Mr Potter” Pomfrey said, “Where are the children?” she asked.

“They are all in the dining room getting warm” Hermione said for him, “But it looks like they have had very little to eat. Rose Dawson – the woman who runs this place – told us that sometimes she goes without food to let the children eat food. Harry gave his card to Fred Weasley so that he and others could get something in” and the smell of the stew was quite strong by now.

“If that is the case, then we should let them have some hot food before starting examinations” Pomfrey said. “We’ll find another room and make it bigger and set up so we can check three kids at once. How many children are here at the moment” she asked.

“Fifty” Hermione said, remembering what she had read from the books in the office.

“ Right, well we will look around for evidence of Death Eater membership. I suggest that you finish what you are doing and go back to Hogwarts. I know McGonagall is a bit crazy after finding out a large number of Gryffindor have gone missing” Tonks said. They nodded before taking the Floo to the Ministry and then to McGonagall’s office. Hannah, Susan and Parvati remained in the kitchen with Oliver to finish cooking the stew which they served before going to the Ministry and hence Hogwarts. Harry and Hermione remained in the office to speak to Catharine Smith about the charges that could be brought.

“I want them to be punished for all that they can be” Harry said.

“That might take some time to do” Smith said to him. “The cases of the Death Eaters come first, as you can imagine, and then everything else” she finished.

“But isn’t a trial just wasting time?” Harry asked. “I mean all that’s going to happen is that they get pushed through the veil” and Smith had to agree.

“But Madam Bones insists on giving them a fair trial” Hermione reminded her brother.

“I don’t care” Harry said sternly, “They would not have been arrested otherwise if not members of Voldemort’s group, so I think she should be just be putting them through right now” he added stubbornly.

“The Minister’s word is law” Smith told Harry, “We can not go against it. Believe me when I say that I share your views, Harry” and Harry snorted.

“All the magical world seems to do is wait” he said, and get off the desk he had been perched on. Smith had taken the chair whilst looking through the small pile of accounts books.

“Is there not a way for the process to be speeded up?” suggested Hermione.

“The only person or persons that can override the Minister’s powers is a descendant of the four great Houses” Smith told her. “Tom Riddle was the last descendant of either one of the four houses, and he would hardly want to speed up the cases would he?” and Hermione shook her head.

“Why is that?” Hermione asked another question.

“When they set up the Ministry, the four houses kept the power and rights to override the Minister in power if that person thought it was right to do so. But with Voldemort gone, that would not be able to happen” Smith said, looking at Harry.

“What about me?” asked the boy quietly. He had gone to look at the picture of the aircraft carrier again.

“I don’t understand” said Hermione and Smith at the same time.

“Griphook told me that Dumbledore kept the fact I’m related to Godric Gryffindor from me” Harry said.

“This changes things” Smith said slowly thinking of things in her mind, “Harry could ask for whatever he wants and it would happen” and Hermione turned to look at him.

“So what are you going to do?” she asked him.

“The first thing to do is find out who actually carried out attacks and stuff under their own free will, and who did it all under some kind of spell” Harry said, “That has to come first after all. Before all that though, we have to help these kids out” and he saw the two witches nodding.

“I was told that I’m to deal with paperwork concerning the home” Smith said.

“What I was thinking of was putting them up somewhere like St Mungos. While they are all being looked after, we get builders in here to deal with this mess” Harry went on to explain all that he wanted. Smith listened while she thought about Harry. He sounded more sure, more certain and more mature than some adults she knew. The woman now understood why some people in the Ministry thought Harry was getting too powerful for his age – he wasn’t at all. He was simply saying and doing the things that needed to get done. The door to the office opened and Pomfrey came in and spoke to the three of them.

“We’ve checked each child after they ate, and we’ve come to some alarming results. Several of them have illness from not getting enough food, two of them have subjected to torture curses, and one has a lung infection from all the damp in the air. I’m getting them all to St Mungos while the Aurors look around this place” she said.

“Make sure that they get all the treatment that they need. Charge it to my family vault will you?” Harry said, and Pomfrey nodded before going back out of the office.

“Apart from the building, what else do you want me to take care of?” asked Smith.

“Clothes, blankets, toys and furniture” Harry said. “I’m not sure where you would get the blankets, toys and furniture from, but contact Madam Malkin for the clothes. I want seven pairs of everything for each boy and girl. Never again will they have to go without food or clothing again” and Harry was passionate about the work that had to be done.

“This place needs decent staff as well. That woman was swamped with all of the work piled on her and her alone” Hermione said. “What this place needs is half a dozen good people to get it back and on its feet” she added.

“I know of a number of people who might be able to help” Smith said. “Would you like me to send the files to you?” she asked the pair. Normally children would not act in such a manner, but Harry and Hermione had gone through stuff not many people had or would ever go through.

“Send us the files” Harry said, “And I’ll go through them with Professor McGonagall, Madam Pomfrey and yourself. Maybe Madam Bones if that is possible. I want good people – decent people” he finished. Smith nodded before looking at Harry as if in thought.

“Right” she said absently.

“Something the matter?” Harry asked her – he wondered if some spell had harmed her.

“Nothings wrong” Smith replied, “But I see something in you, Harry Potter. If you continue in this life as you’ve begun then a great future

awaits you” and then after saying goodbye, she left the office and want to speak to Madam Pomfrey.

“Odd” Hermione commented. “We should be getting back to Hogwarts – Professor McGonagall must be wondering where we got to” and Harry agreed. They collected Fliss from where the last few children waited to be checked and then took the multiple Floo rides back to Hogwarts.

#

McGonagall was first to greet them after they got back.

“I hope you got your business sorted out” she said.

“Most of it” Harry said in reply, “The kids are safe now – though you should have seen the state of them. It was almost as bad as how I used to live with my Aunt, Uncle and Cousin” he added.

“Well you don’t live there anymore” Hermione said.

“He lives here” piped Fliss.

“Indeed” McGonagall said – trying hard to not laugh. “You had better all go to your suite and get some rest. I had word sent to me that trials will be started tomorrow. After the evidence that has been collected, it will not be a very long trial for them and I suspect that most will be executed” and then sighed. “Off you go” and the trio said goodbye to McGonagall before heading off to their private suite to catch up on sleep. As Fliss took herself up the stairs to her shared dorm, Hermione saw Harry looking over the grounds.

“What is it?” she asked him, “And don’t say there isn’t anything wrong. I can tell that there is” and Harry remained looking out of the window before spinning round to face Hermione.

“It wasn’t the house that got me, it was Serafina” Harry said, referring to the little girl who had come up to him. “She treated that poster of me like it was her most prized possession. I had to smile so

I wouldn't start crying in front of everyone again" and Hermione hugged Harry before kissing him on the cheek.

"I'm sure you did the right thing" she told him, "You always do the right thing. Did you see the looks of hope that you gave to those kids? I think that that was great" and Harry gave a little smile.

"That I did" he said, "That I did" and together they went up the stairs and to separate dorms. Hermione and Fliss went to sleep after a few moments, but Harry stared out of the window at the dimming sun. His mind reflected on the day's big event, and his mind wondered to times he had not thought about for some time.

#

The food was not such a good idea, and Harry managed to get to a bathroom before he was sick. He retched for several minutes before he stopped, washed his mouth out with water from the tap and then went out to face the manager.

"Where do you want to do it?" Harry asked, looking down at the floor.

"Where do I want to do what?" asked the manager.

"Beat me" Harry said, "My Uncle always beats me when I am ill. Sometimes he beats me so hard that he breaks an arm" and the manager kept the rising anger in check.

"I'm not going to beat you" she said, "It was not your fault that you was sick just now" and he told Harry that he just needed to get better. He was going to show Harry to his room when he suddenly passed out and went into a series a violent shudders before going random jerks.

#####

Over the next year or so, Harry underwent several operations to correct all of the damage that the Dursleys had done to him. For many months afterwards, he still had nightmares which concerned

him being killed by his relatives. X-Rays had revealed so much damage that Harry was kept in a medically induced coma for his first month, and then was told to stay in the Children's Home until his body was repaired. He kept to himself at the home, and stayed in his room most of the time and looked out of the window at the other kids playing games. The week after he was pronounced fit for going out, he was enrolled at a Primary School and he was fitted out with all of the stuff he would need. He was taken to his classroom by the head teacher who sat him at a table before the class came in. after a little while – Harry couldn't tell the time – a bell rung and other pupils came in. One girl came in and headed over to his table. Harry had tried to not look nervous as he looked at the girl who looked back at him before speaking.

“I'm Hermione Granger”

#

#

Harry lost track of how long he had been looking out of the window, but it was now very dark. He found the brightest star and started to make an oath.

“I swear on my life that I will see everyone who hurt those kids in any way punished, and those that abused them pushed through the Veil of Death” and there was a little gold flash, but nothing else happened. Harry went over to his bed and slept. For the first time in a while, he had the nightmares about the Dursleys again.

A/N:

I've outdone myself for this fic I can tell you. This chapter follows Chapter 26 right away in case people wondered about the time.

In response to a review that someone left sometime ago, Harry is a little too young to be wielding all this power – but then again these are different circumstances then what you would expect.

I've shown that Harry wants those that carried out the abuse to be executed. – extreme maybe but you can understand. I've provided some back story to explain some of Harry's time at the home before he met Hermione.

The next chapter will contain the long awaited trials of the Death Eaters who did not carry the mark, Fudge and Dumbledore. To those who have semi-complained about me bringing him back:- this time there is now way for Dumbledork to escape death... (hint).

Two chapters time and that will be the end of this fic. The last chapter will break the 10,000 word barriers and so will be a long time in coming.

There is a reference to the song for Bionicle – the Lego game. See if you can spot it.

Christmas Day reviews

On Christmas Day, I posted three chapters, Chapter 1 of this, Chapter 26 of I'm Not Going and Chapter 9 of The Great Hogwarts Road Trip. Between 1:40am GMT and 10:34 am GMT I received 68 messages containing notices of reviews for all three fics as well as the notices for alert adding, favoUrite (yanks: note the "U"!) and such. On the 27th, I got a staggering 110 messages from fanfiction.

Special Mentions therefore go to the following users:

Pointer3109

Readerforlife

queenofspades19

Gandalf the Grey-Edelwiess

DarkHeart81

Jim Red Hawk

Airlady

#

Reviews please

Pixel

Duty and Honour

Harry woke the next morning, and showered and dressed before heading downstairs. He found Hermione and Fliss waiting for him, and Hermione had a look that made Harry go with her out of the hearing of Fliss.

“Are you alright?” she asked him, “I can only imagine what that must have made you think” his sister added.

“Seeing all that stuff at that place brought back memories of how I was treated by my relatives” Harry told her. “I even had those nightmares again” he added.

“I heard” Hermione said, “But I decided to leave you to it. I didn’t know what might have happened if I had woken you up” and Harry smiled for a moment, but then Hermione saw something in his eye that made her question him. “What did you do?” she asked.

“Before I went to sleep, I made a promise on my life that I would see all those who have done wrong pushed through the Veil of Death” Harry told her, “when I finished, there was a flash of gold light that went right over me and the room” and Hermione gasped.

“Oh my god, Harry!” she exclaimed, “That was an Unbreakable Vow. I’ve read all about them. Once you make the vow, you have to keep that vow or else you will die. You are such an idiot” she sobbed and buried her head into Harry’s chest.

“It is okay, Mione” he said.

“I hope so” Hermione sobbed into Harry.

“I know what I was doing, and I’m going to live” her brother told her.

“I couldn’t bear to lose you” Hermione said as she pulled away from Harry’s embracing hug. “I think I would rather die than live without you” and Harry shook his head, and then kissed her on the lips.

“EWWWWWWWWWWWW” said a watching Fliss. “That is yucky” she declared, but Harry and Hermione simply laughed and the moment passed. They went to have breakfast in the hall before they returned to the suite to leave Fliss in the dubious care of the Weasley twins. Harry and Hermione went to Charms here they learned to do several colours on the goblets – Harry could already do so of course. Most of the class could do the same by the end of the lesson, though Neville had somehow managed to get the two colours in stripes. After that, Potions was next and Harry and Hermione tried to remember how to make a Forgetfulness Potion.

#

Even though Harry was working as hard as ever, the Professors could see that the events of the past few weeks had clearly troubled him. McGonagall called him to her office that evening and had a talk with him about everything.

“Please don’t tell me there is something wrong, I know there is” said McGonagall, “After what has been going on over the last few weeks, how are you coping?” and Harry took a long time to reply.

“I feel terrible, Professor” he admitted. “The thing is that I am responsible for people dying. If I hadn’t turned up at the trial then maybe Pansy would still be alive, all those people wouldn’t have been killed by the Death Eaters. I guess that I feel guilty for it all” Harry said, and McGonagall didn’t know where to start. But then she knew how.

“Look at all of the good that has come out of it though” McGonagall told him, “Fliss Parkinson has been saved from death, you helped uncover Death Eaters who did not have the Dark Mark. And most of all” she added, “You helped all of those children in the home. Poppy Pomfrey has told me that most of them are healing well enough, and the others need a little more work with their injuries, but everything will be alright” and Harry looked her in the eyes.

“If that is the case, then why do I feel so terrible, Professor?” and McGonagall had no answer to that question. She wondered if Harry

was feeling some kind of Survivor's Guilt after the Dursleys and the battle at the Ministry.

"I do not know, Harry" she said at last, "But you are not telling me something are you?" and Harry shook his head.

"I swore an Unbreakable Oath last night to see all those that have done wrong pushed through the Veil of Death. I have to ensure that or die" he said, and McGonagall saw the whole weight on Harry's shoulders.

'How could fate be so cruel to someone so young?' she thought, and then she dismissed Harry and told him to go back to his suite. What the Headmistress did not know, was that Harry would be leaving the castle the next morning to attend the start of the trials.

#

Hermione held out an envelope to him when Harry returned to the suite. He knew what it would be before he even opened it, but did so all the same.

Dear Mr Harry James Potter

You are hereby Requested and Commanded to attend the Ministry of Magic tomorrow, 30th of June 1992, in order so that you might be called to give evidence at the trials of suspected Death Eaters. Please be at the Ministry of Magic no later then 8.50 am. The trial will start at 9am.

You may, if it is your wish, bring your own bodyguards, but the Ministry will be in lockdown mode until the trials are over.

Anastasia Duella

Court Official

"You know what this means right" Hermione said, leaning on the wall with her arms folded.

“It means that tomorrow I have to give the order for people to die” Harry said. “Either I do that or I die” he added, and he closed his eyes in thought.

“I wish you didn’t have to go through all this” Hermione said.

“I know, but it is something I must do. I knew it when I took the oath” Harry said to her, and he went to sit on the sofa with Hermione. “This is going to stay with me for the rest of my life. I might not worry about it in years to come, but I will always remember the moment I gave the order” and Harry didn’t know what to say next. Hermione decided to change tracks slightly.

“What about you declaring you are Godric Gryffindor’s heir? Have you thought about a way to say it?” she asked, and Harry shook her head. “I thought so” Hermione said, “So I asked Susan to come round after lessons” and at that moment, someone knocked on the door.

“I’ll get it” Fliss said, and she went over to the door and opened it to reveal Susan and Hannah. “Hello” she said to the two Hufflepuffs.

“Is Harry in?” asked Susan. She knew the answer of course, but Susan wanted to humour the little girl before her. Fliss nodded and pointed to Harry.

“Come in” and the two Hufflepuffs came in and went over to where Harry and Hermione was. Fliss shut the door and went back to her reading.

“I’m glad you could come” Hermione said to the girls as they sat down. Susan put the heavy leather book she had with her on the little table before her.

“You said it was to do with Harry” Hannah said, and Hermione nodded before explaining.

“Harry needs your help, Susan. He has the last living descendant of Godric Gryffindor” Hermione said, and both Susan’s and Hannah’s eyes went wide. “To cut a long story short, he made an oath to have all the Death Eaters who did not carry the Dark mark put through the Veil. He wants to make sure that happens, so how does he make that happen?” she asked Susan.

“You’re asking me?” Susan whispered in surprise, “I’m only a first year student. How can I help?” she asked.

“Your Aunt is the Acting Minister for Magic. She gave you that book on the laws as a present” Hermione said, “You know more about the law in the magical world then even I do. We need you to help me and Harry find out how he declares himself the heir. But that is not the main reason why we asked you here” Hermione said.

“What is it then?” asked an eager Susan.

“I need to know which laws allow the heirs of the founders to override what the Ministry decides as punishment” Harry said.

“You are going to give the order to have them put through the Veil” Susan said, more as a statement then a question.

“This is something that I must do” Harry replied, “And not just because of the Oath, but because of things that came out at the custody hearing. I know I’ve neglected being your friend after what happened with Tori, Tracy and Zabini, but I need your help, Susan. Will you help me?” he asked.

“Of course I will” Susan said quickly, “I know how much stuff happens to you, but you can always count on my friendship” she told him.

“And mine” Hannah assured him. Harry thanked both girls before Susan opened her book and addressed it.

“Find me the main laws concerning the heirs of the founders of Hogwarts” she instructed the book. The book started to flick through pages until it stopped a good half way into the heavy and thick book. “I’ll just have a look” Susan said, and started to skim through the next few pages but couldn’t find anything.

“What else do we try to ask it to look for?” asked Harry.

“Ask it to look for the laws on overriding the Ministry decisions” Hannah said, and Susan nodded.

“Look for rules on the laws on overriding the Ministry decisions with regards to the heirs to the founders” Susan ordered the book, and the pages started spinning over again. It stopped at least a hundred pages further in, and actually underlined the part they needed to read. “Got it” the Hufflepuff declared with a cry of joy. “Listen to this” and she began to read the section indicated.

Should one or more of the heirs come forth and override the Ministry’s decision with regards to any punishment, law addition or change, the orders of the heir must be allowed to go through, provided a test confirms the identity of the claimant.

SHOULD THE CLAIM BE FALSE, THEN THE CLAIMANT WILL BE STRIPPED OF ALL MAGICAL ABILITY, AND CAST OUT TO LIVE AS A MUGGLE. THEY WILL HAVE NO CONTACT WITH ANY WITCH OR WIZARD.

“Do you know what you’ve done?” Hermione shouted at Harry when Susan had finished reading aloud.

“Mione, calm down will you? I know what I was doing, and I am the heir to Godric Gryffindor. Nothing bad will come to me, and I won’t die for a very, very, very long time” Harry said to her, then he held Hermione as she cried into him again. Hannah and Susan waited for Hermione to calm down, and so they went over to Fliss and helped her with the reading.

“I don’t want you to die” Hermione sobbed. “I want you to live so we can get married. We can have a big wedding with all of our friends, and a really big cake, and I can wear a white dress... I don’t want to lose you” and Harry cuddled his sister and girlfriend. He suspected that it was because he was her first proper friend at school, and the fact he was always there to help her when she was in trouble. When she stopped crying, Hermione went into one of the bathrooms so that she could wash her face and then came back to the sofa.

“Better?” asked Susan, seeing how her friend was.

“Yes. I’m sorry for all of that, but you know how I feel about Harry. My heart would break if I lost him” Hermione said, managing to keep a lid on her emotions this time.

“Getting back to the matter at hand” Harry said, “What exactly should I say?” he asked Susan. The girl shared a look with her best friend before returning her gaze to Harry.

“You’ve got to say that you are the heir of Godric Gryffindor, and both an Auror and a Healer will perform the Truth Test on you. We stopped using the potion when we found some people could delude themselves by saying false stuff, or having someone replacing their memories” Susan said.

“Are you sure you want to do this?” asked Hannah. Up till now, she had been more or less quietly listening to everything said.

“Of course I am sure” Harry told her, “As sure I am about something like this whole bloody business” and they talked until it was nearly curfew about the trials the following day.

#

Amelia Bones looked at the record book that had been brought to her. She read it twice. Then she read it again. And then once more.

“Is there any chance this could be wrong?” she asked the Auror who had brought it to her.

“No” Sirius replied. “Before I was put up in the Hotel de’ Azkaban, I would check this every day. It was never wrong in all the time before I was locked up” and Madam Bones closed the book entitled Magical Contracts and Oaths. The book recorded all magically binding contracts and oaths so there could be no mistake.

“This time I wish it was... I wish it was” said Madam Bones. Sirius shared her wish, but knew that Harry would have to go through with what he had said.

“We have to give them a fair trial” Sirius said, and Madam Bones nodded.

“I know that, Sirius. But Harry is going to do something tomorrow that will make sure that he fulfils the oath he took. I do not want to be in his way when that happens” she said, and Sirius agreed.

#

Harry woke up earlier than normal, and he got up and went over to look out the window. The sun was already up, and it shone over the grounds, glinted in the waters of the lake and bathed the castle in its warmth. Turning away, he went to the wardrobe and brought out some clean robes and headed off to shower. He took a long time as he wanted to look his best for the trials. Once he was out, he dried himself off and dressed in the robes he had put beside the shower. They looked identical to the ones he wore for lessons, but instead of the Gryffindor crest on the left, the set he wore now had the Potter crest on the left breast. Harry had had the robes ordered from Madam Malkin’s shop in Diagon Alley – under instructions that she did the work herself. When he was done, the boy went out of the shower and went downstairs to the living room. As it was only 6am, Harry decided to sit on the sofa and wait for the Owl Post. Hedwig must have known that Harry had awoken as she landed on the windowsill outside

“Hello, Hedwig” he said as he opened the window. The owl hopped onto his outstretched arm. She carried only a small note from Sirius which contained confirmation of the trials. He also said that they

would be held in batch lots of 10 at the same time. If it was to be held as separate cases, then it would take several months to go through them all. As they all faced the same charge, then it was better to do them all quickly. Harry gave Hedwig an Owl Treat from the jar he kept on the mantelpiece, and the Owl hooted happily as she ate the gift.

“Hi Harry” said a voice, and Harry turned to see Fliss in pink fluffy pyjamas come down the stairs.

“You’re up early” Harry said to her.

“So are you” she countered. She saw Hedwig who had gone onto the table in front of the chairs and sofa, went over, and stroked her feathers lightly. “Good Morning, Hedwig” she said to the owl in greeting.

“Ooooo Ooooo” replied the familiar. Harry was fairly certain that Hedwig was smiling in contentment – but he could never tell with his pet.

“Why are you up so early?” asked Fliss who pulled herself into the armchair that she liked the most.

“I have to go somewhere later” Harry told her.

“Do you have to go to the Ministry?” asked Fliss. Harry did not know how, but she had managed to find out where he was going.

“How do you know where I am going?” he asked her.

“Hermione told me” Fliss said, “Though she didn’t say for what reason” and she frowned. “What are you doing?” asked the girl. Harry was not sure what to say. Telling her that he was going off to kill people was not exactly the best thing.

“I’m going to make sure that some naughty and very bad people are going to be punished” was what Harry settled for.

“Like my Mother and Father?” Fliss asked quietly. Harry saw the look pass over her face. Fliss didn’t talk about what had happened in her old home as it made her very upset, but sometimes she would just get a depressed look on her face as if remembering everything. Hermione said that Fliss would sometimes wake up after having a bad dream, and so Harry decided to do something to cheer her up.

“Why don’t I take you flying?” he asked Fliss. The girl’s face suddenly lit up with delight at Harry’s suggestion, and she started to bounce up and down with eagerness.

“Can we really?” she asked, “Oh, but I’m not dressed yet” Fliss looked down at her pyjamas with a look of panic. “If I go and change, then I will wake Hermione up, and she doesn’t like me waking up so early” but Harry silenced her with a wave of his hands.

“Those replica robes you wore for the joke on Professor McGonagall are in that trunk” said Harry, “You can wear that to go out in” and Fliss beamed as she grabbed the robes from where she had left them. She was just undoing the top button of the pyjama top, when she looked at Harry.

“Turn away, Harry!” she said indignantly. Harry laughed and turned away - he had to get the broom anyway. Once he got the broom from where he kept it in the living room, he went over to Hedwig.

“Hey girl. I’m going to take Fliss flying for a bit, but I know you want to get off to sleep. So I was wondering if you wanted to race back to the Owlry? I know that you could beat us, but would you mind going slow enough for us to just win?” he asked, and Hedwig cocked her head to one side as if in thought. “That way Fliss can be really happy” he explained, and Hedwig hooted softly in understanding.

“Ready!” Fliss said.

“I’ll get on the broom first, and then you get on behind me and put your arms around my middle. I’ll put a sticking charm on you so you don’t fall off the broom” Harry said. “If you fell off, then you would

drop to the ground and become Fliss flavoured jam” and the girl made a face.

“That won’t happen” she said, “I trust you, Harry” and Harry smiled before opening the window. It was large enough to fit a broom and Harry through – no problems about Fliss as her legs would clear the windowsill.

“And off we go” and Harry slowly took the broom forwards and out into the air. Hedwig followed them, and Harry said that she was going to race them round the castle to the Owlry. Fliss squealed with delight as the air whipped her hair around her face. Harry smiled with delight as he made the broom go slightly faster. Hedwig was behind and to Harry’s right, and as per the agreement, Harry and Fliss won.

“Bye, Hedwig” Fliss took the chance of waving quickly to Hedwig as the Owl went inside. Harry turned away and then headed gently towards the lake.

“You alright back there?” he asked Fliss.

“Yeah” Fliss said. She was enjoying every minute of this ride, as she had only got to ride on the broom once before – though that was at the grand height of 4 feet.

“Put your feet right down” Harry told her, and Fliss did so without question. “I’m going to do something that is really really great” and Harry brought the broom to the ground and got off it while it hovered with Fliss still on it. Harry rolled up the trousers he was wearing underneath his robes, tucked his robes into his belt and removed his socks and shoes – putting them in his pockets. The pockets on the robes he wore could hold anything he wanted them to with no visible sign. He got back on the broom and slowly went over the lake. He went low enough so that his legs up to mid shin went under the water, while Fliss’s feet submerged beneath the watery depths. She laughed and giggled with delight, and it helped Harry’s mind deal with what he would have to do later that morning. When they reached the other side of the lake, Harry pulled up, and skirted alongside the edge of

the Forbidden Forest. Harry ended up taking Fliss on a sedate ride around the grounds, before returning to the suite.

#

The courtroom was filled with many people, and Harry was feeling slightly nervous with what he was about to do. There was also the heavy weight that hung on his shoulders that meant he had to order the deaths of dozens of people which bothered him. Every member of the Wizendgamot was sat in their seat, though two spaces remained unfilled. One was for madam Bones who clearly would not be sitting there today, and the other was for the Potter family – not filled for nearly 12 years. Aurors lined the edge of the courtroom and one on either side of the main doors, as well as the small wooden door that led to the cells. Security was of the highest possible state, and all those who had wanted to attend the trials had been required to submit to a test to see if they where who they said they were. They also had to hand over their wands which would be looked after by four Aurors in a locked room. Harry assumed this was to stop people from attempting to rescue the Death Eaters. He smiled to himself as he remembered what had happened when he reached the security desk having past the revealing test.

“Please hand over your wand” said one Auror.

“I’m keeping it” Harry said. The Auror looked at him with a hardened look.

“Give me the wand” he repeated.

“No” said Harry. “I’m keeping my wand for personal safety” he added. This did not please the Auror.

“ Desiraes? Heron? Get him, and place him under arrest for attempting to rescue the prisoners” the Auror said, and two other Aurors stepped forwards and attempted to stun Harry. Harry waited until they reached him, and then stepped to the left – the stunners missing him by miles.

“I’m Harry Potter, you bloody idiots!” Harry said, “If you can’t see that I passed who I am, then you don’t deserve to be on the Auror force” and the others in queue chuckled at the remark.

“A likely story” said the first Auror hotly, “You confounded the guards at the first post I’ll bet. Aurors? You are allowed to use Ultimate Force to stop him” and the pair began to raise their wands. Harry threw his cloak outwards to pull out his wand.

“I’d like you two to look behind you” he said calmly.

“We don’t fall for that trick. Turn over your wand, or we will be forced to stop you” said the Auror whose name appeared to be Heron.

“I don’t think so. I’m buggered if I am going to let my only means of defence be removed from myself. I know very well that Aurors are inside, but this is my choice. Now please get out of the way” Harry said.

“Very well” said Desiraes, “We will be forced to stop you” and he and his partner raised their wands again.

“Avada...

“AURORS STAND DOWN!” bellowed a voice, and Harry saw Sirius come storming down the corridor. “WHAT THE BLOODY HELL ARE YOU DOING?” he asked the three Aurors.

“This person refused to hand over his wand. If they put up resistance, then we are allowed to use deadly force” said the Auror who had first spoken to Harry at the checkpoint.

“He claims to be Harry Potter” said Desiraes.

“You stupid idiots” Sirius said, “He is Harry Potter. Can’t you see the scar? No potion can make that appear! He passes the first checkpoint and you nearly kill him? Don’t you realise that this boy can decide whether or not you are all heading to Azkaban?” he asked them. All

three looked at Harry and realised that they had made a terrible mistake. It was clear that if they had harmed Harry, the people in the queue behind him would have happily murdered them.

“Sirius?” Harry said, and he pulled him down so he could whisper in his godfather’s ear.

“Put them on the Hag Squad” he said, and Sirius grinned at them.

“I like it” Sirius said, and told the three what was going to happen to them as soon as he could get relief. Harry was escorted by Sirius all the way to his seat, and ordered the Aurors nearby to protect Harry with their lives if needs be.

Harry was brought back to the present when Madam Bones called out from her seat.

“Bring in the first set of the accused” she ordered, and a door opened to admit the first 10 prisoners with a guard each with wands drawn and pointed at each chained person. They stopped in the middle of the courtroom and faced the Wizendgamot. “You are all facing the same charges, so we are trying you as one person. The charges stand thus:

Supporting the terrorist known as Lord Voldemort

Membership of a banned society

Murder

Conspiracy to Murder

Aiding and Abetting known criminals

Perverting the course of justice

Unlicensed ownership of Dark Arts material

How do you plead?” Madam Bones asked as she finished.

“Not guilty” said the prisoners – one after the other.

“So noted” Madam Bones said. Nine of the accused got taken to one side and placed in some kind of large bubble. The tenth was sat in a chair and had her arms and legs restrained, before being force fed Truth Serum by an Auror. After a few moments, the eyes went glazed and the questions began. The prosecutor was Harry’s favourite lawyer, Catharine Smith. She rose from her table and started to ask some questions.

“Do you belong to the group of people known as Death Eaters?” she began.

“Yes”

“What was your job whilst part of this group?”

“To pass on information to my master about high level important people receiving treatment at St Mungos” answered the woman clearly.

“Who was you to look out for in particular?” asked Smith.

“I was to keep a track of the treatment given to Aurors”

“What exactly did you do during the Dark War with relation to your previous question?”

“My assignment at that time was to help treat Aurors with wounds larger then a simple scratch or bruise. I was to pass on all this information to my master. He would plan his attacks based on the knowledge I gave him”

“Why did you not receive the Dark Mark?” Smith pressed.

“Because my master believed that if I was to carry a symbol of my service to him, I would be discovered during checks on hospital staff”

“Was you ever suspected of being a Death Eater?”

“Three times. I killed the first two people to suspect me, and altered the memories of the third” said the woman. Harry was surprised at how the words came out clearly, as Sirius had sounded pretty drunk whilst he had been questioned. Either it was a brew of better quality this time, or Sirius had been dosed heavily. He would ask Hermione later on that day if he remembered.

“Are you aware that you will be facing life in Azkaban prison with no chance of parole?” Smith asked.

“Yes”

“Very well. For the last three years, you’ve been assigned as Healer to the Magical Children’s Home. What was the purpose of that?”

“I was to slowly starve the children to death by taking all of the money and splitting it with the healer who would help me as well. I would have done so if the woman who ran the place had not taken up paying for everything out of her own money”

“Why as you to starve the children to death?”

“Because my master wanted them dead. Any that survived after he returned would be forced to serve him”. Smith looked over to where Madam Bones sat.

“No further questions, Madam Minister” she said, and at down at her desk.

“Does anybody want to act as defence?” Bones asked, but nobody rose from their chair in answer. “The accused is dismissed and ordered to be stunned or otherwise restrained” and the orders where completed. They brought another of the Death Eaters to the chair, and Harry noticed that it was an Auror this time. Most of those captured had turned out to be Aurors or people with jobs in the

Ministry. A small amount of them— like the Healers – worked outside of the Ministry. The same questions got asked to the second person to sit in the chair. It was only after the last group had been questioned came the questions for witnesses. Harry was in the middle of the list, and he took his place in the witness box as he swore an oath to tell the truth. Oddly enough, he was not required to make it magically binding like the ones before him.

“You are Harry James Potter?” asked Madam Bones.

“Yes, Ma’am” Harry replied.

“ You are currently a first year student at Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry?”

“Yes”

“I believe that you went to the Magical Children’s home a few days ago. Is this correct?” asked Madam Bones.

“Yes, Madam Bones” Harry replied.

“Tell me what exactly happened in your own words”

“It was a few days after we saved Fliss from her abusive parents. I had made it clear that I thought some Healers at St Mungos could have been Death Eaters without the mark being on their arms. I was reading the paper after Quidditch practice when I saw an article about how two Healers had been arrested for being Death Eaters” Harry paused for a moment. “I spent some time in a muggle Children’s Home, and I thought that with all of the money I had from both my trust and family vaults, I could do something to help. I went to see Professor McGonagall who gave me permission to leave with Hermione. The others who came with me did so of their own free will” and Madam Bones nodded.

“What was the condition of the building when you and the others arrived?” she asked.

“Dreadful” Harry said instantly, “The paint was peeling off the walls in many places, the heating clearly was not working, and damp was in clear evidence. The state the place was in - I was nearly surprised that anyone was alive. We brought the kids downstairs and we saw them all looking thin and wearing clothes that had been patched up many times” and there Harry stopped to wipe his eyes. “Dust” he explained to Madam Bones.

“Of course” she replied, knowing the real reason. “What happened after that?” the woman asked Harry.

“While they came down, myself Hermione and Fliss went into the tiny office and looked at all of the figures in the accounts books we found” he said. “We discovered that the two Healers assigned to the home took the money left over after rent as wages. Most of the time though, they would take it from the money set aside for food” and Madam Bones asked Harry on several more points before he was allowed to sit back in his seat. The rest of the people included the healers who had dealt with the children’s injuries at the home and then at St Mungos. Madam Pomfrey had sent a written statement that was signed by Professor Flitwick and Madam Hooch.

“We shall recess to consider a judgement.” Madam bones said at last, and everyone filed out to be taken to the courtroom next door which had several long tables set out with finger food. As the Ministry was still in lockdown mode, they did not dare risk anyone getting in or out of the place. Helpful signs above their heads pointed towards the toilets – something Harry was grateful for as he had needed it for a full eight hours. He wondered if that was a new endurance record for a full bladder or not. He would have to consult the library at Hogwarts when he got back. It was another hour and a half before they got called in again to witness the sentences.

“This should be interesting” Sirius said as he escorted Harry in. he and Tonks had been on either side of Harry’s row of seats during the whole event.

“I know” Harry said quietly. Tonks simply surveyed everything that was going on, and showing her displeasure at things by making her

hair turn into something from Greek legend – snakes and all. The Wizendgamot filed in with madam Bones, and they sat down before she addressed the court.

“We, the Wizendgamot, have come to the following decision concerning the accused. They are guilty of all charges and are hereby sentenced to life in Azkaban prison, with no chance of reprieve or parole. Let this be an example to all that things like this will never be again be dealt with by pussyfooting around” and there was a buzz of loud talking amongst the viewing public. It vanished when someone got up to speak in a loud and clear voice.

“I OBJECT!” and everyone stopped to see Harry standing up. “I want them pushed through the Veil of Death at once” he said.

“That is not for you to decide. Mr Potter” said Madam Bones sharply. “They have just been sentenced, and it will be carried out at once” but Harry shook his head, and edged in front of people before stepping down on to the courtroom floor.

“I demand it as is my right” Harry said.

“What rights do you refer to?” asked Madam Bones. This was not something she had accounted for.

“I ask not just as the head of the Potter family, but also as the last descendant of Godric Gryffindor” Harry said, coming to a stop in front of the bench, and looking up.

“You will have to submit to at least two tests of verification” Madam Bones said.

“I understand” Harry said. An Auror and a Healer stepped forward and performed a spell each and the Healer turned to look at Madam Bones.

“He speaks the truth” she said, in an awe filled voice. Some people murmured until Madam Bones silenced them wave bangs of the gavel.

“Let it be known that Harry James Potter is the rightful heir of Godric Gryffindor” she announced, and then the woman looked at Harry. “Your orders, my Lord?” Bones asked.

“Have all those who have just been convicted put through the Veil of Death” Harry ordered. The Aurors didn’t need telling twice – some even had smiles on their faces. Harry was about to speak when someone came bursting into the court and rushed to Harry’s spot.

“I beg forgiveness for my intrusion” said the man, nearly fainting through the speed he had run from the Atrium.

“What has made you run all the way?” asked Madam Bones sternly.

“I have a message from Hogwarts for Harry Potter” said the man.

“What?” asked Harry quickly.

“You must return at once. Your ward, Fliss Parkinson, has fallen and cracked her skull open” said the man.

“Harry? You had bett...” Bones stopped as Harry was already out of the courtroom.

A/N:

Oh dear...

So... Harry has fulfilled his Oath and is now known to be Gryffindor heir.

Not much to say except there is a Battlestar Galactica (2003) reference in here – try to find it.

I would like to apologise to Miz636, whom, I had convinced, would discover that this chapter ended with the deaths of all but a handful of minor characters and Harry and Fliss. Sorry Miri!

Have fun thinking what could have happened to Fliss!

Reviews in normal manner

Regards

Pixel

Angel Down

Harry raced to get to a floo point, but found he was unable to use them. When the Ministry had been locked down, the Floo points had been turned into receiving points only. This meant that people could get into the building – but not out.

“How long will it take to change it back to normal?” Harry asked an Auror.

“At least ten minutes” he replied.

“Can’t you get it faster?” Harry said.

“No” replied the Auror, “And Portkeys won’t work for the same amount of time” he added. Harry looked around for another way out and saw what looked like a muggle telephone box in the Atrium. He remembered something about it being another way into the Ministry if one entered from the muggle world.

“Can you make a Portkey for me?” asked Harry.

“But I just told ...” the Auror was cut off by a look from Harry.

“I’m not using it here, but I’ll be using it above the Ministry in the muggle world. I take the phone box lift to a point above the wards around the Ministry. Once I’m above those, I can get to outside the gates to Hogwarts. I’ll run the remaining distance up to the castle from there” Harry said. The Auror nodded before tapping a nearby sheet of paper with his wand while muttering.

“This is a one time only Portkey. It will take you to within four feet of the school gates” and the Auror handed over the Portkey to Harry. After thanking the man, he raced to the phone box and set it to go up. The moment he felt he was clear of the wards, Harry gripped the sheet of parchment tighter than he was currently doing so.

“Jump!” he shouted, and he vanished from view. Harry reappeared in front of the school gates, and he shoved the sheet into his pocket

before running up the path and over the grounds to the castle. He zipped through the open doors and started running along corridors and passageways – startling many students who only just had time to move out of Harry's way before he tore past. The boy ran down some more corridors and up flights of stairs until he saw, at the end of a long corridor, the Hospital Wing. The doors were shut, but Harry charged right through them, and he slowed to a walk.

"HARRY!" Hermione said. She was looking up from her chair next to a bed. On the bed, and under covers lay Fliss. Her head was covered in bandages and she looked a little pale.

"What happened?" asked Harry as he gave his sister and girlfriend a hug.

"Fliss was playing outside with the Weasley twins when she got all dirty. I sent her to have a bath in our suite, and when I came into the castle a few minutes later I found her lying at the bottom of the second floor corridor stairs in a pool of blood. I tied my robes around her head and got her to Madam Pomfrey" Hermione finished her story as Harry looked at Fliss. Her skin was deathly pale to look at, and Harry could see several veins, and he looked up at Pomfrey who had come out of her office.

"Will she be alright?" he asked her.

"I've sealed the cut, healed her skull, removed the swelling from the brain and given her several blood potions by force. Miss Granger allowed me to do that as you was not available to give consent" Pomfrey added.

"You did the right thing" Harry told her. "When will she wake up?" he asked the school's ever present healer.

"I am not sure. I am not qualified to deal with such things such as brain injuries here. It was touch and go if we would be transferring you when you had the brain injuries from your attack" Pomfrey said, gazing at the tiny figure of Fliss in the bed. "I hope to all powers that she will wake up, but I am not certain. It is like she is in a deep sleep

of some kind, and her brain is working on a limited basis only. The only thing it seems to be doing, is keeping her respiratory system going along. If she does not awake in the next two or three days, then I think she will have to be moved to St Mungos” Pomfrey finished giving her opinion.

“I am sure you have and will do your best” Harry said to her.

“Thank you, Mr Potter” Pomfrey allowed a very brief smile to pass over her face. “She should have been moved to St Mungos when I found out about the extent of the injuries. It was only the fact that I knew you would be very... upset if Miss Parkinson was moved away” and Harry smiled grimly.

“Let us just hope that she recovers soon” he said, and the boy sat next to her Fliss’s bed and held one of her hands in his own whilst Hermione just sat and watched the tears flow from Harry’s green eyes. He insisted that Hermione get some sleep, but resolutely refused to leave himself. All during the night, he kept hold of Fliss’s hand, only letting go to remove the cloak he wore and undo the top buttons of the shirt he wore underneath it. It was dark in the Hospital Wing that night, the only exceptions of light being some candles in Pomfrey’s office. The moonlight was more than good enough for Harry, who had no intention of moving until Hermione came back later in the morning. Every few hours, Pomfrey came to check on Fliss, but was refused any answers to her questions from Harry as to his own wellbeing. The boy had in fact caused the dependable healer to panic several times about him. With his permission, she had set up a charm that would detect serious injuries to Harry – but Harry had lowered his breathing rate to such a low figure, that it had been set off. In the end she had been forced to remove the charm.

#

Hufflepuff

1st Year’s Girls Dorm

“I hope that Fliss will be alright” said Susan that night.

“After what Hermione said to us” Hannah said, “I’m not sure, Susie” and Hannah hoped she was wrong and that Fliss would get better.

#

Gryffindor

1st Year Girls Dorm

“Who would have done something like that to a little defenceless girl?” asked Tracy.

“I have no idea” Astoria replied, “But it has to be one of the students” she added.

“I agree” said Zabini. “There is no way on earth that one of the staff would do this to her”.

“Could this have been a prank set off by Peeves?” asked Parvati.

“No” Lavender shook her head. “He might do pranks on people, and give them bumps on their heads, but he would set out to injure anyone like this” and the girls decided to forget about sleep, and instead try to work out who might have attempted to murder Fliss Parkinson.

#

Ravenclaw

1st Year Girls Dorm

“So who can we think of?” asked Padma to herself that night. “Malfoy, Crabbe and Goyle are all out of Hogwarts. Pansy was killed by Voldemort, and was under potions given to her by Malfoy. So who in the name of all that is holy is it?” and Padma frowned until she got the answer.

#

Gryffindor

1st Year Boys Dorm

“I don’t care what Harry says, I’m going to joyfully throttle the person who did this to Fliss” Dean said to his companions. All three of the 1st year Gryffindor Males that resided in the dorm had also gone without sleep as they tried to make sense of what happened.

“Hell hath no fury, then an Irishman scorned or crossed” Seamus said, and then let loose with several colourful Irish curses. One of them involved the use of a pig and its placement in a position not medically possible.

“I think that we should be thinking about who would have done this” Neville said from his bed. Each boy lay facing the foot of their beds with the curtains open so they could better speak to each other. “It would never be a Gryffindor, and certainly not a Ravenclaw or Hufflepuff. That only leaves Slytherin – but Harry got rid of the bad lot. Who can be left that we have missed and forgotten?” but Neville’s question was unanswered by the other two.

#

Private Suite

Hermione lay alone in the suite and was trying to sleep. She couldn’t knowing that Fliss was injured. She would not have left the Hospital Wing at all if it was not for Harry ordering her to do so. She would have protested loudly about it, but as Harry was Godric Gryffindor’s heir, she would not have put it past him to order her dragged back to the suite. The one question remained in her head, and asked by all of their friends in the castle.

Who had done this to Fliss?

#

The next morning found Harry still holding Fliss's hand. Madam Pomfrey had told him that she had not got worse, but she had also not got better either. If nothing happened soon, then she would be forced to have her transferred to St Mungos. This had caused Harry to speak – the first time in several hours – and inform her that in no way was she to move Fliss to another medical facility. When she had replied with what authority was he acting under, Harry had told her that he was acting under the authority of his own self being Godric Gryffindor's heir. If she needed confirmation, then Pomfrey was to contact his lawyer. After that he had not spoken a single word.

"You're still here?" Seamus said. Harry turned to see his fellow first year Gryffindors standing at the doors to the hospital wing.

"Where else would he be?" asked Seamus.

"Why don't you go and get refreshed, Harry?" suggested Neville.

"I don't want to leave her" Harry said, his voice sounded rough from not using it a lot that night.

"We'll take care of her" Dean assured him. Harry looked at each of his friends in turn before nodded in agreement.

"If anything happens..." he began.

"We'll tell you at once" said Seamus.

Harry kissed Fliss gently on the back of her hand before leaving the hospital wing. He went back to the suite he shared with Fliss and Hermione and saw that Hermione was not up yet. He pulled out a set of clean clothes from his trunk – muggle clothes as opposed to robes – and went to have a shower. Harry was concerned that he had left Fliss's side in case something happened to her, but then decided that the three boys would get him back at once. Once he was dressed, he pulled on the clothes and then put a clean and fresh light robe on, and then returned to the hospital wing. When Harry got there, the boy saw how far the trio had taken their promise to him seriously. All three

stood at the foot of her bed with wands drawn and they saw Harry watching them.

“Thank you” he said in heartfelt gratitude. “You better get back to Gryffindor Tower before you get into trouble” and Neville was the only one of the three to speak.

“We want you to know that we will help you if you need the help” he said.

“Thanks guys” Harry said quietly, and then the three went off to Gryffindor Tower. Harry returned to his chair next to Fliss’s still form and watched as she ever so slowly breathed in and out. Whoever had hurt the little girl was going to pay big time indeed. Madam Pomfrey came to check on Fliss half an hour later for the start of her work for the day. As he sat there, his greatest wish was for Fliss to wake up. Harry would have given almost everything he owned to see her recover.

#

Slytherin

1st Year Girls Dorm

The girl looked around the otherwise empty room and thought about her actions. It was pure luck that she had encountered the girl, but pushing her down the stairs was an easy task to do. She had watched as Fliss had slipped down the first five or so steps, and then the Slytherin had gone down to her, picked her up and thrown her bodily down the remaining stairs. She had watched as Fliss hit the stone floor head first with a loud crunch. She had vanished after removing all traces of her person being in the area. As she lay in bed, she knew she had succeeded where the others had failed – kill the girl. True she was still alive, but the current condition of the girl was not looking good. Nobody would ever suspect her of doing the attack, and the only remaining first year Slytherin laughed. She would lead a nice respectable life so long as she was allowed to get away with her actions.

Millicent Bulstrode laughed loudly

A/N

So now we know what happened to Fliss, and also who did the cowardly act.

Someone asked me about if one of the characters from the Children's Home would be joining Harry, Hermione and Fliss. Maybe they will or maybe they will not.

I'm going to update this (as you now already know) and also Leaving Home and then take a nice long break. Pixel is going on a nice long break by travelling on as many different trains as possible in 96 hours! Train spotting is my hobby as readers will now from previous A/N's! I don't care what you put, but I will not update this fic until I have had a nice long rest. Even I, the one true god of fanfiction, need a break every so often. The only thing that can convince me to do ANYTHING is for someone to send me any cheat codes for Star Trek Bridge Commander. That is the only possible way for me to get back working on this.

Reviews in the normal way

Regards

Pixel

Adding To The Family / Cliffie

Harry stayed with Fliss until the afternoon when he was convinced that he could do nothing at all. The boy went round on auto pilot with Hermione holding his hand, and he tried to figure out who had been so cruel as to push Fliss down the stairs. Hermione could see the thoughts that passed through his head, but then again Hermione was thinking more or less the same thing. McGonagall had come to her that morning at breakfast to say she and Harry could have all the time off they needed, and Hermione had thanked her on behalf of herself and her brother. As she sat facing Harry in one of the armchairs, Harry looked into her eyes.

“Why?” he asked simply.

“I don’t know” his sister answered honestly, “I really don’t know” and then there was a knock at the door and she went to open it. Sirius came in with Tonks following close behind him. They saw the look that Harry was in, and the trio sat down near him so they could give him some news.

“I won’t pretend to ask how you are, Harry” Sirius said, “Because I can see for myself. I came to say that there are four guards protecting Fliss at the moment, inside and outside the Hospital Wing” Harry nodded silently.

“There are many Aurors who owe their lives to you, ourselves included, and this is one small way to say thank you for defeating Voldemort once and for all” Tonks said.

“I defeated Voldemort, but at what cost?” asked Harry quietly. “Innocent people died, Pansy sacrificed herself to save me, and her sister is lying in bed in critical condition” and the other three looked at each other not quite knowing what to say. There was silence before Sirius spoke.

“We’ve got a pair of Aurors looking for clues as to who might have attacked Miss Parkinson” he said, going into official mode for the moment. “These two are the best in the business, so they should find

something” and Harry nodded slowly – not looking at anything but the floor.

“What will they be doing?” asked Hermione.

“That is classified” Tonks said.

“I wish we could tell you, but we’re not allowed to do so” Sirius added.

“Tell her” Harry said.

“I just said that we can’t” Sirius said to him. “I know that you wouldn’t say anything, but this is for you protection as much as ours” and Harry’s head snapped up and around to look at the elder of the two Aurors. He stood up and revealed that he still wore the sword around his waist.

“I am the heir of Godric Gryffindor” Harry said, “I am ORDERING you to tell Hermione what the Aurors are doing to discover who attacked Fliss” and his hand went down to the hilt of the sword. Sirius didn’t have to be told twice that he might be eligible to join the headless hunt if he didn’t start speaking soon enough.

“They will cast charms to trace who has cast the spell which then shoved the poor girl down the stairs. If they detect a suspicious magical core, then they will trace it to that person is and then question them” Sirius finished.

“And that is classified?” Hermione asked in surprise.

“It is more complicated then that, but yes” Tonks said. Harry shook his head in disbelief.

“Tell me this isn’t a government operation” he muttered darkly.

“Is there anything you want or need?” asked Sirius.

“All I want is for Fliss to get better” Harry said, but then thought it about it more seriously.

He whispered to Hermione and she nodded before getting up and escorting the two Aurors out into the corridor and locking the door behind them. Once done, the two of them decided to make a trip through the Floo in their suite – Madam Bones had one set up while Harry spent the night in the hospital wing with Fliss – and went to where the children the pair had helped save now lived. Malfoy Manor was now filled with all the sounds of laughing children, and it helped to change Harry’s mood a great deal. He and Hermione went into what had been a large study but what was now a large games room, and greeted all of the kids. They had actually made a detour to some of Harry’s London properties and picked up all of the sweets they could carry. Hermione, however spotted that one little girl was missing, and she mentioned it to Harry who saw what she meant. He excused himself and went to seek out Rose Dawson who seemed much happier now that she could look after the kids, and provide them with most of what they needed.

“Hello, Harry” she said, “I heard them all calling your name” Rose added brightly. “Those kids like you a great deal after what you did for them. So, what can I do for you?” she asked, and Harry asked where Serafina was and why she wasn’t with the other children. Rose replied that the girl had been depressed recently as a possible family had changed their minds. Harry wished the fleas from a thousand camels on them.

“I’ll go upstairs and talk to her” he said, and he left Rose and headed upstairs. Hermione remained to play with the other children. Harry noticed that, as per his instructions, the walls had been painted in warm colours. It took him a little while before he found the right room, but he discovered where Serafina was sleeping in. the door was slightly ajar, and Harry was about to go in before he heard her voice floating out the room.

“Why doesn’t anyone want me?” Serafina asked the otherwise empty room. “I’m not a bad person at all. A family is all I want, but I never seem to get my wishes. Well... not counting seeing Harry. I

wish I could live with him because he is really funny. I wish I could have Harry as my big brother or even as my dad. But I know that he has got the other little girl so he won't want me" as he listened to Serafina, Harry's heart melted, and he crept into the room.

"That is not true" he said to her, "I know of at least one person who would adopt you in a minute" and the girl looked up at Harry with an awe filled face.

"HARRY!" she cried, and Serafina ran over and hugged him tightly around the waist. "What are you doing here?" the girl asked as she let go.

"I came because a little birdie told me that your family didn't work out – so I simply had to come over here and adopt you myself" Harry said, and he was rewarded with the kind of smile you got after you win a free game of pinball.

"Do you mean it?" she asked, and Harry nodded. Serafina promptly burst into tears as she got her greatest wish – that of a family.

"I live at Hogwarts, but I think that I can work the whole thing out. During the holidays you would come and live in my house with Hermione, myself and Fliss and my mum and dad – well my adoptive parents" and he told her a little version of how he had ended up living with the Grangers.

"Can I go and tell everyone downstairs?" Serafina asked Harry, and before he could say anything she rushed out of the room and ploughed her way into the games room to tell everyone the good news. As expected, Hermione was waiting for him at the bottom of the stairs with Rose.

"And when did you plan this?" Hermione asked with a smile. "McGonagall is going to think you're turning Hogwarts into a children's home" and Harry laughed – a much needed laugh after recent events

“I’ll settle with McGonagall” Harry told her, “Just help Serafina to pack while I sort out the paperwork with Miss Dawson” and the three went to do what they had to do. They had almost reached the office, when Sirius came running out of the sitting room.

“It’s Fliss” he said, and Harry paled before running into the sitting room and returning to Hogwarts. Once he was in the suite, he raced out into the corridor and screamed past students who moved out of his way, and he came belting into the Hospital Wing. The Aurors on the door had wisely decided to not check Harry’s identity. Pomfrey looked up from where Fliss lay – head still wrapped up in bandages – and Harry stopped to see that Fliss was squirming around the bed.

“What is going on?” Harry said, panic setting in to him.

“I am not sure” Pomfrey replied, “As soon as this happened, I sent for you. All I can tell is that this might be a result of her attack. I will wait till she calms down to examine her closer” and Harry understood. Then he looked on in horror as Fliss had given one almighty jerk upwards with her body, and then crashed back down onto the bed and remained still. Harry and Madam Pomfrey looked at Fliss.

Fliss Parkinson opened her eyes, and...

A/N:

A Cliffie for you!

I know that this is a little bit shorter then I normally have a chapter, but if I want to do a short chapter, then I will. I have put off my trip for a week as there is more bad weather here in good old England, so there are two chapters for you to read.

Anyone spotting the Apollo 13 movie reference – reward yourselves with a pat on the back. I would give milk and cookies, as per my custom, but I’ve taken them to eat as they are the ones with chocolate chips INSIDEthe chocolate!

Thanks for all those who gave me some help with my request.

Pixel

Justice Is A Dish Best Eaten Cold

He came belting into the Hospital Wing. The Aurors on the door had wisely decided to not check Harry's identity. Pomfrey looked up from where Fliss lay – head still wrapped up in bandages – and Harry stopped to see that Fliss was squirming around the bed.

“What is going on?” Harry said, panic setting in to him.

“I am not sure” Pomfrey replied, “As soon as this happened, I sent for you. All I can tell is that this might be a result of her attack. I will wait till she calms down to examine her closer” and Harry understood. Then he looked on in horror as Fliss had given one almighty jerk upwards with her body, and then crashed back down onto the bed and remained still. Harry and Madam Pomfrey looked at Fliss.

Fliss Parkinson opened her eyes, and...

#

she looked around the room, before looking at Harry and Pomfrey.

“Oh thank you” Harry said, closing his eyes for a moment, “Thank you, thank you, thank you” and he opened his eyes to see that Fliss was still looking at him. “I thought we was going to lose you, Fliss” and Harry sat in the chair by the bed. “You gave us quite a scare for a moment” and Fliss blinked at Harry before speaking. What came out was a string of incomprehensible words. Harry turned to look at Pomfrey with a look of the purest terror, horror and shock etched over his face.

“I was not expecting that” Pomfrey said sadly. “I would have had a team from St Mungos come over and take a look at her, but most of them are... indisposed” she finished.

“Can't you do anything at all?” Harry asked, getting up and moving away from Fliss.

“I’ll see who left can help” Pomfrey said to him, “But you will remember what happened to Miss Greengrass” she reminded him. Harry nodded in remembrance, and he went to the doors to the Hospital Wing.

“What are your names?” he asked the pair of Aurors, “And how long have you been Aurors?”

“Auror Joe M Jackson” said the man. “Ten years service”

“Auror Katharine Riottz” said the woman. “Ten years service”

“You look familiar” Harry said, and he tried to remember where he had heard or seen them, but then he put his mind back to the present. “Fliss has woken up with looks like brain damage, and someone from the Auror department will be along to permanently bind her magic, and remove all traces of the magical world from her mind” he said, and both Aurors nodded.

“That is the law unfortunately” said Jackson.

“Though I’d not do that” Riottz said. Harry knew there and then that he could trust those two Aurors.

“I’m not sure how the magical world does these things, but you’ll have to do with this” he said, “But as head of the Potter family, I am making you both Senior Aurors as of now. You’ll get some back pay for one year and 5 months service as Senior Aurors” and both of the newly promoted Aurors looked at Harry as they understood they would now be getting larger pay packets.

“Thank you” said Riottz.

“Yeah thanks” Jackson added. Harry gave them both a smile before drawing himself up to his full height and taking a very formal pose.

“Someone will come, so listen carefully to me” he began, “By the power Lord Gryffindor, I am giving you direct orders to protect Fliss

Parkinson. Stop anyone who comes in to wipe her mind. You are allowed to stun them if they try to get past you” Harry took a breath before finishing the order. “You are authorised to use deadly force if they come in a large group” and both Aurors looked at Harry and nodded.

“Yes Sir” said Jackson.

“Yes Sir” parroted Riottz.

“You will answer only to myself, Hermione Granger, Professor McGonagall or Madam Pomfrey. Under no circumstances is Fliss to leave the castle” Harry said. “Understand?” he asked.

“Orders received and understood” said both Aurors.

“I’ll talk to Madam Pomfrey about letting one of you sleep in the Hospital Wing while the other one is on guard” Harry said.

“What about Sirius Black?” asked Jackson. “Do we let him in or not?” And Harry nodded.

“Let him and Minister Bones in, but your orders come from me and can not be countermanded” and Harry went off in search of the nearest Fireplace that was also a Floo connection. He needed to get Hermione back and fill her in on the situation, as well as tell certain adults about what had happened since he had last seen them. As he walked along the corridors, he wondered who had done this to Fliss. He grimly smiled at the thought that no bookie in the world would give survival odds when Harry found out who it was. Harry also had to tell McGonagall and his parents about Serafina, and that she was now family. As he walked along the corridors, several people asked how Fliss was doing, but Harry simply said that she wasn’t doing too well actually. He ended up going around the castle and back to the suite.

“HARRY!” Hermione’s voice hit him milliseconds before a small object ran up to him and hugged him tightly. Harry returned the gesture, but his sister could tell there was something wrong. “What?” she asked him, “Fliss isn’t dead is she?” and her lip began to tremble.

“No” Harry said firmly, “She isn’t dead, and she is actually alive. The problem is that she seems to have forgotten how to speak out language” and he saw the sadness wash over Hermione as well.

“Can you help her to speak again?” she asked him.

“No” Harry shook his head, “I’m afraid that this is worse then what Tori was like” and something seemed to occur to Hermione as her eyes went wide with fear.

“Oh, Harry!” she said quickly, “What about the fact she might have her mind wiped and magical core bound? We cant let that happen to her” and Hermione started to go into ‘Command and Control Mode’, but Harry smiled for the first time since Fliss had awoken.

“Nothing will happen to Fliss unless I say so” he assured her, “I promoted the two Aurors on guard duty and they answer only to me now. They have orders to use deadly force if someone persists in moving Fliss” and his sister saw that Harry was not joking. She knew from personal experience that if someone attacked a member of Harry’s family, or friends, then they had a lower survival rate then a block of ice in the earth’s core.

“What does Madam Pomfrey want to do then?” Hermione asked him. Harry sighed as he remembered what Pomfrey said.

“She is going to see if there are any mind healers left at St Mungos. If there is, then I think she wants to have them go in Fliss’s mind and attempt to bring back her memories of us, herself and everything” and Hermione nodded as she remembered something she had once read.

“Memories are never really erased. Access to them can be lost, but they will never truly go away” she said, and Harry nodded as he had read the same medical book as well.

“Well let us just hope that they can help Fliss” he said, and then he thought of something. “What happened to Serafina?” Harry enquired.

“I left her to finish packing” Hermione said, and then she saw the look of exhaustion that Harry was vainly trying to hide. “Why don’t you go upstairs and rest?” she suggested, “I’ll wake you the minute that anything happens” and Harry was forced to agree as he had been up for well over a day. As he went upstairs, Hermione summoned Hedwig, and the owl appeared mere moments later. The girl wrote a message and asked Hedwig to take it to all of their friends.

“Ooooooooo” Hedwig said softly.

“I’m so sorry that I don’t have any Owl treats on me” Hermione apologised to Hedwig, but the Owl hooted happily anyway and went off to deliver the message to the friends of her master and his sister. It was times like this that she wished she had Destiny, but Owls and Cats rarely go together, and so Destiny remained at the Granger residence. It took a full half hour before everyone was assembled in the sitting room, and some sat on the armchairs, settees and even the little wooden chairs from the seldom used table. Everyone else had to perch on the arms of the armchairs and settees, and once everyone was sat down, the group began to discuss possibilities on who had hurt Fliss. The six Gryffindors, two Hufflepuffs and one Ravenclaw soon sorted through all of the evidence and figured out who it was.

“I think we better keep this from Harry” said Tori.

“At least until he wakes up” amended Zabini quickly.

“Oh of course” replied Tori.

“So we keep her under watch?” suggested Padma.

“No need” Hermione said, “We can look on the map” and she retrieved the Marauders Map from one of the nearby shelves. “I solemnly swear that I am up to no good” and Hermione tapped her wand on the parchment. Spidery lines appeared and formed into the now familiar, and they searched out for a particular name.

“Looks like she is in the hall” Dean said. As he spoke, something very light brushed past him. A second or so later and the door opened and they all saw Harry’s back vanishing into the corridor beyond.

“Why didn’t I think of Harry being under the cloak?” Hermione groaned. She and the others got up and chased after Harry. Whatever they said to him, he wouldn’t speak to them at all but just kept on going.

#

Whatever they said to him, he wouldn’t speak to them at all but just kept on going. Harry’s face was one that made the older students shiver as if death himself had come to pay. The look that had descended on Harry was one of pure murderous intent, and one or two of the other students went off to fetch the nearest Auror. The others watched as Harry breezed past them with Hermione and the rest following vainly behind. Knowing that where Harry went there would be fireworks, the other students tagged along behind and soon there was a large group heading towards the great hall. Harry walked right into a group of unsuspecting Hufflepuffs, and they scattered wildly about, but Harry’s step was hardly broken. The arrival of such a large group into the hall caused all those still eating lunch to stop and observe what was going to happen. Harry saw his target sitting at the far end of the Slytherin table, right next to the top table, and he continued to storm through the hall. McGonagall saw him come inside the hall with the look of Death Incarnate on his face.

“Mr Potter!” she called out, but Harry ignored her.

His eyes locked onto his target, and Harry moved in on the end of the table. The Slytherins showed the same sort of stuff that was normally associated with Hufflepuffs and Ravenclaws – they got out of Harry’s way. Millicent Bulstrode was the only one left at that part of the table and she turned to look at Harry.

“Something I can help you with, Potter?” she asked sickly sweet. Harry gave no response but to reach out, grab the front of Millicent’s

robes, and in a freakish show of his true strength when under the power of both anger and adrenaline, lifted the girl clean off her feet.

“PUT HER DOWN THIS INSTANT!” shouted Professor McGonagall, coming around the top table as fast she could. Harry glanced at her before turning his gaze back to Millicent. All the sound in the hall had ceased, and everyone was keeping a good five feet from Harry.

“WHY?” Harry said to Millicent. “Why did you hurt Fliss? She has done nothing wrong to you at all, and yet you decide to attempt to murder her?” and even though the girl was at least a good foot off the ground, the Slytherin’s weight was not tiring Harry’s arm at all.

“Because that girl is a freak” Millicent sneered, “All freaks deserve to die, as well as blood traitors and mudbloods. The first was going to be your filthy mudblood sister, and then the chance came for me to take out that abomination. Fliss Parkinson was only created to be used by my fallen master whenever he wanted” and Harry grew even more angry as he realised that Millicent was saying that Fliss would have been raped whenever Voldemort had felt like it – should he have won of course. “I only hope that the Parkinson slag dies a slow and painful death” and this made Harry snap.

“You fucking bastard bitch!” he swore, and before anyone could stop him, Harry slammed his fist into Millicent’s jaw. The breaking of the bones sounded louder in the silence which reigned in the hall. Before any of the teachers or the newly arrived Aurors could interfere, Harry drew his arm back and let fly into Millicent’s stomach so hard that not only did it break a rib or two, but she flew backwards onto the top table and fell off backwards.

“What have you done?” Sirius said to Harry.

“I haven’t killed her” he said shortly, and then Harry turned to address the mixture of staff and students who looked on in stunned silence. “Let me tell you something that isn’t in any history book about me” he began. “For five years I was beaten everyday, told my parents died in a car crash, and that magic didn’t exist. In the end, I was drugged into a sleep and abandoned at a muggle Children’s Home.

For a whole year I didn't go to school because of all the operations I needed to get better again. When I did, I met Hermione and that Christmas they adopted me. Years later when I first found out about magic, I was attacked by Albus Dumbledore who then tried to get me away from my adoptive family. I'll skip the stuff about how Hermione got to be here for now.

At Halloween, a troll was set upon Hermione, and I nearly died to save her life. Then, later on, I was put under arrest on made up charges and slowly drained of magical ability until I reached a point where I would have been under Dumbledore's control. I was only saved by quick thinking by other students, but now is not the time for that. Months later, Hermione is nearly raped by Vincent Crabbe and Gregory Goyle. After that, came the attack on friends of mine by members of Slytherin house – though Pansy Parkinson was found to be acting under potions and curses. A few months later, and we get to the multiple attacks on Fliss Parkinson from not only her mother and father, but also by healers at St Mungos. Then the most recent attack which may well have left her brain damaged. That thing” Harry jabbed a finger at the still figure of Millicent, “Pushed her down a large flight of stairs. I am fairly sure that, if you filter out all of the other magical core traces, the only two that would be at the top of the stairs at the same time would be Fliss's small one and hers” Harry pointed at Millicent again.

“All those within the sound of my voice, listen and listen good! My name is Harry James Potter, Head of the Potter Family and heir to Lord Godric Gryffindor. I will use any and all means to protect my family. A little friendly bullying and teasing I can accept as part of growing up. But anyone ANYONE who assaults or in any other way attacks a member of my family will receive my full wrath. I might be 11 years old, but I know the difference between right and wrong. Laws in the magical world are set to be in favour to purebloods. Well no longer. I intend to change the laws so that we all live on an equal basis. If anyone disagrees with this, and tries to attack my family, then I promise that the last thing to go through their mind will either be the coldness of the Veil of Death, or the sword of Gryffindor himself” Harry stopped and then looked to see which Aurors had arrived. “Aurors!” he called out and the five of them pushed their way through the crowd of students.

“Yes, Lord Gryffindor?” Tonks said, bowing from the shoulders to Harry.

“Take her to Azkaban. There isn’t a need for any trial – she admitted everything, and I hold three seats on the Wizing council” Harry didn’t use the proper title for the Wizing court. He watched as the Aurors removed Millicent from the hall after they had snapped her wand in two. There was silence until a new Auror came running in and pushed students left right and centre to get to where Harry as.

“Madam Pomfrey says that you better get to the Hospital Wing at once” said a breathless Auror Jackson. Harry said nothing but went over Hermione, took her hand and then the pair vanished from sight. Silence reigned in the hall once more until McGonagall found her voice.

“Lessons are suspended for the rest of today” she said, “Prefects are to lead their Houses back to their particular common rooms at once. The head boy and girl are to patrol for two hours after the last student has left the hall, and then return to the common rooms of their respective houses. Dinner shall be served there tonight” and the prefects removed their houses from the hall at once, and for once nobody objected.

A/N:

A rather nice take down by Harry I think. If you don’t like it, well I am the writer of this fic, and not you. If I want Harry to dance naked in a bathtub full of jelly, then that is what I will write. I am fed up of anon reviewers “asking” *note sarcasm* me to alter whole sections of my chapters because they don’t like what I put. WELL TOUGH! MY FIC AND MY RULES

(rant over)

Sorry about that, but I’m fed up with people leaving anon reviews which criticise my fics. I think you can guess who I am suspecting, but I can not prove it of course.

On to happier things;

Harry certainly should remember Aurors Jackson and Riottz from somewhere – they appeared in my 102 chapter mega fic “Harry Potter True Friends”, and are named after two of my most loyal reviewers and longest ff friends.

The next chapter will make no big mention of the events of this chapter, except when Pomfrey asks Harry what happened. As for Fliss... I am yet to decide on her fate. One thing that Harry will take care of is to adopt Serafina officially, and then tell his adoptive parents what has happened. DarkHeart81 suggested that I have Harry adopt all of the kids at the home, but I think that two is enough – but Harry will do something special for the rest though.

The end is in sight for this fic, and I believe that I have a unique ending for any HP fic ever written. Only Miz636 knows of the ending I have in mind. I have decided that as I can not get to go on my train trip because of bad weather in certain parts of the UK, I will go to one place and spend the entire day there. I think I am going to take at least a whole week off from writing as I can't be bothered to write for the time being.

Reviews in the normal manner please

Regards

Pixel

Now having the first break in 2 years 5 months and 1 day

Saving Fliss And Helping Others

Harry and Hermione appeared in the Hospital Wing, and rushed over to where Pomfrey was desperately casting spells over a motionless Fliss. She registered the arrival of the pair, but she continued with her work. They waited in silence until Pomfrey stopped and looked up at them with red teary eyes.

“I’m so so sorry” she said. “There isn’t anything I can do any longer” the matron added. Harry looked at Fliss under the crisp white sheets and saw her still breathing, and he knew she wasn’t quite dead yet.

“How long?” Harry managed to force the words out of his mouth.

“A day at the most” Pomfrey said, tears running down her face at the sadness of the situation. “I could make her come round and make her last for longer than a day. But she would be in terrible pain, and I couldn’t do that to her. I’m sorry, but I did everything I could” and she watched as Hermione over to Fliss and held her hand.

“What exactly happened?” Harry asked Pomfrey quietly.

“Dark Magic” the woman replied. “It was very dark, and I couldn’t detect the signature before now” and she burst into more fits of sobbing.

“It wasn’t your fault” Harry said, and he went over to where Hermione was lightly holding Fliss’s hand.

“She looks peaceful” his sister whispered, trying and failing to keep the tears under control. Harry was nearly the same, but was only saved by the fact he was also angry. What he did was to pull up another chair and hold his sister as she racked his body with her sobs. It was an hour before she cried herself to sleep, and Harry called out to Madam Pomfrey.

“Can you take Hermione back to our suite please?” Harry asked her, “Just put her on the settee. The password is Starbug” and Pomfrey nodded and did what was asked of her before leaving with Hermione

floating in front of her. Harry waited they had gone round the corner before withdrawing his wand and pointing it at the door. "Claudo" he said, and both doors closed silently. "Signum Ianua" and the door made a low clicking noise as Harry turned back to face Fliss. The fallen angel lay with her eyes closed, and her breathing steady and paced. Her skin was so pale, it looked like wet tissue paper, and Harry could see the veins, blood vessels and muscles in her head and arms. As he sat there, and looked at the heartbreaking sight, Harry was faced with a difficult decision. Should he end the spell keeping Fliss alive and let her slip away in peace? The debate went on for what seemed like hours, but was only a few minutes in real time. When Harry looked at it, there was two sides of the coin to the situation. If Harry was to cancel the charm and spell work, then he would be ending Fliss's suffering. On the other side, if he stop the magic, then would he be guilty of committing murder? The gut wrenching sight of Fliss's battered, bruised and broken body made his mind up, and Harry turned the wand to face Fliss.

Silence Silence Silence

The silence was almost too much for Harry to bear at all. He moved his glasses aside so he could wipe his eyes from the tears that kept clouding his vision, stinging at his eyes and making him unable to see properly. Harry took a deep breath as he prepared to kill in order to save suffering, when something managed to storm its way into the active part of Harry's mind. Slamming his wand on the bedside cabinet, Harry took hold of Fliss hand, and gripped it tightly. The last time had been under different circumstances. What Harry was about to do was certainly possible, but, dear god, at what price?

#

Once she made sure that Hermione was alright, Madam Pomfrey left the private suite and headed back along the corridors to the hospital wing, though she did not hurry along like she would normally do. Considering the situation currently ongoing, she was content to give Harry as much time as he could get alone with Fliss. If Pomfrey knew who had attacked the girl, then she would joyfully rip that person to very small pieces. When she got to the hospital wing, she saw the doors had closed, but when she put her hand out to open them, the

school nurse found herself flying several feet backwards. No student could be seen, so a prank was ruled out, and this left only one thing – a privacy charm. She tried everything she could think of to break it down, but nothing she did could breach. Neither could any of the Aurors whom Pomfrey had got. Not even McGonagall could break it down, and attempts at breaking the windows failed as well. Even the same spell aimed from many wands at the same time and spot couldn't make the heavy oak doors budge even the slightest millimetre. The general thought was that Fliss had died, and that Harry had sealed the doors using the power granted him by being a founders heir. They decided to let him be, and so they stood and sat around waiting for the doors to open. McGonagall was about to go and get Hermione when she saw the girl running the full length of the corridor with a large object in front of her.

“HAAARRRRRRYYY!” she cried, and everyone got out of the way from the large object that was floating in front of Hermione. Not many muggle things can defeat a magically enhanced locking spell, but a 99 ton Class 55 diesel locomotive will do the job nicely. The engine went right into the door and vanished as Hermione went running into the swirling cloud of dust and debris. The others followed her quickly, and they heard her give a cry of horror and they saw Harry lying in a crumpled heap on the floor. What was even more odd about this whole situation, was the fact that Fliss was awake and seemingly quite well.

“Oh no” McGonagall whispered.

“No, no, no, no, no, no, no” Hermione said, and she dropped to her knees beside her brother. When she couldn't get him to wake up, she went for a pulse and Hermione found none. “He's dead” she burst out. Pomfrey came rushing over and performed a spell, then she looked into the watching crowd and nodded silently.

“Harry told me to forgive him, but he felt it was the right thing to do” Fliss said quietly. Everyone knew what she meant – Harry had saved Fliss's life at the cost of his own.

“I don’t accept that” Hermione said detimindly, and she floated Harry onto the next bed, and touched the back of his hand. Closing her eyes, she thought about putting a tiny bit of life back into Harry. Fliss threw off her bedcovers and did the same, and at that moment Tori and Tracy came charging in.

“I want you to leave” said McGonagall, but the two girls shook their heads at the headmistress.

“Harry told us what he was going to do” said Tori. “Maybe we can help as well” and without another word, the two Gryffindors went over and touched the backs of Harry’s hands. All four felt drained, Fliss more so then the other three, but the word somehow got around and a number of students lined up at the freshly repaired doors to the hospital wing. The nicest thing was the touching moment when all of Slytherin house appeared and asked to contribute. Four people could do it at once, and then they only could do it for about a minute or so, so it took most of the night before Pomfrey detected the faint trace of a heartbeat. Hermione woke at that point and could be seen to drag herself by her arms to Harry’s bedside to touch his fingers and top up Harry a little bit more. Then around half seven in the morning, they saw Harry open his eyes.

#

Harry looked at Fliss who was looking at him with confusion over her face.

“Tell Hermione to forgive me, but I felt it was the right thing to do” he said, and then he allowed the darkness to claim him. His last thought was that it was a good trade off whichever way you thought about it. Harry saw the light and he floated up the dark tunnel to meet it, and was enveloped in a bright white flash. He looked around and saw what appeared to be the Gryffindor common room I every detail. Only three people were in the room, himself and his parents. He went over and hugged them both as tightly as he could

“Mum? Dad?” he said, and they both nodded.

“We saw what you did just now” his mother said.

“But we have been asked to tell you that it is not yet your time to be here” his father said.

“I don’t mind” said Harry, “As long as Fliss survives, then I am happy to die”

“It is not yet your time” his father repeated.

“I don’t understand” Harry said confused.

“You sacrificed your life to save the life of someone you care for” his mother said.

“Therefore you may return to the land of the living” his father said, and then the scene changed to darkness again and Harry tried opening his eyes, and looked right into the tear stained face of his sister.

#

They looked at each other before Hermione started pounding her fists on Harry’s chest, all the while whilst yelling at him.

“Harry James Potter! I nearly lost you then. What would I have done without you? How could I have lived without you?” she pounded her fists into Harry’s chest until she buried her face into his shoulder and Harry hugged her tightly.

“Listen to me, Herms. I thought that it was better for Fliss to live then die. You know I would give up anything to save someone I care for. But even if I am alive again, I at least got to meet my parents – albeit briefly” Harry said.

“James? Lilly?” whispered Sirius in an awestruck voice.

“What do you wish to do, Lord Gryffindor?” McGonagall asked. She was relieved that Harry and Fliss hadn’t died. Harry looked thoughtful in his weakened state as he thought of something to say.

“I intend to go to bed and have a very long sleep before deciding to do anything” Harry said, getting to his feet. He nearly fell over, but Hermione reached out and grabbed him. She was helped by an enthusiastic Fliss. They managed to get back to the tower where Harry fell into an armchair and nearly dozed off there and then. The two girls saw Harry nod off for a few moments before opening his eyes, rising slowly to his feet and going to sit at the wooden table. His main point of interest was the pile of parchments that had been put on there which all contained the same symbol – that of the children’s home that Harry was sponsoring. Hermione knew for certain that Serafina’s adoption was fully completed, so whatever this was, it was something that was going to be a surprise for the children and Hermione herself. She told Fliss that she would be living with another girl, and Fliss seemed to know that it was Serafina without being told so. She had been in the Hospital Wing when Harry had decided to adopt Serafina, and speaking of which...

“You do know that Serafina is waiting for us?” Hermione asked Harry. Harry finished the last piece of the paperwork and nodded at his sister.

“I’m all set” he said, and then he looked at the clock. “Maybe we should make that dinner into a breakfast!” Harry added. The clock over the mantelpiece was showing that it was nearly 9am. He got up and took enough Floo powder for the three of them, and shared it out.

“Are you going out after what happened to you?” Hermione said. She worried about her brother and boyfriend, but knew there was no power on heaven or earth that could stop Harry when he was determined enough.

“Hermione. You know about my personal history, and how I came to be living with you. This is something I have to do... something I must do” Harry said, and Hermione understood what he meant. She was certain that whatever Harry was planning on doing, it would be a

great surprise and make the other children very happy. They went through the fireplace and arrived at the new home – it still had that fresh paint smell in the air. When Harry had donated the former Malfoy Manor, he had all but two of the Floo connected fireplaces disabled. One of the operational ones was the same that the trio had just used. The second was located at the top of the stairs and would lead directly to the Auror Corps mess room. This was in case anything happened and they needed to get out quickly. The sound of the floo network brought Rose out from the dining room, and they all shook hands.

“It is good to see you again so soon” she told Harry and Hermione. “The children are finishing breakfast, but I know Serafina is packed and ready to go” and Harry nodded.

“I have something for the children actually” he said, “Could you get them all in the dining room please?” and Rose nodded.

“What have you done?” asked Hermione. Harry looked at her, winked, and then walked away whistling slightly. Despite everything that had happened over the last few hours, Harry was in a good mood. Whatever this surprise was, Hermione knew that Harry had enjoyed arranging it. For one brief moment, she wondered if Harry had decided to adopt all of the children. If that was the case, then their parents needed to be told about all this and quickly!

“Harry seems happy” Fliss said. All signs of the abuse she had suffered had vanished. She seemed to be as full of energy as Harry was.

“I know” Hermione smiled, and they followed Harry into the dining room which had erupted in huge amounts of noise when he had entered.

#

They had all finished and looked at Harry with enquiring looks on their faces.

“Now you all know that today is the day that I take Serafina from here, and make her part of my family. But I couldn’t help but think that you all might be a little bit jealous and upset that it wasn’t you” Harry said. “Now I wish that I could adopt you all, but I simply couldn’t, so I have come up with the next best thing. These” Harry held up the collection of parchments he had in his hand, “Are the documents that you all get when you enter the Children’s Home. Not only have I found most of you families to live with, but these papers also say that you are under my protection” Harry added.

“What does that mean?” asked an older child.

“It means that if anyone picks on you, you can say that I will come round and beat them up” Harry said, and the kids smiled as they had read about Harry and how he took care of problems. They could imagine the looks on the bullies’ faces when, after badly teasing one of them, Harry appearing at their house with an entire platoon of Aurors behind him. Harry went round and gave everyone their set of documents while many adults came in.

Their own new families

#

It of course made the press, but Harry knew it would have done anyway. The only residents of the home now where the four children Harry had yet to find families for, and those children who had been the offspring of Death Eaters. He had decided that they should spend some time at the home to see how they acted, and to see if they shared the same tendencies as their now dead parents. As for Harry, he, Hermione and Fliss took Serafina back to Hogwarts where they encountered McGonagall, but she seemed unable to spot the clearly visible Serafina in front of her – but all four knew what she was doing really. If McGonagall didn’t see Serafina, then she would have no problems in having her at the castle. As they walked away from her, the headmistress’s voice made Harry turn round.

“Yes, Professor?” he said.

“Tomorrow is the last Quidditch match of the season at Hogwarts. I hope that you will be helpful in winning” McGonagall said with a smile.

“Of course we are going to win. I feel rumpuntinumtious about it all” Harry said, and the four walked off.

“We’ve got to stop you from watching Ken Dodd” Hermione said, shaking her at head at her brother penchant for using odd words.

A/N:

Well there you go, another chapter for you.

Just so you all know, I spent most of Saturday at York, and now I feel refreshed and ready to finish off this fic. You all know that I love train spotting as it always seems to get into the fics I write... winder how that is?...

Anyway...

Harry managed to save Fliss, at the cost of his own life. Ti was only thought the help of the rest of the school that Harry survived. Now when I did the scene where Harry was in the Hospital Wing alone with Fliss, I thought about what he would do if it seemed there was no hope for her. Harry was therefore clearly thinking about euthanasia with regards to Fliss in order to save her any more suffering. That was the hardest part to write actually, as I re-wrote it a dozen times.

With regards to the children at the home, Serafina is now officially part of the family. And the others are all officially under Harry’s protection – wards of sorts. This make sup for the fact they cant have Harry as a “parent”. I say “parent” because he treats Fliss more as another sister then a daughter, though this might be because of the closeness of the ages.

Angry Part:

(Applies to those who also read Leaving Home)

In the last update for Leaving Home, you'll remember that I asked for an apology from a user who slammed my fic. I must tell you now, that now such undertaking has been received, and, subsequently, this Author is at war with Emeraldessence

My allies can be found on my home page on this site.

If Emeraldessence is reading this, then send an apology or else I will report you to fanfiction HQ. if I get anon reviews which slate me, then I am afraid that I will disable Anon reviews for a period of one week. This is the last warning.

Well...

If you have anything you wish clearing up, or just want a good natter, then send me a Pm – I'm here 24/7

Reviews and Pm's in the normal manner

Regards

Pixel

Quidditch and Reviews?

Harry, Hermione and Fliss helped Serafina to settle down properly, and the first thing they all did was to take Serafina round the castle to show her what was what at the school. Although the children had all been given good treatment, Harry took Serafina for a check up with Madam Pomfrey – just to be certain there was no underlying curses. Thankfully, there wasn't anything wrong with Serafina, and she was given a clear bill of health. As they had the day off after what had just happened, Harry and Hermione took the two girls to visit the Gryffindor common room. Apart from all of their Gryffindor friends, Hannah, Susan and Padma came round to see them. Like Fliss, Serafina found the Weasley twins to be a funny pair, and they gave her some of their pranks – assuring Harry and Hermione that nothing more dangerous than pin pricks. They had seen what happened when Harry was... displeased. The pair did not want to be on the receiving end of Harry's displeasure, and Serafina gave them to Harry to look after. The Gryffindors plus Hannah, Susan and Padma adored the new arrival, and people speculated as to which house she would be going into when she started Hogwarts.

"That will be up to her" Hermione said when she was asked about the subject. Harry refused to be involved with the subject full stop. The sun was setting when the four of them said goodbye and headed back to the private suite. Harry pointed his wand at each of the little lamps, and the candles sprung into life one by one. Fliss and Serafina went straight up to bed, but Harry and Hermione knew that the new addition to the family would too excited to sleep for sometime...

"Just on time" Harry said, and Hermione watched as he opened the window to let Hedwig fly in and land on the big table.

"Sending a letter to anyone?" she asked him.

"I thought it best that I tell mum and dad about what has happened" Harry said. Hermione nodded, and then the two started to write the letter to their parents. It seemed to help if they wrote what had happened like a story – the reason they used Harry and Hermione instead of I, We and us and so on...

Dear Mum and Dad

First of all, we hope this letter finds you as well as us when we wrote it. Second, things have happened in the Wizarding world that we have decided need explaining to you.

After the attack on the Courtroom by the now late Voldemort, Harry decided to investigate what Pansy Parkinson meant by saying “Fliss” as her dying words. The two of us looked into it and discovered that she had a sister called Fliss, so after a while we went to the Ministry with the information. Harry got a whole load of Aurors and we went to the Parkinson’s house and found her locked away. When we got her out, her dad tried to kill her, but we managed to save her after a long fight for her health.

Harry was going over important papers when he discovered a care home. Harry being Harry, he went off to see what he could do to help. We found that the home was full of badly treated children, so Harry got help in dealing with them all. One little girl touched his heart more deeply than even Hermione could have thought, and Harry has adopted her as well.

While we sorted out the last bits of paperwork, and dealt with a few points of law at the Ministry, Fliss was attacked by student and she nearly died. Harry nearly give up his entire life force in a successful attempt to bring Fliss back again. The Ministry wanted to do terrible things to Fliss, and we suspect that not everyone likes Harry! We found out who was behind the attack on Fliss, and Harry... took care of it. The now ex student is awaiting trial on multiple charges which include attempted murder.

After this, we brought Serafina from the home to Hogwarts. After getting her belongings put away, Harry took Fliss to Madam Pomfrey for a complete check on her health – just in case. Then we took her to see all of our friends, and they are all really supportive of what we did. Harry said that it might be because of the fact he is the most powerful person in the entire country – baring the Queen of course! After we came back from the show and tell session, we sent Fliss and Serafina to bed and wrote this letter.

Not long to go until school is over and done with! We both can not wait until we can come home and spend some proper time with you!

We better go now as we have lots to do in the morning – last Quidditch match for Gryffindor is tomorrow, and we will send you a copy of all the Pensive recordings of the match from both of our memories. You'll have to go to one of the magical houses that Harry owns though to view them. Hedwig will wait for you to reply, and she would like it very much if she could have some fried bacon to eat before napping for the trip back up to Hogwarts.

Lots of Love

Yrrah and Enoimreh

PS: Fliss and Serafina can not wait to meet our parents.

As they signed their names, Harry smiled at the inside joke they had done. Harry and Hermione's names had been written in reverse as it was something they had done when younger – sort of a secret code between the pair.

"You better go to bed" Hermione advised. Harry looked at his sister with a puzzled look on his face. "The Quidditch match" she added.

"Oh yeah... well they don't need me there do they? Even if we lose, Gryffindor still win because of all the points Slytherin lost" Harry said, but he got up and headed off to bed. Hermione sent Hedwig off with the letter and then went to the room she shared with Fliss and now Serafina. As expected, the two had taken some time to sleep as Serafina was still excited by living with her hero. Hermione smiled when she saw the poster that Harry had signed stuck to the wall above her bed. Quietly getting ready for bed, Hermione briefly wondered what they would do with the two younger girls during the match. She decided to raise the issue with her brother the next morning. For now, she was going to sleep and dream of her wedding again.

#

“I’m telling you, there is a tapping noise” said Jane. The two adult Grangers looked around the bedroom trying to find the source of the noise. David saw it first, and crossed to the window to let Hedwig hop in and land on the dresser table.

“Hello Hedwig” he said, patting the Owl on its head. “Looks like a letter for us” he said to his wife, and he untied it from Hedwig’s leg before reading it. They recognised at once the two handwriting styles of their children. The parents read the letter and frowned at the information contained in it. They knew that the magical world was a dangerous place, but they didn’t know that Harry had battled with the killer of his natural parents. They did smile at the events which had helped Fliss and Serafina, and wondered what they looked like.

“I’m not sure we should let them go back to that place” said Jane.

“I’m not sure about it myself” David admitted, “But that evil guy has gone forever. It should be less dangerous now for them” he added.

“I know, but I care for them too much” Jane replied. “Well as long as they keep safe, they can stay” but it was David that raised an important issue.

“Harry doesn’t need our permission” he told her.

“What do you mean?” asked Jane, getting up to cook some bacon for Hedwig to eat.

“Well in their world, Harry is considered an adult. Technically he doesn’t need us to say yes or no” David said, following his wife downstairs to the kitchen. Hedwig hopped down the stairs one at a time – no flying for her until she was fed! One thing they did look forward to was the viewing of the Quidditch match memories. If it was from the viewpoint of Harry, then it would be like actually taking part in the game, though both knew it was high up in the air. Jane cooked Hedwig the bacon which the Owl refused to eat until some ketchup was dunked on top. It was clear that she had gotten her tastes for

bacon from Harry once again. Once she had finished, Hedwig tilted her head in thanks, and then hooted gently.

“What now?” asked Jane. She couldn’t get what the owl was trying to get through, and the woman wished that owls could speak. Hedwig took a large hop over to the other side of the kitchen and started tapping the kettle, teabags and milk bottle over and over again.

“I think she wants tea” David said, failing at keeping a straight face. Jane made Hedwig a cup of tea to wash down the bacon sandwich, and she pushed the cup over to the bird to drink from. Just one little sip made Hedwig screech loudly and Jane backed off in surprise.

“What now?” she groaned.

“I think dear” David said in between laughs, “That Hedwig wants sugar in her tea”.

“Oh but of course” Jane said, and she put a spoonful of sugar in the tea. In response, Hedwig gave Jane the “look” and actually folded her wings across her chest before glaring at the woman.

“I think it is a two sugar owl” David said, and Jane wondered what else would happen. She didn’t have long to wait until the results of Hermione’s pregnancy test came in...

“WHAT!??!” yelled both adults, and Hedwig just hooted, and the Grangers thought that she was actually laughing at them.

“Do you know anything about this?” David asked her, but the owl simply finished her tea before going to rest high up on a cupboard top. The two parents went over the letter again and again and wondered what was going on. When Jane dropped it onto the table, they saw some writing on the back. When examined closer, the writing said

YOU HAVE BEEN PRNAKED BY THE WEASLEY TWINS

HAVE A NICE DAY

“I need a brandy” said Jane.

“Me too” David said, and then after getting one each, they worked out a reply letter which Hedwig took.

#

“I’m going to kill those two jokers” said Hermione to Harry.

“I’m sure they meant no harm” Harry said.

“But what right did they have to tell our parents I’m pregnant?” his sister asked loudly.

“Hermione” Harry said slowly, “Maybe you shouldn’t have said that in the middle of breakfast in the great hall!”

#

All jokes aside, there was the matter of the Quidditch match to be won. They went back to their private suite where Fliss and Serafina went upstairs to play for a little while. After Harry had come down in his Quidditch robes, Hermione helped his aching shoulder. Slipping the robes down to his middle, Hermione took hold of his arm and moved it in circles with one hand, all the time rubbing the sore shoulder with the other. There was nothing really wrong with it, but it sometimes ached in wet weather – it had rained during the night. Madam Pomfrey could offer no explanation for it, but also could determine no cause for it. She repeatedly scanned Harry for something, but always announced he was in good health. She did offer to get a specialist team in from St Mungos to examine him, but Harry said he would rather be buggered with a toothbrush. The school nurse wondered what that meant, and sent Harry on his way again. Once his shoulder ached no more, Harry re-did his robes before calling for the two girls to come downstairs. He said that Serafina could ride with him to the pitch this time as Fliss had already been for a ride.

“This is really great” Serafina said, looking at the sweeping ground below her. He took a gentle turn to the left and headed towards the pitch, setting her down gently where Hermione was waiting with Fliss. After saying goodbye to them, he went inside to meet his team mates who had been listening to the normal team talk from Oliver Wood.

“Glad you could join us, Harry” he said.

“I had business to deal with” the boy replied, and then looked at the Weasley twins. “I’ll kill you later” he said. Given the events in which Harry had taken part in, the pair didn’t know if he was joking or not.

“Well this is the last Quidditch match of this year” Oliver was saying, “And we’ve as good won the cup. But that doesn’t mean that we can take this game easy. I want everyone playing their best” the doors opened which signalled the closeness of the game’s beginning. The team mounted their brooms and, after the normal warnings from Madam Hooch, the whistle was blown. The team started well, and ducked and dived their way past the Slytherins who played as well as the Gryffindors did. They had no chance whatsoever of winning as they needed to score at least 3000 points to beat the Gryffindors. An hour into the game and the score was an even 150 – 150, and so Harry kept doing some acrobatics to keep things interesting for the watching students, staff and guests. Three hours in, and the game was still evens at 300 points each. Wood called for a break in the game, and the tired players came down to the ground.

“I’m so gone I could drop down dead” Katie Bell said.

“Well I know that I have other things planned today” Harry said, “So what’s the plan?” he asked.

“The Snitch ends the game, so I came up with something possibly clever” Wood said, “The seekers stay above everyone and wait for the Snitch. If Harry was to move around, he would be moving faster than the Slytherin seeker when the Snitch appears” it was a stupidly simple plan, and one that might work. The game restarted, and Harry started moving around the pitch, waving to Hermione, Fliss and Serafina as he passed them.

“BEHIND YOU!” Hermione yelled suddenly, and Harry heard and turned round to see the Snitch being pursued by the Slytherin keeper. Harry spun round and put his broom to top speed and followed the Snitch as well. His Nimbus 2000 easily outpaced the older Cleansweep Seven, but the Slytherin keeper was still ahead of him.

“Damn” Harry said, “Must go faster, must go faster, must go faster... go, go, go, go, go, go, go, go, go...” and the broom found an extra ounce of speed and surged forwards. As he pulled level with the other seeker, Harry gave a cheeky wave to him. “Hi there. So sorry I can not stop to talk, but I have a Quidditch match to win” and Harry zoomed off in front of the staring player. The tiny golden ball was just inches from Harry, and he stretched out his hand to grab it. His fingers touched it, and that was when it happened. Harry was leaning forward and had just heard the whistle go to signal the end of the game, when a little gust of wind blew him off the broom. He started falling the hundred and fifty feet towards the ground, and above everything, Harry heard Hermione’s screaming from the stand. As he tumbled down to earth, he saw members from both Quidditch teams race down towards him, but there was nothing he could do. Harry managed to turn himself face down to the oncoming ground and smiled. Reaching to the clasp of his Quidditch robes, he undid it so it came loose and he held on to all four corners of the piece of clothing. It slowed him down ever so slightly. With a tight grip on his wand, he cast a spell that was supposed to be a fifth year spell at least, and he slowed almost completely down, let go of everything but the Snitch and then proceeded to do a forward summersault. Everyone cheered as Harry took several bows, and Hermione came rushing over to him. She wrapped her arms around him, and gave her brother and boyfriend a massive hug before telling him not to do that again.

“What would I have said to mum and dad if you’d died just then?” she asked.

“Oooops?” hazarded Harry, and got a punch in the arm for his trouble.

“I need a shower” he said.

“Yes” Fliss said, “You do” and Harry looked at her with looks of shock and surprise over his face.

Later that afternoon, Harry was surprised to see Hedwig enter the suite and land in front of him. He was relaxing after the game by listening to several songs from Thomas the Tank Engine, some Bon Jovi and also a couple of Queen songs. It was played through an old style gramophone which had the music etched into old style LPs. He wasn't sure how or why they had been made, simply that someone had sent them to him signed only as “G”. When Harry had read the postmark, he was sure it was Griphook. Harry read the letter the owl had just brought, and he groaned at the contents. He showed it to Hermione. Their parents had read their letter, and said that they did not like the idea of their children going round defeating evil wizards and so on. It was only because Voldemort was defeated that they could stay on at Hogwarts.

“Perhaps next year” Hermione said, “We can do things differently” and Harry agreed. He looked at the sun which was putting a golden carpet over the lake.

“Come on” he said, “Lets go sit by the lake and have a picnic”, and surrounded by his sister and girlfriend, Fliss and Serafina, Harry led the way to the lake after obtaining some food. The world was at peace and all was well.

A/N:

There you go, another chapter for you.

Despite the ending of this one, it is not the final chapter. I have seven chapters left – the final one being the wedding of Harry and Hermione as promised! Because of all the bunny rabbit type cute moments concerning the Harry/Hermione moments, I'll be doing something to make it up! (joemjackson will know EXACTLY what I mean! Hope he gives me 5000 stars!) The more “M” moments will be featured in chapter 36 ½ onwards

This is the second time I have uploaded, this mainly to correct some issues i found after updating. Yes! Even the titans make mistakes... I'd also like to direct you to Marians review for this fic... my reaction: sod her! You are of course welcome to agree or disagree with her comments - the choice is yours. I will simply add you as a character and then murder you in a most painful way... scout-01, joemjackson and queenofspades19 will know EXACTLY what i mean. I also recieved just four reviews for this update, so in a tongue in cheek moment, I have decided to rename the chapter and add an "?" to the end of "Reviews"

If anyone can spot the reference to Jurassic Park, then you are very clever.

The next item to be uploaded will be Leaving Home Chapter 7... pending the delivery of my yearly supply of Battenburg Cake! I love that stuff too much.

If you have any questions about Serafina's addition to this fic, then please let me know by Owl post...

Regards

Pixel

Homeward Bound

The last lessons were held, and the students tested on what they had learned over the year. Hermione got into a panic because of the fact they had to pass the tests to progress into the second year. Fliss and Serafina told Harry that Hermione woke several times in the night to go over notes for the tests that she had already done. Harry was amused by this, and had flicked back the calendar one day which made Hermione go into a right state. Because of the fact all of the Slytherin first years had been either arrested or killed, the tests went easier than expected. They had two days to do nothing before the leaving feast, and Harry could be seen during the first day taking Fliss and Serafina up on short rides round the castle. Several people chuckled when they saw Harry acting like a father already, but Hermione paid them no attention at all.

"You are going to spoil them you know" she said to Harry after he landed for the final time.

"I am not" her brother insisted. He watched as Serafina joined Fliss under the large oak tree next to the lake. When she arrived, Fliss handed her a thick book to read and she settled down to read. While Fliss wouldn't start attending Hogwarts for a few more years, Serafina would be the upcoming September. This had prompted both Harry and Hermione to give Serafina some advanced workings of first year spells, and that had gone on well enough. That night would have the Leaving Feast, and then they would all leave for the summer holiday on the Hogwarts Express in the morning. Harry watched the two younger children before making up his mind. He told Fliss and Serafina to pack up the books, and the two did so with slightly upset faces.

"What have we done wrong?" asked Serafina.

"Nothing" Harry assured her, "I just thought that you two might want to go swimming" he added, and the two girls were up on their feet.

"I still say you are spoiling them" Hermione grinned.

"Maybe" Harry conceded, and then felt a weight on his broom. Rather than go through the process of having to go up and down stairs, Harry would fly up. He spent a quick five minutes shuttling back and forth on his Nimbus 2000 taking Hermione, Fliss and Serafina up to the tower before doing the reverse back to the lake. The sun was warming the waters of the lake, and the four of them had a good time splashing around. Harry and Hermione did make the younger pair practice what they had been learning from themselves. When they entered the muggle world, Harry had insisted the two of them went for swimming certificates. It was Hermione who explained that being able to swim could come in handy one day, and so they planned to take them a few days after the end of school. For the summer holidays, The Grangers had arranged cover for their surgery, and the whole kit and caboodle would be living in the large town house that Harry owned. It was the same one that they had been in during the disastrous trial for Pansy – just before Voldemort had decided to come and pay a visit. When it got towards early evening, the four of them swam back to shore. But when Harry was drying off, he saw that Fliss was missing, he turned to see her struggling in the waters further out than they had been in. Dropping the towel to the ground, Harry grabbed his broomstick and headed out over the water. He hovered over Fliss and levitated her out of the water, and Harry looked at the soaking wet girl. She was coughing quite a bit and had blue lips, so he flew directly to the Hospital Wing where Madam Pomfrey was filing out end of term reports for St Mungos.

"Can I help you?" she asked as Harry dismounted with Fliss still in his arms.

"Fliss got into a bit of trouble in the lake" he replied.

"Looks like she got a bit of water in her lungs" Pomfrey said after a quick check. "She will be fine" the nurse added to a worried Gryffindor. After forcing a potion down Fliss's throat, the girl soon stopped coughing. She hugged Pomfrey a thank you before she and Harry left hand in hand.

"What made you go out that far?" Harry asked her sternly.

"I didn't mean to" said Fliss quickly, "But something grabbed my foot and pulled me backwards" and Harry frowned.

"Did it feel like a tentacle?" he asked.

"Yes" Fliss replied.

"I will have to have words with that squid about that" Harry said, making a note to say something about it to McGonagall.

"I think it was only playing" said Fliss quickly again.

"I don't care" Harry said, putting on his tough guy voice that he knew Fliss loved so much. "If it does that to you ever again when we are here, you tell me at once. Because when you do, I'll punch its bloody nose off" and the girl giggled at Harry's language. She was fully aware that Hermione told him off for saying that in front of her or Serafina.

#

"Before we start the feast proper, I have the scores for the House Cup" McGonagall stood at the top table, and had the attention of everyone listening. Harry and Hermione sat at the Gryffindor table in their full robes. The two girls sat in between them and also wore identical robes to the students. They had worn them before and Hannah, Susan, Parvati, Lavender, Astoria and Tracy had declared them to be very "cute" indeed. The last time all of the students had been in the hall was when the incident with the chicken had taken place. With a showman's eye for detail, Harry had plotted with the Weasley twins and Hagrid – the man being missing from the feast so far. Madam Hooch was also missing – part of the plan. "In last place, with 100 points – Slytherin. In 3rd place, with 276 points – Ravenclaw. In 2nd place with 394 points – Hufflepuff. And this years winners are Gryffindor with 4567 points!" and everyone applauded Gryffindor house. "And now that that is over with, I would like to invite you all to..." she was cut off when a clearly agitated Madam Hooch came bursting into the hall and rushed up to the top table.

"MONSTER!" she was yelling. Everyone tensed as they could hear the thundering footsteps. Some people noticed Harry was smiling very broadly as the monster came in.

"Cluck cluck" said an extremely large chicken. McGonagall's mouth opened and closed like a goldfish. Her mind flashed back to a month or two ago, and she was seen to go quite pale. The chicken walked up the middle of the four tables and approached the shaken headmistress. "Sorry I'm late" it said, and the thing took its own head off to reveal...

"HAGRID?" McGonagall's mouth hung open before she looked at Harry. "Did you do this, Mr Potter?" she asked him. The whole school laughed as they started to eat the magnificent feast. Talk went on well into the night between everyone, and it was with a supreme and Herculean effort that Fliss and Serafina managed to stay up so late. As it was, by the end of the feast Serafina kept drooping her head forwards before she suddenly woke up again. Fliss had nodded off on Harry's right side which made him disabled on that side. It wasn't very long before McGonagall said it was time to leave, and so they all headed off to bed. Harry and Hermione watched as a clearly sleepy Serafina got up on started walking towards the doors to the hall. She stumbled from side to side until Lavender grabbed hold of her until Hermione took her hand. As Fliss was asleep, Harry picked her up in his arms and carried her off to their shared rooms. Once inside, his sister ensured that the two girls got safely tucked into bed before doing the same for herself. Harry turned off all of the candles in the living room before looking out the window. After shaking his head, Harry James Potter went off to the land of nod.

#

"We're going to miss the train! We're going to miss the train! We're going to miss the train!" sang two excited voices.

"If you don't stop that noise" said Harry, "Then I will personally kill you" and the two girls hurried out of Harry's bedroom. As he got up and took off his pyjamas, he noticed that Hermione was watching him. "That goes for you as well, Herms" he added.

"Why?" asked Hermione.

"I want to get showered and changed" said Harry.

"I" Hermione began with an air of authority, "Have seen it all before" and she ran out the room before several pillows hit her in the head. When he was done, Harry down and Hermione told him that the bags and trunks had all been taken care of. Hedwig had gone to the house in London after bringing a message that a limo would be waiting for them at Kings Cross when they arrived. They took the little boats to the train station and stood on the platform where the Hogwarts express was waiting with a difference. Instead of the bright red steam train, the train was being pulled by a blue one. The students looked at it oddly before they boarded, and Hermione could see the crew working at attaching things to the front of the engine.

"Will you be alright, Gordon?" one of the men asked.

"Of course I will" said a gruff voice. Hermione hadn't seen either of the men's mouths move so that meant it had to be someone on the engine whom she couldn't see.

It didn't matter as the train moved off shortly afterwards, and it soon sped through the countryside. Harry and the three girls had a compartment to themselves because of the low numbers, and they had a great time telling jokes, messing around and just having a load of fun. The thing was that after the events of the entire school year, Harry needed a good long rest. It was his stated intention to sleep for at least a week, and Hermione agreed that she would do the same. The two watched as Serafina and Fliss looked out the window at the speeding views and chuckled quietly to themselves. As they spent the last two hours or so on the train, Harry and Hermione started to make a list of things they wanted to do this year – after doing their homework after all. Visiting theme parks was on the top of it, followed by the cinema, trips to the seaside and some carting lessons. Harry and Hermione already knew how to do so, but they wanted to get their hand back in after being at Hogwarts. The rest of the list included trips out to famous landmarks. Hermione wanted to visit the city of Hull again as she loved the city quite a lot, and even Harry agreed to go. As they passed through York, the train slowed to go

through the station. As it did so, Harry saw a man on the edge of the platform – the canopy having ended a short distance behind him. When he saw the steam train, the man went for his bag and pulled out a camera which he used on the locomotive, and also wrote down the number of the train. It was pouring down with rain, and the four of them knew he must be dedicated to his hobby of train spotting. As they reached him, Harry saluted the brave black haired man with a wave of his hand. He was sure that he had seen him somewhere before, but that might have been when Harry was spotting as well. The rest of the trip to London was normal, and they started the last leg of the trip. Peterborough, Stevenage and Potters Bar all whipped by the train. As they passed Finsbury Park, Harry bowed his head for a moment in tribute.

"We're here!" said Fliss excitedly. Harry and Hermione had told them they would enter a long dark tunnel, and so Fliss – and Serafina – knew that they had almost finished the trip. As they approached the other end, Harry opened the windows on the train and the Hogwarts Express burst out of Gasworks tunnel with smoke billowing all around. The first two coaches. They slid smoothly into Platform 9 ¾ and they picked up their stuff before getting off the train. As they walked up the short length to the barrier that separated the muggle world from the magical one. Harry patted the engine on the side of the cab.

"Thank you" he said.

"You're welcome" said the same gruff voice that Hermione had heard at Hogsmeade. His sister looked, but she couldn't spot who had spoken. Fliss and Serafina went through the barrier first before Harry and Hermione did the same. As she passed, the girl turned round and was almost certain that she saw a face on the front of the bright blue steam engine that had brought them to Kings Cross.

"No way" she muttered to herself.

"Hello, you two" said a welcome voice – it was their dad. The adult Grangers hugged Hermione and Harry before looking at the two girls.

"And who are these two?" asked Jane.

"This is Fliss Parkinson and Serafina Pekkala" Harry said, "They are my adopted daughters" he added.

"So we meet at last" said David, and he kissed the hands of both girls. They blushed a nice shade of pink and giggled softly.

"Lets get going" said Hermione said, and they all headed towards the entrance so they could leave the station. But as they did so, Harry saw Dean standing all alone next to the barriers.

"Wait a minute" he called, and went over to Dean. "Are you alright?" Harry asked.

"Oh I'm fine. I'll have to catch a bus home though" the tall black boy said.

"Well come with me and the family" Harry said kindly. "I think we can squeeze an extra person in" and Dean grinned before following Harry out to the front of the station. After dropping dean off at his house, and getting some confused stares, the limo set off towards Number 2 Stephanie Way. Once there, Harry's mind all but the parts of his brain that dealt with walking and seeing. His brain took him – on automatic pilot – to his bedroom in the house, and he feel asleep almost before he head touched the pillow.

A/N:

Well there you go – at last.

So the first year is over and done with at last, and everyone is heading home for the holidays.

Now in this fic there are references to previous chapters of this fic. They are not the ones I want you to find. Three competitions here.

1) Spot the British Children's TV show reference

2) Spot the Author in a cameo somewhere. Long time reviewers will stand a better chance at Number 2

3) Reference to Philosopher's Stone

I have two more chapters to complete, and this is over, but... might be able to stretch it to another six chapters if plots work out well enough.

Special mention to Miz636 who helped me through a bad patch.

The vote on my homepage is still open, and will remain so up until the next release of Leaving Home. My page is now changed to show this fic in the new format for the page. Not sure if I can actually do this, but if anyone from Argentina is reading this, then you are not to review UNLESS you admit the Falklands are British.

So – reviews if you would be so kind.

Regards;

Pixel

CHP35